THE ACADEMY OF ELOQUENCE:

Containing

A Compleat Englisſh Rhetorique,

Exemplified;

Common Places and *Formula's* digeſted into an Eaſie and Methodical Way to ſpeak and write fluently, according to the *Mode* of the preſent Times:

WITH

LETTERS both { *AMOROUS* and *MORAL*, }

Upon emergent Occaſions.

By *T. B.* of the Inner Temple, Barriſter.

The fourth Edition, with Additions.

CICERO,

Ut Hominis decus eſt ingenium:
Sic ingenii lumen eſt Eloquentia.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Johnſon* for *Peter Parker*, at the firſt Shop in *Popes-Head Alley*, on the right hand next *Cornhil*. 1670.

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Demosthenes.
Cicero.
THE
Academy
of
Eloquence
By
Tho: Blount
Esqr:
Fr: Lo: Bacon.
Sr: Ph: Sidney.
W: Faithorne. fec:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

WEre it *absolutely necessary for him that should write of* Eloquence *to be perfectly* Eloquent, *I would easily confess my self too rash in this Enterprize: But having seen often those treat knowingly of* Painting, *that never held* Pencil; *and* Cicero *remarking, that* Aratus, *by the common consent of Learned men, wrote excellently of the Heavens & Stars, though he was no celebrated Astronomer; I'm encouraged to say, Why then may not I too discourse of* Eloquence, *without being an Orator?*

Galen *that great Master of Physick, who wrote so learnedly of every part of that Science, was little seen in the Practick; Nor are those, that*

discourse best of the embattailing Armies, and differencing Military Functions, always the best Warriors, or the most daring. The like may happen in this subject, that he, who is able to set down the Rules and Laws which ought to be observ'd in Speech or Style, may notwithstanding finde himself defective in the application, and so may be said to give that to others, which he has not himself.

Eloquence *is equaly fortunate in taming Passions, and in charming Senses: she imitates Musick, and makes use of the Voice of Orators to enchant the Ears, with the cadence of Periods, and the harmony of Accents; whilest the Gestures, apt Motions, Natural Air, and all those Graces which accompany exact Recitation steal away the Heart by the Eyes, and work Wonders upon the Will. But* Eloquence *is chiefly grounded upon Wisdom, and Wisdom arises principally from a due pre-consideration of all our actions; Hence that excellent saying of a modern* French *Author,* Il est impossible de bien dire, sans avoir bien pensé, *'Tis impossible to speak well without having first well consider'd what to speak. And* Plotinus *says, 'Tis wisdom to think upon any thing, before we execute it.*

Now, as 'tis certain no Harmony can appear in his thoughts, nor soundness in his reason, whose speech is faltering and prepostorous: So likewise

likewise no clearness nor perfection in that fancy, which delivers it self by a confus'd abortion. Great is the disparagement which flows from the defailance of the Tongue: it not onely dishonors the person of the Speaker, but even sullies the Opinion of his Reason and Judgement with a Disrepute, and oft-times renders the very Truth suspected.

If then it so befal our verbal Expressions, which are transient and less liable to censure, and where one handsom expression may excuse a number of Solœcisms: how shall that person be esteem'd prudent, whose Pen lays him wide open in a fungous and sordid style; how shall we expect ingenuity from him, whose leisure and Genius, *assisted with the examen of his eyes, yield us no spirit in his writings?* He that has worth in him, and cannot express it, is a Cabinet keeping a rich Jewel, and the Key lost, *says a Modern Author; Whereas a good Style, with choice Matter and embroidery of well chosen Words, is like a beautiful Woman with a vertuous Soul, who attracts the eyes, and charms the hearts of all beholders.*

This excellent faculty of Speech has been in high esteem even from the very infancy, and will be to the end of the World; For in sacred Story Prov. 16. 21, 24. *we read,* The wise in heart shall be called prudent, & the sweetness of the

the lips increaseth understanding: Pleasant words are as an honey-comb; sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. *Hence 'twas, an antient Author maintained, that* Pericles *(the Orator) was no less Tyrant in* Athens *than* Pysistratus, *without acknowledging other difference, than that this exercis'd his Empire armed, the other without arms, by the sole terror of his speech, which* Aristophanes *compar'd to a Thunder-bolt, as* Homer *did that of* Ulysses *to a Torrent that beats down all with its violence. And 'twas said of old, that the* Tongue *of* Cyneas *(the fam'd Scholar of* Demosthenes*) conquer'd more Cities than the* Sword *of* Pyrrhus, *the valiant King of* Epire.

To have said thus much, of the much more might be added in behalf of this charming Faculty, and of the disadvantage commonly attending those who are unskill'd in it, may serve as an inducement to the youth of both Sexes (for whose benefit this little Work is chiefly intended, and to their acceptance consecrated) to make the perusal of it their subservient Recreation for vacant hours; this with little study will not onely facilitate your discourse into the moding Language of these times, but adapt your pens too with a quaint and fluent stile, than which no qualities (with confidence I speak it) can render you more accomplish'd.

Here

Here you shall be furnisht with all necessary materials and helps in order to the acquiring so great a treasure; such helps as have been advised and often wisht for, but never before publisht.

I. *The first Part contains a more exact* English Rhetorique, *than has been hitherto extant, comprehending all the most usual Figures, exemplifi'd out of the* Arcadia, *and other our chiefest Authors.*

II. *In the second, you have* Formulæ majores, *or* Common-places, *upon the most usual subjects for stile and speech: The use and advantage whereof is asserted by my Lord* Bacon, *who (in his* Advancement of Learning) *says thus:* I hold the diligence and pain in collecting *Common-places*, to be of great use and certainty in studying, as, that which aids the Memory, sub-ministers Copy to the invention, and contracts the sight of Judgement to a strength.

III. *In the third place you shall finde* Formulæ minores, *(as my Lord calls them) lesser Forms, which he then reckon'd among the defects in our Language, and says* they are as it were, the Portals and Postern-doors of Stile and Speech, and of no small use.

IV. *Lastly, you have a Collection of Letters and Addresses written to, for, and by several persons upon emergent occasions; with some particular*

ticular Instructions *and* Rules *premised for the better attaining to a Per-perfection.*

The Formula's *are but* Analects, *which like the Humble-bee I gather'd in Spring-time out of the choicest Flowers of our English Gardens; nor have I in the Rhetorick or Letters transplanted much from my own barren Seminary; I may say to some noble Correspondents, what the Poet did of old in a like Case,* Sic vos non vobis---- *But, you will easily distinguish Tinsil from better mettal: what is mine will appear to be so, by the* Bluntisms *that frequently occur; the rest are of better allay. So that if the defects of my own Essays be but pardoned, the rest, I am confident, will abide the touch, and pass for* Sterling.

Tho. Blount.

AN
English Rhetorique
EXEMPLIFIED.

FIgures and *Tropes* (says *Alexander* the Sophister) are the vertues of Speech and Stile, as *Barbarisms* and *Solecisms* are the vices; we shall then begin with

A METAPHOR or *Translation* which is the friendly and neighbourly borrowing a word, to express a thing with more light and better note, though not so directly and properly as the natural name of the thing meant, would signifie. As to say, *Drops* of Dew are *Pearls*; *Flowers* in Meadows are *Stars*, and the *murmuring* of waters, *Musick*; that little *Birds* are *Angels* of the Forrests; *Whales* are *living Rocks*, or *Ships* with Souls; that the *Sea* is a *moving Earth*, and *fountain water*, *liquid Chrystal*. And an expressing *Desirous*; a kind of *Desire*, is *thirst*, and not much different from *thirst* is *hunger*; Therefore for *Swords desirous of blood*, Sir *Philip Sidney* says, *hungry of blood*. Where you may note three degrees of a *Metaphor* in the understanding; First, the fitness to Blood-shed in a weapon usurps the name of

Deſirous, which is proper to a living Creature, and then that it proceeds to *thirſt*, and ſo to *hunger*.

The rule of a *Metaphor* is, that it be not too bold nor too far fetch'd; And though all *Metaphors* go beyond the true ſignification of things, yet are they requiſite to expreſs the roving fancies of mens minds, which are not content to fix themſelves upon one thing intended, but muſt wander to the confines; Like the eye that cannot chooſe but view the whole knot, when it purpoſely behold but one flower in the Garden; Or like an *Archer*, that knowing his *Bow* will overcaſt, or carry ſhort, takes aim on this ſide, or beyond the mark. Beſides, a *Metaphor* is pleaſant, becauſe it enriches our knowledge with two things at once, the *Truth*, and a *Similitude*; As this, *Heads diſinherited of their natural Seigniories*, whereby we underſtand both *beheading*, and the *government* of the head over the body, as the Heir has over the Lordſhip, which he inherits; Of which in another place, *To divorce the fair marriage of the head and body*; where, beſides the cutting off the head, we underſtand the conjunction of the head and body to reſemble a *marriage*. The like in concealing love, uttered in theſe words, *To keep love cloſe Priſoner-There came along the ſtreet a whole Fleet of Coaches*, for *a great number Longinus* ſayes *Metaphors* and exchanges of words, are of excellent uſe, and much conducing to height in Eloquence.

An *Allegory* is the continual proſecuting a *Metaphor* (which before I defin'd to be, a Tranſlation of a word) and that proportionably through the whole ſentence, or through many ſentences. As *Philoclea was ſo invironed with ſweet Rivers of vertue, that ſhe could neither be battered nor undermined*: Where *Philoclea* is expreſſed by the ſimi-

litud

litude of a *Caſtle*; her natural defence, by the natural fortification of Rivers about a Caſtle; and the *Metaphor* continues in the attempting her by force or craft, expreſſed by *bartering or undermining*. Another, *But when ſhe had once his Enſign in her mind, then followed whole ſquadrons of longings, that ſo it might be with a main battel of miſlikings and repining againſt their Creation*; where you have *Enſigns, Squadrons, main Battles*; Metaphors ſtill derived from the ſame thing, i. *War*.

As I ſaid before, a *Metaphor* might be too bold, or too far fetch'd; ſo I now remember it may be too baſe, and too bald a Tranſlation: As *the Tempeſt of judgment had broken the main maſte of his will. A goodly Audience of ſheep, Souldiers of friendſhip*, or ſuch like. *Too baſe*, as in that ſpeech, *Fritter of fraud, and ſeething pot of iniquity*. And they that ſay *A red herring is a ſhooing horn to a pot of Ale*. But if you ſpeak of a diſdainful matter, you may uſe the groſſer terms.

Therefore for general delight, take your expreſſions from ingenious Arts and Profeſſions, to pleaſe the learned in ſeveral kinds; As from the *Meteors, Plants, Beaſts* in natural *Philoſophy*; And from the *Stars, Spheres* and their motions in *Aſtronomy*; from the better part of Husbandry; from politick government of Cities, from *Navigation*, from the military profeſſion, from *Phyſick*; but not out of the depth of thoſe myſteries; And (unleſs your purpoſe be to diſparage) let the word be alwayes taken from a thing of equal or greater dignity, As ſpeaking of *Vertue, The ſky of your vertue overcaſt with ſorrow*, where it was thought unfit to ſtoop to any *Metaphor*, lower than the *Heaven*.

An *Embleme*, an *Allegory*, a *Simile*, a *Fable*, a

Poetical Fiction differs thus. An *Emblem* is but one part of the *Similitude* in the Body, and the other part under appliction in the words; An *Allegory* is the ſimilitude of the appl.cation expreſt indifferently, and joyned in one ſentence with words, ſome proper to one part, ſome to another; A *Simile* hath two ſentences of ſeveral proper terms compared. A *Fable* is a *Simile* acted by Fictions in Beaſts; a *Poets-tale*, for the moſt part by gods and men. In the former example, Paint a Caſtle, compaſt with Rivers, and let the *Motto* be, NEC OBSIDIONE NEC CUNICULIS, *Neither by ſiege nor undermining*, that is an *Emblem*. Lay it as it is in Sir *Philips Philoclea*; *Vertue, environed, Rivers, battering, undermining*, the terms of the other part; Put all theſe terms in one ſentence, and it is an *Allegory*; But let it be thus, *There was a Lamb in a Caſtle, and an Elephant and a Fox beſieged her: The Elephant would have aſſaulted her, but he could not ſwim over the River; the Fox would make an earth to get under her, but he feared the River would ſink in upon him, and drown him*; then it is a *Fable* Let *Spencer* tell you ſuch a tale of a *Fairy Queen*, or *Ovid* of *Danae*, and 'tis a *Poetical Fiction*: But utter it thus in one ſentence, *As a Caſtle compaſſed about with Rivers, cannot be battered or undermined.* And thus in another, *So* Philoclea *defended round about with vertuous reſolution, could neither be forced nor ſurprized by deceit*; Then it is a *Similitude* in its own nature, which is the ground of all Emblems, Allegories, Fables, and Fictions.

METONYMIA, is the exchange of a name, when one word comes in lieu of another, not for a Similitude, but for other natural affinity and coherence; As, when the matter is uſed for that which conſiſts thereof; *I want ſilver*, for *money*. When the efficient

efficient or author ſuied for the thing made. As, *my Blade is right Sebaſtian*; for, *of Sebaſtians making*. The thing containing, for the thing or perſon contained; As, *the City mee the Generall*, for *the Citizens*. The adjunct, property, or quality, for the ſubject of it; As, *deſerts are preferred*, for *men deſerving*. *Take heed young idleneſs*, for, *idle youth*. *Give room to the Quiſ*; for, *the Serjeants*; with the like.

SYNECHDOCHE is an exchange of the name of the part for the whole, or of the name of the whole for the part. There are two kindes of total comprehenſions; An entire body, or a general name; As, *my name is toſſed and cenſured by many tongues*; for, *many men*; where the part of an entire body goes for the whole. Contrariwiſe *he carries a Goldſmiths ſhop on his fingers*, for *Rings*. *He fell into the water, and ſwallowed the* Thames, for *the water*. So the general name for the ſpecial; *Put up your weapon*, for *your Dagger*. And the ſpecial, for the particular; As, *the Admiral is gone to Sea*, for *Admiral Blague*. The particular for the ſpecial; As, *I would willingly make you a Sir* Philip Sidney, for, *an Eloquent, Learned, Valiant Gentleman*; or for many; As, *the Hollander they ſay comes againſt us*, for *the Hollanders*, and ſuch like; which (becauſe they are eaſie) I have exemplified familiarly. Both theſe figures ſerve well, which you have mentioned ſomething before, that may require variety in repetition.

CATACHRESIS, in Engliſh, *Abuſe*, is now grown in faſhion, as moſt Abuſes are; it is ſomewhat more deſperate than a *Metaphor*; And is the expreſſing of one matter by the name of another, which is incompatible with, and ſometimes clean contrary to it; As, *I gave order to ſome ſervants of mine (whom I thought as apt for ſuch charities as my ſelf) to lead him out into a Forreſt, and there*

kill him, where *Charity* is uſed for *Cruelty*. But this may alſo be by the Figure IRONIA. The abuſe of a word drawn from things far differing; As, *A voice beautiful to his ears. Accuſing in himſelf no great trouble in mind by his behaviour or action. Do you grudge me part of your ſorrow, being ſiſter in nature? I would I were not ſo far of a Kin in fortune.* This is a uſual Figure with the fine converſants of our time, when they ſtrain for extraordinary expreſſions: As, *I am in danger of preferment. I am not guilty of thoſe praiſes. I have hardly eſcaped good fortune. He threateus me a good turn.* All by the contrary. And as he ſaid that miſliked a picture with a crooked Noſe. *The elbow of his Noſe is diſproportionable.*

The ear is not only pleaſed with ſtore and variety of words, but takes great delight in the repitition of the ſame words; which, becauſe they may be at the beginning, middle, end, and in ſundry correſpondencies of each of theſe places one to another; it happens, that it has purchaſed ſeveral names of Figures; As *Repitition* of the ſame word, or ſound immediately without interpoſition of any other, is called EPIZEUXIS. *O let not, let not from you be poured upon me deſtruction. Tormented, tormented? torment of my Soul*, Philoclea *tormented.* This Figure is not to be uſed but in paſſion.

ANADIPLOSIS is a Repetition in the end of a former ſentence, and beginning of the next; As, *you fear, leſt you ſhould offend; offend, O how know you that you ſhould offend: Becauſe ſhe doth deny, deny? now in earneſt I could laugh, &c. Why loved I? alas, alas, why loved I? to dye wretched, and to be the example of the heavens hate; and, hate ſpare not; for your worſt blow is given.* —— *From whom they have commonly ſuch reſpect, and reſpect ſoon opens the door to perſwaſion,*

perſwaſion, &c. This Figure is often and handſomly uſed by Sir *William Davenant* in his preface to *Gondibert.* And as no man ſtrikes in thought upon any thing, but for ſome *vehemency* or diſtruſt, ſo in ſpeech there is no Repetition without importance.

CLIMAX is a kind of ANADIPLOSIS, by degrees making the laſt word a ſtep to a further meaning. If it be turned to an Argument, it is a SORITES; *A young man of great beauty, beautified with great honour, honoured with great valour. You could not enjoy your goods without government, no government without a Magiſtrate, no Magiſtrate without obedience, and no obedience, where every one, upon his private paſſion, interprets the Rulers actions.*

Now to make it a SORITES, or climbing Argument, joyn the firſt and laſt with an ERGO. As ERGO *you cannot enjoy your own goods, where every man upon his own private paſſion doth, &c.* This, in a penned ſpeech, is too Academical, but in Diſcourſe more paſſable and plauſible. *Seeing to like, liking to love, loving to, &c. Deceived me, after deceit abuſed me, after abuſe forſaken me. What doth better become wiſdom, than to diſcern what is worthy loving? What more agreeable to goodneſs, than to love it, ſo diſcerned? and what to greatneſs of heart, than to be conſtant in it once loved.* Where the laſt word, or ſome one word in the laſt ſentence begets the next clauſe. This Figure hath his time, when you are well entred into diſcourſe, have procured attention, mean to riſe and amplifie.

ANAPHORA is when many clauſes have the like beginning; *You whom vertue hath made the Princeſs of Felicity, be not the miniſter of ruine. You whom my choice hath made the Goddeſs of my ſafety. You whom Nature hath made the Load-ſtar of com-*

fore be not the rock of ſhipwrack. This Figure beats upon one thing, to cauſe the quicker apprehenſion of it in the audience, and to awake a ſleepy or dull paſſion.

EPISTROPHE is contrary to the former, when many clauſes end, with the ſame words; *Where the richneſs invited the eyes, the faſhion entertained the eyes, and the device taught the eyes* ——— *And all the Night did nothing but weep.* Philoclea, *ſigh* Philoclea, *and cry out* Philoclea, *&c. Either arm their lives, or take away their lives.* This is rather a Figure of Narration or Inſtruction, than of motion.

SIMPLOCE or COMPLEXIO, is when ſeveral ſentences have the ſame beginning, and the ſame ending. *The moſt Covetous man longs not to get riches out of that ground which can bear nothing; Why? Becauſe it is impoſſible. The moſt ambitious perſon vexes not his wits to climb to Heaven. Why? Becauſe it is impoſſible.* This is the wantonneſt of *Repetitions*, and is not to be uſed in ſerious matters.

EPANALEPSIS is the ſame in one ſentence which SIMPLOCE or COMPLEXIO is in ſeveral; As, *Severe to his Servants, to his Children ſevere.* Or the ſame ſound reiterated firſt or laſt in a ſentence. As, *His ſuperior in means, in place his ſuperior. In ſorrow was I born, and muſt dye in ſorrow. Unkindneſs moved me: and what can ſo trouble my courſes, or wrack my thoughts as unkindneſs?* This is a mild and ſweet Figure, and of much uſe, though ſingle and by it ſelf, not uſual in the *Arcadia*, unleſs thus, *Overthrow of my deſires, recompence of my overthrow*

EPANADOS is, when the midſt and end, or midſt or beginning are the ſame; As, *If there were no true pleaſure in ſleep and idleneſs, then no doubt*

doubt the Heathen Philosophers would have placed some part of the felicity of their Heathen Gods in sleep and idleness. ——*Your diligence to speak well must be great, but you shall be abundantly recompenced for the greatness of your diligence in the success of your perswasion.* ——*If I should ever wish the perfection of your eloquence, it is for your instruction, and for your benefits that I would wish you eloquent.* This kind of *Repetition*, and the former EPANALEPSIS, are the most easily admitted into discourse, and are freest from the opinion of affectation; because words recited at the beginning of many sentences, or at both ends of the same, are more remarkable.

ANTIMETABOLE, or COMMUTATIO, is a sentence inverst, or turn'd back; As, *If any for love of honour, or honour of love*, &c. *That as you are the child of a mother: So you may be mother of a child*, &c. *They misliked what themselves did, and yet still did what themselves misliked*, &c. *If before he languished, because he could not obtain his desiring; he now lamented, because he could not desire the obtaining* —— *Either not striving, because he was contented; or contented because he would not strive* ——*Just to exercise his might, mighty to exercise his Justice.* Learned Sir *Phillip* slipt often into this Figure, yet he sometimes conceal'd the particularity of his *affection* to it, by not turning the words wholly back, as they lay; *To account it not a purse for treasure, but as a treasure it self worthy to be purs'd up*, &c. *Men venture lives to conquer; she conquers lives without venturing*, &c. *Shewed such fury in his force, such stay in his fury*; which is rather EPANODOS; Sometimes the same sense inverst in contrary words; As, *Parthenia desired above all things to have* Argalus; Argalus *feared nothing but to miss* Parthenia. Where he returns *fear to miss* instead of *desire*.

Neither could you have thought so well of me, if extreamity of love had not made your judgment partial, nor could you have loved me so intirely, if you had not been apt to make so great undeserving judgment of me. Where he returns, for, *extremity of love*, *loving intirely*; and for, *partial judgment*, *great undeserved judgment*.

Though this be a sharp and witty Figure, and shews out of the same words, a pretty distinction of meaning very convenient for School-men, yet to use this or any other unreasonably or unseasonably, is ridiculous. Let discretion therefore be the greatest, and most general Figure of Figures.

PARANOMASIA is a present touch of the same letter, syllable, or word, with a different meaning. And as for the running upon the letter more than very little, is more than too much, Sir *Philip Sidny* in *Astropell* and *Stella*, calls it the Dictionary method, and verses, so made, *Rimes running in ratling rows*, which is an Example of it. There is an old Swinish Poem made of it in Latine, call'd PUGNA PORCORUM.

Hector, Hanno, Hanibal dead,
Pompey, Pyrrhus spil'd,
Cyrus, Scipio, Cæsar slain,
And Alexander kill'd.

Agnomination of some syllables is sometimes found in the *Arcadia*; As, *Alas what can saying make them believe, whom seeing cannot perswade.* And, *while he was so followed by the valianteſt, he made a way for the vileſt. She went away repining, but not repenting. Our alms-deeds are turn'd into all miſ-deeds, our praying into playing; our faſting into feaſting.* That kind of breaking words into another meaning, is much

used

uſed in Drollery, and youthful Diſcourſe; As, *You will have but a bate gain out of this Bargain; A man not only fit for the Gown, but for the Gun; for the Pen, but for the Pike; for the hook, but for the blade.* The garniſh of this Figure has been in much requeſt in leſs ſerious matters, but the more learned have avoided this kinde of flouriſh, leſt their writings ſhould ſavour more of the general humour, than of private judgment.

PROLEPTOTON or TRADUCTIO, is a repetition of words of the ſame linage, that differ onely in termination; as, *exceedingly, exceeding. His faulty uſing of our faults.* Sometimes the ſame word in ſeveral caſes: as, *for fear, conc al'd his fear.* Sometimes the ſame word in ſeveral voices; as, *forſaken by all friends, and forſaken by all comfort.* Sometimes the ſame Adjective in ſeveral Compariſons; as, *much may be ſaid in my defence, much more for love, and moſt of all for that divine creature, who has joyned me and love together.* This is a good Figure, and may be uſed with, or without paſſion, yet ſo, as the uſe of it come from choice, not barrenneſs.

To *Amplifie* and *Illuſtrate*, are two of the principal Ornaments of Eloquence, and gain mens mindes to the chiefeſt Advantages, *Admiration* and *Belief*; For how can you commend any *thing* more acceptable to our Attention, than by telling us it is extraordinary, and by demonſtrating it to be evident? We love to look upon a Commet above all Stars, for theſe two excellencies, its *Greatneſs* and its *Clearneſs*; ſuch in ſpeech is *Amplification* and *Illuſtration*. We amplifie five ways, by *Compariſon*, *Diviſion*, *Accumulation*, *Intimation*, and *Progreſſion*.

Compariſon is either of things contrary or equal,

Or

or things different: Equal, as, *Themistocles and Coriolanus (both great States-men, both of great deserts to their Countrey, both banished, both dead at one time*: Themistocles *his Countrey could not prevail against the Ingratitude of the Athenians; nor* Coriolanus *his discretion overcome the unkindness of the Romans; the one was too excellent, the other too noble for the envious eyes of their Countreymen to endure, such is the force of vertue, above all quarrels of Nations, or divisions of Allegiances; that their Exiles were honourably entertained,* Coriolrnus *by the* Volsci, Themistocles *by the* Persians, *both by their enemies, and both leading great Armies against those Countreys, which so ingratefully expelled them) were so inwardly restrained with a conscience of sacking thei. Native Soyl, that they rather chose violence to their own live, than to those of their fellow Citizens, and took it for a sufficient revenge to make it evident they might be revenged.*

But this is not so forcible an *Amplification* of things equal indeed (wherein, as you see, all the several points of a co-sorted equality are to be searched out) as when things seeming unequal are compared, and that in *Similitudes* as well as in *Examples*; for instance, where a woman is compared to a ship, out of *Plautus both ask much tackling, and sometimes rigging.* And you shall profit most of all, by inventing matter of agreement in things most unlike: *London and the Tennis Court are like: for in both all the gains go to the hazard. Policy is like the Sea, it serves for intercourse of profit, for defence against Invasions; there are both ebbings and flowings, calms and tempests; the observation whereof may make a man first wise, then rich. But as the water serves for many outward uses, so can it not please, if it be inwardly swallowed: If you sail upon it, it will carry you where soe're you will desire; but if you drink it, it doth not satis-*

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fie, but increase desires. Again for example; Eriphyle *and* Tarpeia *(both women in whom nature should govern love, and love warrant fidelity) were both easily induced to be false, with trifling temptations; they both betrayed, not one friend to another, nor the dearness of love for the height of preferment, but their most assured lovers to their most deadly enemies, for toys, jewels, and bracelets.* Eriphyle, *her husband* Amphiaraus *(the stay of her life) to* Adrastus *his professed Enemy:* Tarpeia, *the* Capitol *(the defence of her Countrey) to the* Sabines, *that besieged it, yet neither can remain as invitation, much less as encouragement to Treason; For* Eriphyle *was slain by her son, whom nature should have bound to her defence.* Tarpeia *by the* Sabines, *whom her deserts should have obliged to her safeguard.* In comparing two, when you would raise the person or thing you intend to make excellent, you must take the meanest parts of a greater Example, and match them with the best of your purpose, and by such partiality you shall amplifie and extoll the subject you treat of; as *Isocrates* did in his Comparison of *Cyrus* and *Thragarus.* Otherwise for impartial comparisons, which notwithstanding do amplifie, read the Matches, or Encounters of the most famous Grecian and Roman Examples in *Plutarch.*

Comparisons of things different.

In the former Comparison, is a composition of the points at first, because I presuppose the Histories on both sides to be familiar to you by reading; but if you were to marshal Histories, whereof both or either were not sufficiently known, then had you need begin with single Relations: As if a man would compare *Vascus Gama* with Sir *Francis Drake*, he might say, *Sir* Francis Drake *indeed travelled round about the World in two years, saw divers Nations, en-*

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dured many perils at Sea, & returned laden with great Treaſure; And Vaſcus Gama *firſt ſearched the Coaſt of* Quiloa, Mozambique, *and* Calicute, *and opened the paſſage to the Eaſt-Indies. But as it was eaſie for* Drake *to proceed further in diſcoveries, when he had entrance made by* Columbus: *So was it moſt dangerous and difficult for* Gama *to adventure a courſe, without example and direction;* Drake *ſcoured the Coaſts with a ſufficient company of ſhips, made pillage of others, and thereof furniſhed himſelf for his enterprize;* Gama *went but weak at firſt, loſt moſt of his ſmall Fleet, and met nothing at Seas, but Tempeſts and Famine.* Drake *invaded upon opportunities, hazarded but his own fortune and retired to ſea upon all advantages* Gama *had in charge an expedition of his Soveraigns Command, was conſtrained to victual himſelf among barbarous Nations, and not only buy proviſion in their continent with the price of his blood, but durſt not depart without leaving his King proclaimed and poſſeſſed in their Territories, divers places of ſtrength fortified, and eſtabliſhed to his uſe: So that if* Gama *had been to purſue the example of* Drake, *as* Drake *had the light of* Columbus *and* Magellus *Travels,* Vaſcus Gama's *ſpirit was as like to have conquered the whole world, as* Drakes *fortune was to compaſs it.*

And where the parts of Collation are moſt obſcure, there your narration muſt be the longer; As, *Cicero* in comparing *Marcellus* & *Verres*, makes a long recital of the acts of *Marcellus* to acquaint the hearers with them before compariſon. In ſome caſes, after good confidence of proof, your examples may come in more thick and plentiful; As, *If to protract a battel upon advice, be cowardize, then* Phocion, *then* Metellus, *then* Fabius, *& all the valianteſt Captains of all ages were Cowards. If to diſplant the rebellious natives of* Scotland, *& to root them out of that kingdom,*

be

be cruelty, then the Colonies tranſlated by the Romans into Sicily, *into* France, *into the ſeveral Coaſts of* Italy, *and divers other places, teſtifie great cruelty.*

But compariſon of things different is moſt commendable, where there ſeems to be great affinity in the matters confer'd; as in the King of *Spains* aſſiſting the *Iriſh*, and the Queen of *Englands* aiding the *Netherlands*. *The Spaniards gave aſſiſtance to a people untrue in their treaties, uncivil in their maners, to thoſe who have traiterouſly rebelled without provocation, and ſtood out contrary to their own ſubmiſſion, broke their own peace, and waſted their own Countrey. The Queen did but lend ſome few voluntaries to the protection of a Nation, peaceable in their lives; free by their priviledges, a people denying no claim of any true Prince, except perpetual ſervitude of their bodyes, and importable exactions of their goods.*

Another example of things different compared. *Is not the marriage of Heads of Houſes and colledges as lawful as the marriage of the Doctors of the Arches, or the Clerks of the Chancery? both were indicted by the ſame law, & yet I take it not indifferent, that both ſhould by the abrogation of the ſame law be equally repealed. The one hath his living caſual by his temporal pains, the other his maintainance certain by Eccleſiaſtical proviſions; The one may purchaſe by the improving his revenues, & ſo may lawfully raiſe a patrimony to maintain his poſterity; the other can by no thrift upon the common goods gather a living for a wife and children, without imbeZelling from the poor, deducting from hoſpitality, defeating the intents of the giver, or defrauding his ſucceſſion. Laſtly, the one hath all the uſe of his office, the other is owner of nothing, but to his own behoof and diſpoſition.* In theſe two ſorts of *Amplifications* you may inſert all figures, as the paſſion of the matter ſhall ſerve.

Compariſon

Comparison of contraries is the third and most flourishing way of *Comparison*. *Contraries* are some times arranged together by pairs one to one, thus. *Compare the ones impatiency with the others mildness. the ones insolency with the others submission, the ones humility with the others indignation, and tell me whether he that conquered, seem'd not rather confounded, than he that yielded any way discouraged.* Compare not mind with minde, lest it seem fantastical, and beyond the tryal of our senses; But *set the ones triumph against the others captivity, loss against victory, feasts against wounds, a Crown against fetters, misfortune against felicity; and the majesty of courage will be found in the overthrown.* More examples of this you have in the Figure *Contentio*, which is one of the instruments to aggravate, by way of *Comparison*. Yet one example more *He that prefers wealthy ignorance before chargeable study, prefers contempt before honour, darkness before light, death before life, and earth before heaven.*

This is one way of arranging contrarieties.

There is another way of ordering them with interchangeable correspondence in sentences, that, though each touch not other, yet it affronts the other, As, *Shall a Souldier (for a blow with his hand given in War to a Captain) be disgraced? and shall a Lawyer (for the Bastinado given in a Court of Justice to his Companion) be advanced? shall we that profess Laws, maintain outrage? And shall they that breaks all Laws, yet in this observe civility?* Where you may see every word in the latter sentence aggravated by opposition to every word in the former. Another, *Did the most innocent vouchsafe a part of his glory to pray for his enemies? And shall we the most sinful esteem it a blot to our Reputation, to be unrevenged on our Brethren?* Of this you shall have more examples here-

hereafter. But unleſs it be for the declamatory exerciſe, you are to avoid too great ſwelling without ſubſtance.

The ſecond way of *Amplification* is by Diviſion, which (as a modern Author ſayes) is to anatomize it into ſeveral parts, and to examine it according to ſeveral circumſtances; Not unlike the ſhew that Pedlars make of their Packs, when they diſplay them, contrary to the German magnificence, that ſerves in all the good meat in one diſh. But whereas the ſame Author ſayes, that this Art of Amplifying will betray it ſelf in method and order; I think it rather adorns it ſelf. For in ſtead of ſaying, *He put the whole Law to the Sword*; let me reckon all ages and conditions, and ſay, *He neither ſaved the young men, as pitying the unripe flower of their youth; nor aged men, as reſpecting their gravity; nor children, as pardoning their weakneſs; nor women, as having compaſſion on their ſex; Souldier, Clergyman, Citizen; armed or unarmed, reſiſting or ſubmitting, all within the Town were deſtroyed by the fury of that bloody executioner.* Note that the diviſions here, are taken from age, profeſſion, ſex, habit, or behavior. It may likewiſe be from all circumſtances, *All dance, the Heavens, Elements, mens minds, Commonwealths, and ſo by part all dance.*

Another example varied, *He apparrels himſelf with great diſcretion;* Thus amplifie in circumſtances. *For ſtuffs, his cloaths were more rich than glittering: As to the faſhion, rather uſual to his quality, than fantaſtical to his invention; For colour, more grave and uniform, than wild and light. For fitneſs, made as well for eaſe of exerciſe, as to ſet forth to the eye thoſe parts in him which had any excellency.* So, to ſay, he would take an occaſion of diſcourſe with a young witty Lady, & would raiſe it firſt from her *behaviour,*

haviour, if ſhe ſaid nothing, he would partly quarrel with her *ſilence*; if ſhe *ſmiled*, he would gather out of it ſome interpretation of praiſe of her favour, and of his own joy and good fortune: if ſhe *frowned*, he would both move to her mirth, and deny ſhe could be angry in earneſt; if ſhe were ſad, he would conform his ſpeech and action in that ſoberneſs to her humor, as might beguile her paſſion, by way of falſe confederacy; if ſhe walked or played, the ſecret praiſe of her face, her eyes, her hair, her voice, her hands, her body, her gate, was the application of moſt conceits, what ever gave the ground of them; yet with ſuch diſſembling art, as if forgetfulneſs or love alluded in them, not cunning, or want of variety.

So you may divide by the forms of ſpeech in general; as, *he was never to ſeek how to propoſe or invent, raiſe or maintain, reconcile and diſtinguiſh any Arguments, Hiſtories, Similitudes, Proverbs, Jeſts attended him in great plenty, when he needed to imploy them: he would deliver ſtrong Reaſons careleſly, and choice words ſmoothly and unaffectedly; he uſed a ſporting wiſdom, an eloquent prating. But with Gallants & Ladies of better reſpect, and leſs curioſity, his duty, their kindneſs, their common acquaintance, the occaſion of his coming, the remembrance of his laſt conference, the place, the time, the laſt news of foreign parts, the Court, the Country, the City, fed his Invention, and ſatisfied their ears.* All this is but diviſion of the perſons, with whom you converſed, their manners, carriage, the faſhions and ornaments, the matter and ſubject of diſcourſe. This in ſome ſort uſed, is more properly called *Dilatation*, than *Amplification*; and being often practiſed, will enable you to diſcourſe almoſt of any thing wherein you are not preciſely tyed to the exact manner of diviſion, which Logicians uſe. But you have liberty of ſeeking all things comprized within

within the ſenſe of your general Theam, differ they eſſentially, or in any notable property. You may alſo, if you pleaſe, run over the intire part of *Amplification*; As, *The ſhip was blown up*; for the *ſhip*, you may ſay the *Maſt*, *Sails*, *Tackling*, *Keel*, *Prow*, *Stern*; *for blowing up*, you may ſay *rent*, *torn*, *mothered*, *ſcattered* in the air, *ſunk* under the water, all the circumſtances of *blowing up*. So in ſaying a *fair tree*, you may divide the tree into the *root*, *body*, *branches* and *fruit*; and *fairneſs* into *talneſs*, *ſtraightneſs*, *verdure*, *ſweetneſs*, and ſuch things as are fair in a tree. In deſcribing a *gallant man*, you may talk of his mind, perſon, his attempting, proſecuting and finiſhing an enterprize. And note, that this *Amplification* has in it both credibility and inſtruction; for it makes inſtances of that, which being generally ſpoken, would ſeem but a flouriſh, and gives more ſpecial note of that kind, which univerſally could not be conceived, without confuſion and dulneſs. This kind of *Amplificatio* is more taken up by *Cicero* than *Demoſthenes*, for *Demoſthenes* never uſes it, but as it falls in his way.

The third way of *Amplification*, is *Accumulation*, which is a heaping up many terms of praiſe or accuſation, imparting but the ſame matter, without deſcending into any part, and has his due ſeaſon after ſome argument of proof. Otherwiſe it is like a Schoolman, foming out *Synonyma's*, or words of one meaning, and will ſooner beget a cenſure of ſuperfluity of words, than ſufficiency of matter. But, let us give ſome example to amplifie a *Sedition*; *tumults*, *mutinies*, *uproars*, *deſperate conſpiracies*, *wicked confederacies*, *furious commotions*, *trayterous rebellions*, *aſſociations in villany*, *diſtractions from allegiance*, *bloody garboyls*, *inteſtine Maſſacres of Citizens*. But this example is ſomewhat too ſwelling. Now to deſcribe a beautiful woman, you may ſay, *She hath a meſt winning*

ning countenance, a moſt pleaſant eye, a moſt amiable preſence, a chearful aſpect, ſhe is a moſt delicate obiect, &c, The taſte of former times has term'd it ſweet, to bring in three clauſes together of the ſame ſenſe; As, *Your beauty* (ſweet Lady) *hath conquered my reaſon, ſubdued my will, maſter'd my iudgment.* How this will hold among our curious Refiners I know not; he that looks on the wearing of it, will find it bare, how full of ſtuff ſoever it appears. First, it paſſeth for parts of diviſion, when indeed it is but a variation of an Engliſh. Yet notwithſtanding the practice will furniſh you with ſtore of phraſes, without which you ſhall never have choice, the Mother of perfection *Cicero* in his Orations uſes it much: ſome others follow it to four clauſes; but he ſeldom exceeds three. It has this certain effect, it will ſufficiently ſecure your vein not to be dry and exhauſted. But to return to our firſt ſort of *Accumulation*, and reduce it with this, under one precept. I take the uſe of this to be in anger, deteſtation, commiſeration, and ſuch paſſions, as you, ſeeming throughly poſſeſt with, would willingly ſtir up in others.

The fourth way of *Amplification*, is by *Intimation*, and leaves the collection of greatneſs to our underſtanding, by expreſſing ſome marke of it. It exceeds ſpeech in ſilence, and makes our meaning more intelligible by a touch, than by direct treating; as he that ſhould ſay, *You muſt live very many years in his company, whom you ſhould account for your friend*, ſays well; but he that ſayes, *You had need eat a buſhel of ſalt with him*, ſaith more, and gives you to reckon more than many years in his company, whom you ſhould account for your friend. It favours ſometimes of *Hyperbole*; As, *that man that is grown groſs, is grown from a body to a corporation*; again, for a little

man

man on Horſe-back, *he was taken for a hat riding on the pommel of a ſaddle.* Of this ſort, examples are familiar; *So honeſt a wrangler, that his noſe being betwixt, was the only cauſe why his two eyes went not to Law* So the hugeneſs of a Gyant is expreſt, by ſaying, *his skull held half a buſhel of wheat.* This may be done with *Ironia*, or denial; *he was no notorious Malefactor, but he had been twice on the Pillory, and once burnt in the hand for trifling overſights.* So by ambiguity of the word, *he draws his Sword oftner than his purſe.* This faſhion of *Amplification*, I term *Intimation*, becauſe it does not directly aggravate; but by conſequence or proportion, intimate more to your minde than ears.

PROGRESSIO is the laſt kind of *Amplificatio*, which by ſteps of compariſon ſcorns every degree, till it come to the ſupream; and ſometimes to advance the matter higher, it deſcends lower. It is an ornament in ſpeech to begin at the loweſt, that you may aſpire to the higheſt *Amplification*; for example, in reprehending the prodigality of Monuments; *I begin with the exceſſes of* Alphonſus *on his fathers funeral; thence to* Alexanders *profuſion upon one of his friends Tombs*; *then to* Urbanus, *towards his ſervant*; *thence to* Cæſar, *on his horſes burial*; *after that, to the* Moloſſians *on their dogs*; *and thence to the* Egyptians, *that charged themſelves with the ſumptuous burial of a Crocodile.* So ſeeming in ſome ſort, to admit the firſt leſs than the ſecond, and by growing weaker and weaker in the excels of every one, as I proceed, the laſt will ſeem moſt ridiculous if not odious. So *Cicero* againſt *Verres*, meaning to amplifie his bribery and extortions. *It is rigorous exaction* (ſaith he) *not to abſolve the innocent without money*; *great cruelty to commit him, till he ranſom himſelf*; *but not to ſuffer the parties to have acceſs*

acceſs unto him without reward, is wretched covetouſneſs. To ſell the egreſs and regreſs of them that bring him victuals, nay, to take money that he ſhall have an eaſie death: To put a price upon the ſtrokes that ſhall execute him; So much, that he ſhall be beheaded at one blow; ſo much, at two. This is beyond all degrees of moſt barbarous and intolerable extortion. So in another example; He was careleſs in doing well, a looſneſs of youth; he was inclined to do ill, a weakneſs of fleſh; his minde conſented to offend, a ſhrewd temptation; he committed the act, an unhappy fault; he accuſtomed himſelf to abuſe, a ſad employment: yet he did not this alone, but infected others with his perſwaſion, and ſeduced them by his example. And not that only, but detained thoſe he had drawn in with freſh inventions, and diſgraced the modeſty of them who reſiſted his corruptions with ſcorns and deriſions, which could argue no leſs in him, than a moſt reprobate damnable reſolution.

The Rule of this is, when you would praiſe or diſcommend any thing, to conſider how many leſs things there are of that kinde, to which notwithſtanding you would give ſome ſhew of importance. As he that would render *Sleep* obnoxious, may ſay, *Idleneſs* (which is leſs) by *Draco*'s Laws was *Felony*. Or, to give that Biſhop his right, that built two whole Colledges at his own charges, and endowed them with Lands. Look downwards how rare it is for a Prelate in theſe days, not to grant long Leaſes, diminiſh the revenues of his Fee, How laudable it is to repair the ruines of his own decay'd Palaces & Granges? How magnificent an act it is thought for a noble Perſon to build an Hoſpital. How royal for two or three Princes to erect one Colledge. And can there be ſuch an unthankfulneſs, as to bear but an ordinary remembrance of him, that inricht his Biſhoprick, built

two

two the moſt famous Nurſeries of Learning in the Land, was liberal to all wants in his life, and left worthy bequeſts to all degrees at his death. In like ſort, by an example of abuſing the Name of God. *To make table talk of a mean mans name were injurious; t run upon a Noble mans title, were great ſcandal; to play with a Princes name, were Treaſon; and what ſhall it be to make a vanity of that Name, which is moſt terrible even to Tyrants and Devils, and moſt reverend even to Monarchs and Angels?* There be two contrary aſcents to the top of this form, either by extenuating the means, as in a former example: or by aggravating them, as in this laſt of ſwearing. And may not a matter be well amplified in this manner, by exchanging the compariſon of every particular circumſtance, that the whole may ſeem the greater? As in this example. It is lamentable that a young man ſhould be offended with the advice of his experienc'd friend, tending to his profit. Firſt, It is a hard caſe that counſel ſhould be neglected, but harder that it ſhould offend. It is a ſad thing to ſee any diſpleaſed with good admonitions; but more ſad, to ſee a youth ſo affected. Who would not grieve to have his advice ill taken? but who would not grieve more, to ſee his experience controlled? Unhappy is that youth who liſtens not to the good exhortations of the Skilful; But more that diſdains the inſtructions of his diſcreet friend. He is miſerable and unfortunate, that quarrels with the ſound precepts of his dear friends; but more miſerable and unfortunate, that miſlikes directions given for his own good and advantage.

This is a moſt eaſie, clear, and uſual kind of *Amplification*; for it gives more delight and force to every circumſtance. The circumſtances are theſe. The perſon who & to whom, the matter, the intent, the time, the place, the manner, the conſequence, and many more:

Out

acceſs unto him without reward, is wretched covetouſneſs. To ſell the egreſs and regreſs of them that bring him victuals, nay, to take money that he ſhall have an eaſie death: To put a price upon the ſtrokes that ſhall execute him; So much, that he ſhall be beheaded at one blow; ſo much, at two. This is beyond all degrees of moſt barbarous and intolerable extortion. So in another example; He was careleſs in doing well, a looſneſs of youth; he was inclined to do ill, a weakneſs of fleſh; his minde conſented to offend, a ſhrewd temptation; he committed the act, an unhappy fault; he accuſtomed himſelf to abuſe, a ſad employment: yet he did not this alone, but infected others with his perſwaſion, and ſeduced them by his example. And not that only, but detained thoſe he had drawn in with freſh inventions, and diſgraced the modeſty of them who reſiſted his corruptions with ſcorns and deriſions, which could argue no leſs in him, than a moſt reprobate damnable reſolution.

The Rule of this is, when you would praiſe or diſcommend any thing, to conſider how many leſs things there are of that kinde, to which notwithſtanding you would give ſome ſhew of importance. As he that would render *Sleep* obnoxious, may ſay, *Idleneſs* (which is leſs) by *Draco*'s Laws was *Felony*. Or, to give that Biſhop his right, that built two whole Colledges at his own charges, and endowed them with Lands. Look downwards how rare it is for a Prelate in theſe days, not to grant long Leaſes, diminiſh the revenues of his Fee, How laudable it is to repair the ruines of his own decay'd Palaces & Granges? How magnificent an act it is thought for a noble Perſon to build an Hoſpital. How royal for two or three Princes to erect one Colledge. And can there be ſuch an unthankfulneſs, as to bear but an ordinary remembrance of him, that inricht his Biſhoprick, built

two

two the moſt famous Nurſeries of Learning in the Land, was liberal to all wants in his life, and left worthy bequeſts to all degrees at his death. In like ſort, by an example of abuſing the Name of God. *To make table talk of a mean mans name were injurious; t run upon a Noble mans title, were great ſcandal; to play with a Princes name, were Treaſon; and what ſhall it be to make a vanity of that Name, which is moſt terrible even to Tyrants and Devils, and moſt reverend even to Monarchs and Angels?* There be two contrary aſcents to the top of this form, either by extenuating the means, as in a former example: or by aggravating them, as in this laſt of ſwearing. And may not a matter be well amplified in this manner, by exchanging the compariſon of every particular circumſtance, that the whole may ſeem the greater? As in this example. It is lamentable that a young man ſhould be offended with the advice of his experienc'd friend, tending to his profit. Firſt, It is a hard caſe that counſel ſhould be neglected, but harder that it ſhould offend. It is a ſad thing to ſee any diſpleaſed with good admonitions; but more ſad, to ſee a youth ſo affected. Who would not grieve to have his advice ill taken? but who would not grieve more, to ſee his experience controlled? Unhappy is that youth who liſtens not to the good exhortations of the Skilful; But more that diſdains the inſtructions of his diſcreet friend. He is miſerable and unfortunate, that quarrels with the ſound precepts of his dear friends; but more miſerable and unfortunate, that miſlikes directions given for his own good and advantage.

This is a moſt eaſie, clear, and uſual kind of *Amplification*; for it gives more delight and force to every circumſtance. The circumſtances are theſe. The perſon who & to whom, the matter, the intent, the time, the place, the manner, the conſequence, and many more:

Out

Out of every one of which, any thing may be made more notable, and egregious by way of compariſon. And that it may the better be remembered by you, let inquiry be made in every controverſie for the circumſtances, and compare them with other leſs matters, and you ſhall hardly fail of diſcourſe, or be left on ground for want of good invention. There is a richer ſhew in this kind of amplifying by every circumſtance, than in any other. Firſt, you muſt begin every circumſtance with a new figure. Sometimes with *Affirmation*, ſometimes with *Interrogation*, ſometimes with *Admiſſion*, ſometimes with *Ironia*. Secondly, when you, upon every circumſtance, urge the whole ſenſe, you are for every circumſtance almoſt to vary the words: As before, for *Lamentable*; *unhappy, unfortunate, heavy, ſad, grievous*: So for *Counſel*; *Admonitions*, *Advice*, *Exhortations*, *Inſtructions*, *Precepts*, *Directions*. Again, I ſay, remember this kind of *Progreſſion* by circumſtances, and urging and aggravating all the points of a Sentence: For you ſhall find it as often uſed as any Figure in Rhetorique, by all good Speakers and Writers.

There are Figures that help *Amplification*, and make ſhew of ſetting forth a matter fairer than it is. The firſt is HYPERBOLE, whereof I will give you ſome ſuch examples, as my own reading long ſince obſerved in the *Arcadia*. Sometimes it expreſſes a thing in the higheſt degree of poſſibility beyond the truth, that in deſcending thence, you may find the truth. Sometimes in flat impoſſibilities that you may rather conceive the unſpeakableneſs, than the untruth of the relation. Poſſibly, as for *hypocritical Hoſt; he gave as pleaſing entertainment, as the falſeſt heart could give him, whom he means worſt unto. That ever eye ſaw, or heart could imagine.* For

diligen

diligent inquiry; making their eyes, their ears, and their tongues serve for nothing else, but that *inquiry.* This is the utmost possible. But in the very frontiers of impossibility, thus *though a thousand deaths followed it, and every death were followed with a hundred dishonours. The World sooner wanted occasions, than he valour to go through them. Words and blows came so thick together, as the one seem'd a lightning to the others thunder.* Sometimes there is no certain quantity of a thing set, but plainly and ingeniously told invariably. As, *beyond the bounds of conceipt, much more of utterance.* And, *this Figure is more for the credit of your wit, than of your speech.*

CORRECTIO, having used a word of sufficient force, yet pretending a greater strength of meaning, refuses it, and supplies the place with one of more extension; As, *I perswade you not to let slip occasion, whilst it may not only be taken, but offers, nay sues to be taken.* Where the first rising of the matter is, upon, *Not only, but*, then upon the correcting, *Nay:* Again, *you must be content, nay, you must be desirous to take pains, if you will write well; It is the only quality, which in all actions will gain you praise, praise (said I) nay honour.* This Figure is to be used, when you would make the matter more credible in it self, than by the manner of delivery; 'tis sometimes used upon passion, without intent to amplifie: As, *you stars, if you do not succour me: No, no, you will not help me.* O Parthenia, *no more* Parthenia, *who art thou?* There are two contrary ways to this form, and both lead to *Amplification*, but in a dissembling sort. The first is by *Ironia*, which expresses a thing by the contrary, by shew of exhortation, where indeed it dehorts. As, *yet a while, sleep a while, fold thine arms a while: so shall necessity overtake thee, like a traveller, and poverty set on*

thee like an armed man——— *It is but ſmall charge of idle money that the Egyptians beſtowed in erecting a Pyramis of brick, when the expence in Onions and Garlick for Workmens dyet, came to about* 238000 *l. of our money* —— Milo *had but ſlender ſtrength, that carried an Ox a furlong on his back, then killed him with his fiſt, and eat him to his breakfaſt.* ——— Tritornus *had a reaſonable good arm, that could hold two buls by the tails, the one in the one hand, the other in the other, and never be ſtirred out of his place by their violence.* Here *ſmall, ſlender and reaſonable,* amplifie as much as if you had ſaid *great, exceeding,* or *incredible.*

PARALEPSIS (the ſecond counterfeit of *Amplification*) is, when you ſay you let paſs that which notwithſtanding you touch as full; As, *I make no account of any hinderance in other the direct ſtudies of my courſe; I value not my pains in collecting theſe obſervations; I will forget that I denied the earneſt intreaty of many kind and learned Gentlemen, that ſued to me for helps; I am loath to tell you they are notes of his, whom your Maſters of the Univerſity have thought as great a Reader, and a greater Obſerver than themſelves; I deſire not, that you ſhould make any greater eſtimation of them, than of a teſtimony of my love to you, and a pledge of my reſolution to encourage thoſe lovely ſparks of good invention, which if you ſmother and queuch in your ſelf, you commit a kind of intellectual murther.* The like is uſed often in *Progreſſion.* But another, *I urge not to you the hope of your friends though that ſhould animate you to anſwer their expectation; I lay not before you the neceſſity of the place, which you are to furniſh, wherein to be defective and inſufficient were ſome ſhame; I omit the envious concurrencies, and ſome prepared compariſons in your Countrey, which have ſome feeling with young men of*

fore-ſight

fore-sight; I only say, how shall our promises give judgment against us? how shall we discharge our own Engagements to your Father, if this time hath not taken his full effect of profit in our labours and endeavours. Two Figures properly belong to this kind of *Amplification*, which are call'd *ACCUMULATION* and *DIVISION*.

The first is a round dispatching of much matter, not plainly and simply the same in sense, yet tending to the same end; As, *Loves companions are unquietness, longings, fond comforts, faint discomforts, hopes, jealousies, rages, carelessness, yieldings,* &c. *Spite, rage, disdain, shame, revenge came upon hatred.* These examples are out of *Arcadia*. You may frame one thus. *All men exclaim upon these exactions, Nobles, Gentry, Commonalty, Poor, Rich, Scholars, Merchants, Peasants, Young, Old, High, Low, and all cry out upon the hard impositions of those burthens.*

The second Figure differs not much from the first, but that the first is a sudden entrance into a confused heap of matter. This is a wild and dissolute repetition of all that went before: As, *you have heard of his pride, ambition, cozenage, robberies, mutenies in the City, in the Camp, in the Countrey. What kinsman of his unabused, what friend undeceived, what Companion uncorrupted, can speak for him? where can he live without shame? Where can he dye with honour?* These two Figures not only make your cause seem better, but skilfully and properly used, do amaze an adversary of mean ability.

There are other Figures that come in fitly after *Amplification*, or any great heat justly inflamed, *Interrogation* and *Exclamation*.

INTERROGATION is but a warm proposition, yet it oftentimes doth better than a bare *Affirmation*, which were but too easie and lifeless a speech: As,

The credit of behaviour, is to cover imperfection, and ſet forth your good parts better. Thus expreſſed, *Is it not the chiefeſt credit of behaviour, to ſet forth your good parts fairly and clearly, and to cover imperfection?* *Men are ignorant, and therefore by good expreſſions without ranting or affectation, you ſhall gain a more general opinion, than by ſufficiency ſmothered in too modeſt a ſilence.* By Interrogation thus, *Are not moſt men ignorant? ſhall you not then by quaint expreſſions, without ranting, or affectation pleaſe more, and get a more general good opinion, than by great ſufficiency concealed by your own ſhamefac'dneſs?*

To diſſemble excellencies is good policy in him, whom his courſe muſt at length neceſſarily draw into light and proof, and then all that he delivers will be admirable, becauſe expectation foreſtall'd nothing of his worth; which may likewiſe be turned into an *Interrogation*, and is very fit for a ſpeech, addreſſed to many illiterate hearers; is much uſed in *Pirocles* Oration to the ſeditious multitude, and then it may be well frequented and iterated. *Did the Sun ever bring fruitful Harveſt, but was more hot than pleaſant? Have you any of your children, that be not ſometimes burdenſom? Have you any fathers that be not ſometimes froward? ſhall we therefore curſe the Sun? hate our Children? and diſobey our Fathers?* An example of many *Interrogations. Have you not ſeen a ſtately kind of courteſie, and a proud kind of humility? have you not ſeen a wiſe man withdraw himſelf from mean company, with better grace, and more kindneſs, than ſome ſilly Gentleman that has beſtowed himſelf on fools, thrown himſelf down into the midſt of his miſeries? doth not a commendations, a hat, a good word, a good morrow, purchaſe more hearts, than a months familiar prattling, with a flock of rude people? Do you converſe with your*

ſuperiors

ſuperiors, to learn of them to be able to judge them, and benefit your ſelf; And ſhall not your inferiors do the like with you? Is it not a ſafer gain of popularity with Ceremonies, than with diſcovering your Nature? Many ſuch like *Interrogations* might be added; but let it ſuffice, that 'tis eaſie and gentle to ſharpen the flats of affirmations and down-right telling of Tales.

EXCLAMATION is not lawful, but in the extremity of motion; As, *Pirocles*, ſeeing the mild *Philoclea* innocently beheaded, cryed out, *O Tyrant Heaven, and Traitor Earth, blind Providence, how is this done? how is this ſuffered? hath this World a Government?* The like in the beginning of the ſecond Book of the *Arcadia*, in the perſon of *Ginetia* tormented in mind. *O Sun! O Heavens! O Deſerts! O Vertue! O imperfect proportion!* And in another Author thus, *O endleſs endeavour! O vain glorious Ignorance! Doſt thou deſire to be known? Where? in* Europe; *how canſt thou be famous, when* Aſia *and* Africa *that have thrice as many people, hear not of thy actions? Art not thou then thrice as obſcure as thou art renowned? Doſt thou look that all the World ſhould take notice of thee, when for five thouſand years three parts of the World took no notice of the fourth? But* Europe *is the houſe of Fame, becauſe it is the Nurſery of Arts and Books, wherein Reports are preſerved. O weak imaginition! O ſelf pleaſing fancy! Canſt thou expect in theſe parts from* 40 *degrees to* 90 *North ward, ſuch praiſes and honours for thy name, when every Map on every Wall ſhews thee as much ſpace from* 40 *to* 90 *South-ward inhabited with nothing but ſilence and forgetfulneſs!*

ACCLAMATION is a ſententious clauſe of a Diſcourſe, or a Report, ſuch as *Daniel* in his Poems concludes with often. It is a general inſtruction

for every man commonly for his pains in reading a Hiſtory, or other mens Books for ſome private uſe of it to himſelf. Like a Caſh-keeper, who drawing great ſums of other mens money, challenges ſomewhat in the pound for his own Fee. It ſerves for *Amplification*, when after a great Crime or Deſert exclaim'd upon, or extoll'd, it gives a moral Note worth credit and obſervation. As after the true Relation of *Scipio Africanus*'s courſe, who having been chief Governor of the greateſt Armies in the World; having all his life-time Kings ſuiters for his favour, and Nations kept in awe of his Name; yet in 56 years neither bought nor ſold goods or lands, built any Houſe or Caſtle of his own, left not above 46 *l.* in gold, and 6 *l.* in ſilver behind him at his death. It may be folded up in this *Acclamation*: So little need has he to ſtoop to private cares, that thrives upon publick victories; and ſo ſmall leaſure has he to be deſirous of Riches, that hath been ſo long poſſeſt and ſatisfied with honour, which is the immortal end of mortal actions. Such Notes are thoſe ſcraps of policy which ſome now a dayes gather out of *Polybius* and *Tacitus*, and not unlike are the Morals that hang upon *Æſops Fables*.

This *Acclamation* ſometimes is the cauſe and reaſon of a former *Narration*, as a ſtory of one, who being a Servant to a Family, and of mean quality, won the doting love of a witty Lady in the houſe, whereas ſhe never looked upon the humble ſuits, the cunning inſinuations, the noble deſerts of many Lovers of higher degree, but with free judgment and careleſs cenſure; This cloſe may follow, So hard entrance hath affection into a heart prepared to ſuſpition, eſpecially in the weakeſt natures, whoſe ſafeguard is miſtruſt: So eaſie is the increaſe of love by inſenſible ſteps, when the ſervice you offer ſeems to proceed

proceed out of the goodneſs of your own diſpoſition, which women expect to be permanent, and not out of the neceſſity of your ſuit which may force you for the time to a wained difference from the proper humor. Yet if this be too much uſed, it is like a Note-book gathered out of Hiſtories.

Contrary to *Amplification*, is DIMINUTION, and this deſcends by the ſame ſteps that *Amplification* aſcends, and differs no more than up Hill, and down Dale, which is the ſame way begun out of ſeveral ſentences; yet ſome examples in *Arcadia* will make you obſerve two ways of diminiſhing ſingle terms, one by denying the contrary; As if you ſhould ſay, *But reaſonably pleaſant*; *Arcadia*'s ſpeech is, *Not unpleaſant, hardly liked, nor miſliked.* But why ſhould I give examples of the moſt uſual phraſes in the Engliſh tongue? As we ſay, *Not the wiſeſt that ever we ſaw, for a man of ſmall wiſdom.* The ſecond way is, by denying the right of the words, but by error of ſome; As, Thoſe fantaſtical mind-infected people, which Children and Muſitians call Lovers. That misfortune of letting fall his Dagger, which the rude Hectors of our time, call being diſarmed. That opinion of honeſty, which has lately been ſo proudly tranſlated by the Souldier into the word (*honour*) And ſuch like. But the former faſhion of *Diminution* ſometimes for ironious ſort goes for *Amplification*, as ſpeaking of a great perſonage, *No mean man*; This is an ordinary Figure for all kinds of ſpeeches.

The Figures following ſerve for *Amplification* Συνωνύμια, is a compoſition of contraries, and by both words intimates the meaning of neither preciſely, but a moderation and mediocrity; As, *bravery* and *raggery* are contrary, yet ſomewhat better than both is meant by *brave raggedneſs*. So

wanton modeſty; *inticing ſoberneſs.* And with that ſhe prettily ſmiled, which mingled with tears, a man could not tell, whether it were a mourning pleaſure, or delightful ſorrow. With what a witty ignorance ſhe would underſtand, &c. Abſented preſence, well-willing ſpight. The one contrary is affirmed to be in the other directly, by making the one the Subſtantive, the other the Adjective, as above in thoſe examples; or indirectly, as in th ſe words following. *Seeking honour by diſhonour*; *and building ſafety upon ruine*; *O fooliſh Woman, and moſt miſerable fooliſh Woman, becauſe wit makes thee fooliſh. Captivity might ſeem to have authority over Tyranny.* This is a gentile way to move admiration in the hearers, and make them think it a ſtrange harmony, which muſt be expreſt in ſuch diſcord. Therefore this example ſhall conclude. *There was a perfect agreement in ſo perfect a diſagreement*; *like Muſick made of cunning diſcords.* This is an eaſie Figure, and uſeful.

CONTENTIO is contrary to the former; That was a compoſition of *Sturmius* diſagreements; This is an oppoſition of them. As, there was ſtrength againſt nimbleneſs, rage againſt reſolution, pride againſt nobleneſs. He is a ſwaggerer amongſt quiet men, but is quiet amongſt ſwaggerers; earneſt in idle things, idle in matters of earneſtneſs. Where there is both *Antimetabole* for the turning of the ſentence back, and *Contentio* reſpecting the contrariety of things meant thereby. Could not look on, nor would not look off. Neither the one hurt her, nor the other help her. Juſt without partiality, humble without contradiction, liberal without proſuſion, wiſe without curioſity. This Figure is fit to embelliſh a copious ſtile, and ſerves much for *Amplification* by *Compariſon.*

COMPAR is an even gate of ſentences anſwering each other in meaſures interchangeably. Such as

are

are in St. *Auguſtine* often, but oftner in *Gregory* the Divine; and in Biſhop *Andrews* Works in Engliſh But many do intermingle this Figure with *Agnominatio*, and *Similiter cadens*; it is very uſeful in elocution; but in penning it muſt be uſed with modeſty and mediocrity. A touch of *Agnomination* of the Letter is tolerable with a *Compar*; As, If ever I could wiſh my faith untryed, and my counſel untruſted. And (where there is a *Similiter cadens*, but a more evident falling alike) in this. My years are not ſo many, but that one death may conclude them; nor my faults ſo many, but that one death may ſatisfie them. Without conſonancy of fall, or harping upon a letter or ſyllable, yet a *Compar*, becauſe the words match each other in rank. Save his gray hairs from rebuke, and his aged mind from deſpair; where gray hairs, aged mind, rebuke and deſpair anſwer each other. Again, rather ſeek to obtain that conſtancy by courteſie, which you cannot aſſuredly enjoy by violence. Verb to Verb, Adverb to Adverb, and Subſtantive to Subſtantive. Lovelineſs can neither warrant you from ſuſpitions in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your ſelf.

In ſome places there is a ſhorter *Compar*; where word to word, or ſubſtantive to ſubſtantive, are joyned, and yet without conjunction, which is ASYNDETON. *Her face with beauty, her head with wiſdom, her eyes with majeſty, her countenance with gracefulneſs, her lips with loveliueſs*; where many (*Ands*) are ſpared. In ſome places only the Conjunction is put in the laſt with a *Compar* of three; As her wit endeared by youth, her affection by birth, and her ſadneſs by her beauty. A fair woman ſhall not only command without entreaty, but perſwade without ſpeaking. This is an excellent Figure, in no place untimely, if not too often uſed; it fits well the even pauſes and interruptions of an eloquent tongue, ſeems to be rich

and copious, and to contain many parts (whereof each with a tedious man would be a ſentence) and make an impreſſion upon the hearers ſenſes; it has long been in requeſt, ever ſince the days of *Iſocrates*, whoſe Orations are full of it. This Figure belongs more properly to that part of *Amplification*, called *Diviſion*, than to *Accumulation*.

SENTENTIA, if it be well uſed, is a Figure, if ill and too much, a Style, of which none that write humorouſly and factiouſly, can be clear in theſe dayes, when there are ſo many Schiſms of Eloquence: We ſtudy now adays according to the predominancy of Critical fancies. Whilſt *Moral Philoſophy* was in requeſt, it was rudeneſs, not to be ſententious; whilſt *Mathematicks* were of late in vogue, all ſimilitudes came from *Lines*, *Circles* and *Angles*; But now that *Mars* is predominant, we muſt *recruit* our wits, and give our words a new *Quarter*. 'Tis very true, a *Sentence* is a pearl in a Diſcourſe; but it is a good Diſcourſe that conſiſts wholly of pearls. It is like an eye in the body, nor is it monſtrous to be all eyes. I take *Cyclops* to be as handſom a man, as *Argos*. And if a *Sentence* were as like a hand in the Text, as it is commonly noted with one in the margent, yet I ſhould rather like that work that had no more hands than *Hercules*, than that which had as many as *Briarens*.

Theſe are Sentences, *The rich mans bounty is the poor mans Exchequer. The ſickneſs of age is avarice; The errours of youth prophaneſs.* There is ſmall difference between a Propoſition and a Queſtion, if I forget not *Ariſtotle* (1. *Top.*) *Since length of acquaintance, mutual ſecreſies, nor height of benefits could obliege a ſavage mind.* There is a Sentence, and in it ZEUGMA, ASYNDETON, and METAPHORA. *Guiltineſs is not alwaye with eaſe oppreſſed*, Where ther

there is *MERIOSIS*, *not always with eaſe*, for, *ever and hardly. Who ſtands only upon defence, ſtands upon no defence*; A Sentence with EPANODOS *Unlawful deſires are puniſhed after the effect of enjoying*; *but impoſsible deſires are puniſhed in the deſire it ſelf.* A Sentence with DISTINCTIO and CONTENTIO. *Love to a yielding heart is a King, but to a reſiſting, a Tyrant.* COMPAR & CONTENTIO; *It is a fooliſh wittineſs to ſpeak of more than one thinks.* Neither is this ſentence without a *Compar*: it is a double Sentence, as they call it, *To a heart fully reſolved, counſel is tedious, and reprehenſion loathſom.* And, *There is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, than the eye of a reſpected friend.* There may be alſo Sentences particular to ſome men, as well as general; As, ——— *Amphialus, in whom abuſed kindneſs became a ſpiteful rage* —— *Fearfulneſs, contrary to all other vices, making* Clinias *think the better of another, the worſe he found himſelf.* Euarchus, *making his life the example of his laws.* All which may be taken for Rules and Common places, by putting the general name for the ſpecial, as they ſay, drawing it *à* THESI *ad* HYPOTHESIN. Theſe examples may makē you believe, a Sentence may be cours'd through the whole Figure-book, and that many Figures may eaſily aſſemble in one clauſe, and any one Figure conſort with another. Yet it were abſurd to ground the form and faſhion of your whole ſtyle upon any one Figure

ILLUSTRATION conſiſts either in things or words; in the deſcription of things living or dead. And of living things, either reaſonable, as men and their perſonages, and qualities; or unreaſonable, as of Horſes, Ships, Iſlands, Caſtles, and ſuch like. Men are deſcribed moſt excellently in the *Arcadia*, as *Baſilius*, *Plexertus*, *Pirocles*, *Muſidorus*, *Anaxius*, &c.

&c. But he that will truly Characterize a man in a feigned ſtory, muſt firſt learn handſomly to deſcribe a humor, a paſſion, a vertue, a vice, and therein, keeping decent proportion, add but names, and knit together the accidents and encounters. This perfect expreſſing of all qualities, is learn'd out of *Ariſtotles* tenth Book of *Moral Philoſophy*. But becauſe (as *Machiavel* obſerves) perfect vertue, or perfect vice is not ſeen in our time, which altogether is humorous and ſpirting; therefore the underſtanding of *Ariſtotles* Rhetorique is held to be the beſt means to attain to true Eloquence; excellent on this ſubject alſo are *Theophraſti imagines*; *Heliodorus* and *Longinus* in *Greek*, (the laſt lately well tranſlated into *Engliſh*) *Zanaxarus* his *Arcadia* in *Italian*, *Diana de monte majori* in *Spaniſh*, &c.

But to our purpoſe of Perſonages and affections deſcribed in *Arcadia*. For men, pleaſant, idle retiredneſs in a King *Baſilius*, and a dangerous end of it. Unfortunate Valor in *Plangus*; Courteous Valor in *Amphialus*; Proud Valor in *Anaxius*; Hoſpitality in *Kalandar*; The miror of true courage and friendſhip in *Pirocles* and *Muſidorus*; Miſerableneſs and ingratitude in *Chremes*; Fear and falſe ſubtilty in *Clynias*, Fear and rudeneſs, with ill-affected civility in *Dametas*; and through this ſtory, mutual love in Marriage in *Argalus* and *Parthenia*; Out of Marriage in *Pirocles* and *Philoclea*, *Muſidorus* and *Pamela*; True conſtant Love unreſpected in *Flangus*, in *Helena*, in the true *Zelmane*; Inconſtancy, envy, ſuſpition and tyranny in a King and his Counſellors; General falſe love in *Pamphilus*; and ſlight carriage and credulity in *Chremes* Daughter; baſe doting on a Wife in *Plangus* Father. But in Women, a miſchievous and ſeditious ſtomack in *Cecropia*; Prudent courage in *Pamela*; Mild diſcretion in *Philoclea*;

loclea; *Pamela*'s Prayer, her Diſcourſe, ſqueamiſh cunning; Unworthineſs in *Arteſia*; Reſpective and reſtleſs dotage in *Gynetia*'s Love. Proud, ill favoured, ſluttiſh ſimplicity in *Mopſa*. Now in theſe perſons is there ever a ſtedfaſt decency, and uniform difference of manners obſerved where ever you find them? However each interrupt the others ſtory and actions.

And as for actions of perſons, there are many rarely and perfectly deſcribed. As the mutiny and fire in a Ship; cauſes of an uproar; the Garboyl; an armed Skirmiſh: Policy and Preparation. Sometimes managing a Horſe is deſcribed; Tilting and Shews. Many other lively and notable Portraicts there are, which I will not ſet down, to ſave you ſo ſweet a labour, as the reading that which alone will make you Eloquent and Wiſe. Sir *Philip Sidney*'s courſe (beſides reading *Ariſtotle* and *Theophraſtus*) was to imagine the thing preſent, that his Pen might the better deſcribe it.

Under this notion of *Illuſtration* may come lively Deſcriptions, and the apt fitting a perſon repreſented with ſpeech and action, both which grow into very pleaſing acquaintance with the underſtanding and memory of the Reader.

For ſpecial light in every Sentence, there are other ſparks of Figures. Firſt, if there be any doubt or ambiguity in the words, it is better left out than diſtinguiſhed. But if you are to anſwer former ſpeeches that imply any doubtfulneſs, you may diſperſe all Clouds, and remove all Scruples with *Diſtinction*. As being charged you have brought very light Reaſons, you may Anſwer, *If by light you mean clear, I am glad you ſee them; If by light you mean of no weight, I am ſorry you do not feel them* So you may expreſs a man of hidden Learning, *Hidden as well*

well for the obſcure and mean eſtate of his perſon, as hidden for the unuſual and not vulgar conceit of the matter. But, as ambiguity is not onely in words, but in matter; ſo both ways it is taken away by *Diſtinction.* Sometimes it is in ſingle words, as in theſe former, *light* and *hidden.* Sometimes in coherence of Sentences, by reaſon of the relation of each word to other, by reaſon of the change of the pointing, which is cleared by delivery.

You have many Examples of this in the ſecond Book of *Tully de Oratore*, and *Quintillian*, where there is mention of *Jocus ab ambiguo*; as alſo in *Eraſmus* his Apothegms.

DISTINCTION of ambiguity in matters of determination of the truth of general Propoſitions, is to tell wherein they are certain, wherein not. As, Travel in foreign Countreys ſettles a young mans humor. If it be taken in this ſort, that it will inforce him to wearineſs and ſecreſie, and reſtrain him from pouring forth his counſels, it is very profitable: *For* he ſhall have few friends in whom to put confidence, and few companions with whom he might beſtow his idle time, or communicate his youthful thoughts. But if you intend, that by Travel all vanities ſhould be caſt off, it ſeems not ſo likely and admirable, becauſe he ſhall walk through many ill examples, and great liberty. *Another Propoſition diſtinguiſhed.* They are but frail merits that you ſhall beſtow upon young mens friendſhip. 'Tis true, if you ſatisfie thoſe deſires which are like to depart with their youth; As, gaming, feaſting, idle ſporting; you are like to be caſt off with theſe toyes, and forgotten. But if your deſerts be in noble Exerciſes, learned Conferences, and civil friendly Offices, the remembrance thereof will increaſe as faſt as their diſcretion.

So much for *Diſtinction*; Next follows DEFINITION

NITION, which is the ſhorteſt and trueſt expoſition of the nature of any thing; hereof you have Examples of all vertues in *Ariſtotles Morals*, of paſſions in his *Rhetorique*, of many affections and perturbations in *Tuſculan*'s Queſtions, and *Cicero*, *de Finibus*, as the general *definition* of vertue is this, VIRTUS EST HABITUS RATIONI CONSENTANEUS. *Vertue is a quality ſeated in Reaſon Fear is an apprehenſion of future harm. Thrift is a moderate and lawful increaſe of Wealth, by careful government of your own eſtate. Complement is a performance of affected Ceremonies in words, looks, and geſtures.* Where *Definition* runs into diviſion of ſeven or eight ways. Of *Definition* you may read *Valerius* his *Logick*. But (to be moſt perfectly inſtructed) read the Sixth Book of *Ariſtotles Top.* Your Definitions need to be more tyed to the Rules of Logicians, than your Diviſions: The matter is ſometimes illuſtrated by *Periphraſis*: As, *ſpur'd his Horſe apace; made his ſpur claim haſte of his Horſe. A man not to be contemned; nor a man over whom contempt might make any juſt challenge. Snorting loud; ſnorting ſo loud, that no man might lay the ſtealing of a nap to his charge.* But of *Paraphraſis* and *Periphraſis* more ſeverally.

Sometimes a *Parentheſis* makes your Diſcourſe more graceful and intelligible: As, *Tell me ingeniouſly (if there be any ingenuity in you) whether*, &c. *That what his wit could conceive (and his wit can concieve as far as the limits of Reaſon ſtretch) was all directed to the ſetting forth of his friend —— Till the next morning (better known to be ſo by the Hour-glaſs, than the dayes clearneſs) having run fortune*, &c. And indeed all *Parentheſes* are in extreams, either graces or foiles to a Speech. If they be long, they ſeem interruptions and therefore as the

the end of them must be a retreat to the matter, called ANTANACLASIS. As, *Assure thy self most wicked Woman (that hast so plaguily a corrupted mind, as that thou canst not keep thy sickness to thy self, but must most maliciously infect others) Assure thy self, I say,* &c. *Shall that heart (which does not only feel them, but hath all motion of his life placed in them.) Shall that heart, I say,* &c.

DIVISION is a severing the whole into parts, as of time into that past, present, and to come (which is rather a breathing, than a *Division*) into supream or subordinate. From their order; beasts or unreasonable Creatures, into those of the *Air, Water, Earth*; *Love is either of Beauty, or of Vertue.* From the object *Study is of Liberal, or Mathematick Science.* And so you may divide as many ways as things may differ; as by their beginnings, endings, properties, marks, effects, times, tunes, places, forms, persons, in whom they are, and howsoever, which properly belongs to Logick; yet something is spoken thereof, in our second way of *Amplification.* Out of *Divisions* arise three several inforcements and manifestations of your purpose, which though by Rhetoricians diversly handled and termed) yet are they in effect grounded upon the Art of Distribution.

The first is *Expedition,* which (touching upon divers parts (destroys all but that, on which you mean to rest; As, *One of these courses must be taken, either you must distinctly observe and practise these Rules, or deny you ever received instructions, or alledge want of capacity in your self, or want of use of them in your life. That they are not necessary, you cann't say, for what more necessary in your life, than to write well? That you are uncapable, is a slander, and a contradiction to your own conscience, and by experience, that hath*

hath ſeen ſuch fair Eſſays of your endeavours. And to ſay you had never any directions, were to give your two eyes the lie, and to make me believe, I did never but dream your good. Therefore muſt your labour conſpire with my inventions, and ſo muſt you unavoidably become skilful. This is *Enumeration* and *Inference*, whereupon is that which the Logicians call *Induction*, as in reckoning up. It is neither that, nor this; therefore this. And as one merrily ſaith, It is the Dogs *Syllogiſme* in a croſs way, *or that, or that, But I ſmell him not this way, nor this way*; therefore he runs on his concluſion the third way without ſmelling.

The ſecond of this ſort is *PROSOPODOSIS*, that overthrows no part of the *Diviſion*, but returns ſome part to each member. In *Arcadia* thus, Heretofore I accuſed the Sea, condemned the Pyrats, and hated my evil fortune, that deprived me of thee: But now thy ſelf art the Sea, thy ſelf the Pyrat, and thy will the evil fortune —— Time at one inſtant ſeeming ſhort and long to them, ſhort in the pleaſingneſs of ſuch preſence, and long in ſtay of their deſires —— Your ſilence muſt carry with it a conſtruction of contempt, unkindneſs or diſpleaſure: If you take me not for your friend, you offer unkindneſs; if you deem me unworthy an anſwer, it proceeds of contempt; if your paſſion defers a Reply, it argues diſpleaſure. The firſt of theſe denied all parts, ſave one; this affirms and keeps all ſides up. The laſt is *Dilemma*, which propoſes two ſides, and overthrows both ability and will to Write well: for to ſay I cannot, is Childiſh; and I will not, is Womaniſh.

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PERIPHRASIS and *PARAPHRASIS.*

There is in the beſt Writers oftentimes a vain of ſtile, wherein vulgar fancies are exceedingly pleaſed, and know not wherewith. For they admire this moſt, that there is ſome excellency in it, and yet they themſelves ſuſpect it exceeds their admiration. In ſome examples I would gladly diſcover the reaſon hereof: It cannot be, if either the meaning of the words be obſcure, or unfamiliar to a mans underſtanding, the ſpeech ſo compoſed, ſhould be ſo accepted: And yet 'tis poſſible there may be ſome extraordinary fancy in ordinary words; and plain meaning, how then ſhall we determine? It is as in many uſual Diſhes at a Table, both eyes and taſte give them commendation, not for the ſubſtance, but for the dreſſing and ſervice. What plainer meaning than *ſleep among Thieves?* And verily *ſleep*, *life*, *truſt and Thieves*, are common Engliſh words; yet is it no common way of ſpeaking, to ſay, *To truſt a ſleeping life among Thieves.* In the ſame ſenſe, *when they had ſlept a while*, is ordinary; but *when they had a while hearkened to the perſwaſion of ſleep*, is extraordinary. Though all the words of it by themſelves are moſt known and familiar; yet the ordering and fetch of it is ſtrange and admirable to the ignorant; We therefore call it *Periphraſis*, or Circumlocution, and it is much helped by *Metaphors*, as before: *inclined to ſleep* is expreſt by a *Metaphor* taken from one who *moves and inclines by perſwaſions.* But let us have our Combat more with our adverſary *ſleep*; for, *having riſen early, having ſtriven with the Suns earlineſs.* Inſtead of Mopſa *wept ill-favourdly*, Mopſo *diſgraced weeping with her countenance*, inſtead of ſaying, *They that guard-*

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ed Amphialus, *were killed themſelves*; it's ſaid *ſeeking to ſave him, they loſt the fortreſſes, which Nature had planted them in.* In ſtead of *Plangus ſpeech began to be ſuſpected*, it is ſaid *Plangus ſpeech began to be tranſlated into the language of ſuſpition.* Thus purpoſely did Sir *Philip* write, to keep his ſtyle from flatneſs. As being to name a *Threſher*, he calls him *one of Ceres Servants*, in ſtead of *his name was known too high and low*; he ſaith, *no Prince could pretend highneſs, nor Beggar lowneſs, to bar him from the ſound thereof.* And this is by going. A CONCRETO AD ABSTRACTUM. and divers other ways.

If a ſhoft ordinary ſenſe be odly expreſt by more words, it is *Periphraſis*; but, if by as many other, it is *Paraphraſis*; As, manifeſt oaths, plentiful perjury To make a great ſhew of himſelf. To make a muſter of himſelf in the Iſland: for kill any married man; make his ſword curſed by any widow, which is by conſequence, ſeeking by courteſie to undo him. Making courteſie the out-ſide of miſchief, by *Similitude* or *Metaphor*; ſo then the courſe is, in ſtead of any ordinary words importing a trivial matter, to take the abſtracts, or ſome conſequence, ſimilitude, note, property or effect, and thereby expreſs it. Theſe two Figures ſerve for *Illuſtration*.

It is ſometimes requiſite for gaining life and luſtre in your diſcourſe, to repreſent ſome unexpected ſtrangeneſs, beſides the tenor of your Theme or Story; and, as it were, to act your meaning; which is done either by feigning the preſence, or the diſcourſe of ſome ſuch perſons, as either are not at all; or if they be, yet ſpeak not but by your imagination. The firſt is by *Apoſtrophe*, or *Proſopopeia*.

APOSTROPHE is a turning of your ſpeech to ſome new perſon, as to the people or witneſſes, when it was before to the Judges or Defendant: As, *Herein*

in you Witneſſes are to conſult with your own Conſciences, and to enter into a true examination of your own memory. Did you mark his looks? Did you note his ſpeeches? Did you truly conceive the particular proceedings of the action? To the people thus, Now let me intreat any man here preſent, that thinks himſelf not exempted from Misfortunes, and priviledged from all miſchiefs, to imagine himſelf in my caſe, and to undertake for my ſake ſome few thoughts of my diſtreſs. Sometimes the occaſion is taken from ſome quality or other thing, whereto your ſelf gives ſhew of life; As, Hope tell me, what haſt thou to hope for? Love be aſhamed to be called Love. But to animate, and make dead men ſpeak, is PROSOPOPOEIA; As, If your Anceſtors were now alive, and ſaw you defacing ſo goodly a Monument by them erected, would they not ſay thus—— *&c.* And as Sir *Philip Sidney* gives ſenſe and ſpeech to the *Needle* and *Silk* in *Pamela*'s hands, as *Learning*, as a *Lilly*, as *Death* it ſelf is feigned to live, and make a ſpeech.

Another way of clearing and reviving your Diſcourſe, is by *deliberating*, by *entring into communication*, by *preventing and anſwering* objections. In *deliberating* ſometimes you are amazed; As, Whom ſhall I blame? what ſhall I pretend? ſhall I make learning hateful to you by my reprehenſions? ſhall I make my ſilence acceſſary to your idleneſs? It is not in my power, it is not in my diſcretion to reform it. Under this Figure are *Philoclea*'s wiſhes of *Zelmane*

There is another kind of *Deliberation*, which propoſes many things with intricating or intangling a mans ſelf: As, nothing can aſſure me of the continuance of your love towards me, if you diſcontinue the ſtudy of ſpeaking well. For ſuppoſe you Marry into ſome worthy Family; ſuppoſe they enrich you with ſome new Friends; may not a vein of thrivings rob me

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of your acquaintance? may not I lose you? nay, may not you lose your self in a labyrinth of worldly cares? Sometimes we enter into *Communication*; As, Were it your case, what would you answer? Tell me, I appeal to your secret thoughts. Your friend hath esteemed better of his own Stomack, than of the eternal Love vowed betwixt you, and prefers the trial of his Valor, before the regard of both your Credits, which must die, however either or both of you survive the Combat. Would you not judge him unworthy to be your friend, that began his fidelity with an inviolable Covenant never to be an Enemy?

Prevention of an objection hath two Figures; the one is *Occupatio*, the other *Subjectio*.

Occupatio is thus, *You will say to me, that in a factious Countrey it is the only policy to stand neutral I say, not, unless many circumstances help you,* viz. *These, if none of your friends be entred into the Quarrel If you be assured that your wealth and discretion is equal to the best. If there be a likelihood to scatter the reliance on both sides, and make a new Park, then it is wisdom to stand aloof a while, that if you please, you may add the Victory to which side you will. But having declared your self, you intend to be upright; you will grow contemptible, you offer reconciliation; your strength will forsake you, you dispraise your adversaries; you will be deemed envious. You commend his wisdom; you betray your own weakness: praise then his wealth, his Ancestors, his beauty, his pleasures, but praise not his foresight, nor his valor. Are you Judge among your neighbours and inferiours? be precisely just and rightful. Are you assistant to your friend? be advised and throughly partial. You would be counted liberal? test sie it seldom; but if publickly, worthily. You would thrive in bargaining; let your transactions be private; for many small breaches of conscience*

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in you Witnesses are to consult with your own Consciences, and to enter into a true examination of your own memory. Did you mark his looks? Did you note his speeches? Did you truly conceive the particular proceedings of the action? To the people thus, Now let me intreat any man here present, that thinks himself not exempted from Misfortunes, and priviledged from all mischiefs, to imagine himself in my case, and to undertake for my sake some few thoughts of my distress. Sometimes the occasion is taken from some quality or other thing, whereto your self gives shew of life; As, Hope tell me, what hast thou to hope for? Love be ashamed to be called Love. But to animate, and make dead men speak, is PROSOPOPOEIA; As, If your Ancestors were now alive, and saw you defacing so goodly a Monument by them erected, would they not say thus—— *&c.* And as Sir *Philip Sidney* gives sense and speech to the *Needle* and *Silk* in *Pamela*'s hands, as *Learning*, as a *Lilly*, as *Death* it self is feigned to live, and make a speech.

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There is another kind of *Deliberation*, which proposes many things with intricating or intangling a mans self: As, nothing can assure me of the continuance of your love towards me, if you discontinue the study of speaking well. For suppose you Marry into some worthy Family; suppose they enrich you with some new Friends; may not a vein of thrivings rob me of

of your acquaintance? may not I lose you? nay, may not you lose your self in a labyrinth of worldly cares? Sometimes we enter into *Communication*; As, Were it your case, what would you answer? Tell me, I appeal to your secret thoughts. Your friend hath esteemed better of his own Stomack, than of the eternal Love vowed betwixt you, and prefers the trial of his Valor, before the regard of both your Credits, which must die, however either or both of you survive the Combat. Would you not judge him unworthy to be your friend, that began his fidelity with an inviolable Covenant never to be an Enemy?

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are more infamous than one great one. But offend not your conſcience willingly to be Treaſurer of all the Indian Mines. Thus, you ſee how Counſels, Precepts and Sentences may be tranſlated into the form of *Occupatio* and *Subjectio.* Sometimes *Occupatio* is left out, and an Argument brought to the contrary; as *Cecropia* perſwading her ſon *Amphialus* to offer violence to *Philoclea*, preſuppoſed that he would ſay, *He muſt be modeſt*: She replies, *Each vertue hath his time, the Souldier that ſhould march foremoſt, muſt not give way for modeſty.* There is *Occupatio* and *Subjectio* in *Areadia*; *if ſhe contemned, then thus—— if otherwiſe, then*, &c. *Did I walk abroad to ſee my delight? my walking was the delight itſelf. He ſaw her alive*; *He was glad to ſee her alive. He ſaw her weep*; *he was ſorry to ſee her weep. He heard her comfortable ſpeeches: nothing more joyful.*

This Figure cannot be out of ſeaſon, unleſs purpoſely; as it was in the faſtian ſpeech: *You liſten to my ſpeeches, I muſt needs confeſs it, you hearken to my words*; *I cannot deny it*; *you look for ſome ſenſe*; *I partly believe it*; *But you find none*; *I do not much regard it.*

There is another Figure, which hath been called by the name of *Conceſsio*, but I mean to miſtake *Occupatio* and *Conceſsio*, one for the other, till I can diſtinguiſh them better. The form of *Conceſsio* is this, *I admit you are reſolute*; *I grant your determination is immoveable, but it is in things againſt your friends, judgments*; *and in things againſt your own honour and profit.*

OF

OF EPITHETES.

Epithetes do much emblemiſh Stile or Diſcourſe, yet they muſt be uſed (according to the compariſon of *Demoſthenes*) as ſauce or ſeaſoning, which whet the appetite, ſince they cannot paſs for ſolid viands: otherwiſe in his opinion, there can be nothing more flat, and of leſs grace. *Quintilian* reſembles a Diſcourſe, which is ſtuffed too full of *Epithetes* to an Army, wherein there are not more ſouldiers for ſervice, than Boys for attendance; and which is, by that means, rendred very great in number, but weak in force and courage. Conform to this is that of *Longinus*, who adviſes that we moderately uſe ſuch *Epithetes*, as are not too high ſwoln, nor far fetched, but ſuch as are appoſite to the Subject. In theſe latter refined days, we have a kind of compound *Epithetes* annexed to a Noun with a *Proche* or Diviſion (as the Painters call it) which are much uſed in Poetry, and ſometimes in Proſe: of which let me give you ſome examples, and ſo leave them.

The Quiver-bearing Meads.
The Tempeſt-toſſed Seas.
The Wool-ore burthened Sheep.
The Meadow-loving Sorrel.
A Horror-ſtricken Mind.
The Earth-incircling Ocean.
An Heaven-inſpired Art.
Senſe-diſtracting Grief.
Fancy-pleaſing Faces.

The

The Pine-plow'd Sea.
The Green-mantled Earth.
Soul-subduing Graces.
A Heaven-faln Star.
A Self-condemning Mind.
An un-sun-seen Cave.
Love-distilling Tears.
This Heaven-displeasing War.
Liver-scalding Lust.
Marble-hearted Cruelty.
Time-beguiling Pleasure.
This Blood-be dabled Kingdom.
People-pleasing Lectures.
Corner-haunting Lust.
A Life-conferring Form, &c.

Formul.e

FORMULÆ MAJORES:
OR,
COMMON PLACES.

Absence.

AS thou art the food of my thoughts, the relief of my wishes, and the onely life and repast of all my desires: So is thy love to me a continual hunger, and thy absence an extream famine.

In absence my grief grows, in finding my present estate so weak in fortune, and my deserts so slender in nature; that not knowing with *Anthony* how requite his *Cleopatra*, I onely rest with *Anthony*, to dye for my *Cleopatra*.

Tell him my love burns like Vestal fire, which (with his memory, richer than all Spices) disperseth odours round about my Soul, and did refresh it, when 'twas dull and sad with thinking of his absence.

He more breathed *A. B* than the Air it self, and all her absences were to him so many deaths.

I want no part of welfare, but your wished presence.

The love he bare her at her return, was as a torrent (which after it has a long time been restrained) breaks the forced damms, and with vigorous impetuousnes drowns the fields. *Holy Court.*

Hoping forgetfulnes (which commonly waits upon absence) might possess him, he departed.

Since your absence, melancholly hath been my Concomitant, and your remembrance my greatest comfort.

I departed from you, like a hungry Infant, pull'd from his Nurses breast, or a thirsty Hart chased from a sweet fountain.

Live I pray, in repose, as much as you may, during this absence; and if my being away causes sorrow in you, let the assurance of my affection diminish it.

——— Forced a tedious separation of those sacred Bodies, whose Souls are entirely link'd in divine affection.

Acknowledgment.

MY acknowledgment of your favours shall appear in my willingnes to do you Service.

——— And my self shall not only acknowledge this favour with humblest thankfulnes, but, *&c.*

The acknowledgment of your favours shall be my meanest thanks; and to thank you for those favours, must be my best acknowledgment: I can do no more, I will do no less.

They acknowledge (with more or less degrees of homage) some kinde of fealty.

——— It shall not be without a just confession of the bond your benefits have, and ever shall hold upon me.

Affection.

THe constructions of this speech might best be made by the Grammar-Rules of affection.

It is the flaming agony of affection, that works the chilling access of your fever.

The Coals of his affection were so kindled with wonder, and blown with delight, that ——

Suffering neither his unworthiness nor his wrongs to cover with forgetfulness, or diminish with consideration, the affection she had born him.

—— To whom with words (which affection endited, but amazement uttered) he delivered ——

—— Looking down upon her from the high top of affections Tower.

If you retain as yet any spark of affection (which you have often given me witness of) kiss this paper in remembrance of him, who, &c.

My affections no less love the light and witness, than they have conscience of your vertue.

The high-tide of overflowing affection restraining his tongue with astonishment, as unable to express an unexpressable passion.

The blood of her face ebbing and flowing according to the tide of her affection.

He grafted his affection in the stock of her constancy.

(Testimonies of a never silent hearty affection.)

But perceiving his affection so grounded, that striving against it, did more anger than heal the wound, and rather call his friendship in question, than give place to any friendly Counsel.

The large Testimony of your affection, makes

me willing to ſuppreſs a great Number of Errors.

She in an inſtant was made an unfortunate winter of affection.

To intrinſecate my ſelf in your affection.

My affection ſhall find no parallel in its well-wiſhes to you.

The tender tinder of his affection began to ſparkle.

Striving to match her matchleſs beauty, with a matchleſs affection.

He (whoſe affection climbed by another ſtair.)

In true affection, two ſo become one, as they both become two. *Rel Med.*

——— You, in whom my affection holds a ſteady manſion.

Nor life, nor death ſhall divorce my affection from you.

Upon what Bryars the Roſes of his affection grow.

I conjure you to this by my affection, that never had equal. *Ar.*

The ſight of this place calls my thoughts to appear at the Court of affection, held by that racking Steward Remembrance.

Theſe lines repreſent, in the poverty of *Fancy*, the riches of my affection

——— Good offices are the marks and cement of true affection. *H. C.*

——— The heart is the Continent of affection, which flows uncompelled.

Anger.

ANger is the feaver of the Soul, which makes the tongue talk idle: It puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot hear what counsel speaks; 'tis a raging Sea, a troubled waters that cannot be wholsom for the use of any. *Feltham.*

——— They are things below the merit of my indignation; objects of scorn, which, a little sleighted, and not inflamed by opposition, or countenanced to a reply by confutation, will, within a while of themselves extinguish and vanish, like some dispersed roving winds, which without encounter are dispired and dye. Doctor *Watts upon Bacon.*

Beauty.

THen was plainly to be seen the Empire, which humane beauty, and an eloquent tongue have over earthly powers.

Beauty consists in complexion, in lineaments, and in harmony.

You are the most excellent star that shines in the bright element of beauty.

Some became Petitioners and Prisoners to her Beauty, others did homage to her vertues.

Beauty is to be reckoned, but as an outward fading benefit, that nature hath bestowed.

The Idol of beauty ought not to be honoured with such oblations.

My eyes drank much more eagerly of her Beauty than my mouth did of any other liquor.

Her face is such a spark of beauty, as is able to enflame a World of love.

——— She, who in a definite compass, can set forth infinite beauty.

The excellency of her returned beauty, was a credible Embassador of her health.

Where beauty is, there needs no other plea.

Sell not your Soul for such a vanity as eye-pleasing beauty.

Vertue is nothing else but inward beauty; and beauty nothing else but an outward vertue. *Bacon.*

Making her beautiful beams to thaw away the former icyness of his ———

——— Two Sisters, about whom, as about two Poles, the sky of beauty was turned.

Rather than those eyes should overflow their own beauties, or the sky of her beauty should be overclouded with sorrow, I will———

Beauty in the heaven of her face (two Suns eclipsed) was wrapped up in paleness.

Beauty which hath no grace, is a bait floating on the water without a hook, to be taken, and catch nothing. *Eustatius.*

Beauty is like the herb *Larix*, cool in the water, but hot in the stomach.

I cannot but applaud the wonder of your beauty.

Such is the divine power of loves deity, such the vertuous force of your heavenly beauty, and such the happy issue of our decreed destiny.

Beauty without chastity, is like a Mandrake Apple, comely in shew, but poysonful in taste.

I must accuse my self of presumption, for daring to consider any moles in that face, which you had marked for a beauty. Sir *K. D.*.

——— A beauty, which alwayes with too eloquent a tongue did dictate tacite perſwaſions to his heart.

What a fair veſtment is to a deformed body, the ſame is a comely body to a deformed mind, *Bacon.*

A fair Soul in a fair body, is a River that windingly creepeth with many (wavy) turnings within the enamel of a beautiful meadow, and raviſheth the whole World with the admiration of its excellency.

Beauty in it ſelf is ſuch a ſilent Orator, as ever is pleading for reſpect and liking, and by the eyes of others is ever ſending to their hearts for love. *Feltham.*

The modeſt ſweetneſs of a lillied face ——

Beauty is the wit of nature put into the frontiſpiece.

I have ſeen (and yet not with a partial eye) ſuch features, and ſuch mixtures, as I have thought impoſſible for either nature to frame, or art to counterfeit: yet in the ſame face, I have ſeen that which hath out-gone them both, the countenance. Oh! if ſuch glory can dwell with corruption, what Celeſtial excellencies are there in the Saints above? Who would not gaze himſelf into admiration, when he ſhall ſee ſo rich a treaſure in ſo pure a Cabinet, unmatched vertue in matchleſs beauty? *Feltham.*

What is temporal beauty, but a tranſitory charm, an illuſion of ſenſes, a voluntary impoſture, a ſlave of pleaſure, a flower which hath but a moment of life, a Dyal on which we never look, but whilſt the Sun ſhines on it? What is humane beauty, but a dunghil covered with ſnow, a Glaſs painted with falſe colours, a prey purſued by many dogs, a dangerous hoſteſs in a frail houſe, a ſugred fruit in

a feast, which some dare not touch for respect, and others gormandize through sensuallity? Go; trust so fading a good? Go; betake you to so unhappy a snare, Go; tye your contentments to so slippery a knot, what else will betide you but to court a phantasie, which, loosening your hold, will leave you nothing but the sorrow of your illusions? *H. Court.*

Blush.

AS she spake that word, her cheeks in red Letters writ more than her Tongue did speak.

As the wonder strove to make her pale, warm love fortify'd her Cheeks with guilty blushes.

——— At whose presence a fresh vermillion dye bestowed a new complexion on her.

Company.

HIs pleasing company did beguile the times haste, and shortened the days length.

Why will you give me, with so sparing a hand, the riches of your presence?

Constancy.

SHe—— whose constancy neither time nor absence (the Moths of affection) not, what is more, this my change in fortune, could alter.

——He,

——— He, who signed his faith with the seal of his constancy.

Be but thou as constant a friend to my minde, as thou shalt be a true possessor of my heart, and I shall have as just a cause of joy, as thou no cause of doubt.

Though the surging Sea hath moved the humors of my body, yet it hath not power to change the inclinations of my minde: for I love you no less at *Antwerp* (where I am arrived) than I did at *London*, &c.

He continued always constant, like the Needle of a Sea-compass in a storm.

Constancy is the foundation of vertue. *Bacon.*

Fortune is like *Proteus*, if you persist, she returns to her true shape. *Bacon.*

Comparisons.

THis comfort in danger was but like the honey *Sampson* found in the Lyons Jawes, or like lightning in a foggy Night.

Resolved he was not to touch the forbidden fruit, nor drink on *Circes* Cup; he would not with the Spider, suck poyson out of a fair flower.

In the greenest Grass is the greatest Serpent: In the clearest water the ugliest Toad: In the most curious Sepulchre are inclosed rotten bones: The Ostrich carries fair feathers, but rank flesh.

As there has been an unchaste *Helen* in *Greece*, so also a chaste *Penelope*; As there has been a prodigious *Pasiphæ*, so has there been a goodly *Theorita*.

Hyppomanes ceased to run when she had gotten

the Goal: *Hercules* to labour, when he had obtained the victory: *Mercury* to pipe, when he had cast *Argus* in a slumber; every action has his end.

Each Book sent into the World, is like a Bark put to Sea, and as liable to censures, as the Bark is to foul weather. *Herbert.*

Like the City *Mindus*, whose Gates were so big, the City might go out of them.

——— Which like the flaming two-edged waving Sword of the *Cherub* cuts asunder on all sides, whatever opposes it. *Cressy's Exomologesis.*

Like the stone that grows in the River of *Curia*, which the more it is cut, the more increaseth.

There is no Iron but will be softened in the fire; so, no, &c. ———

As a fair flower nipt with the morning frost, hanging down his head, is much sorry for his declining glory. ———

When the Halcions hatch, the Sea is calm; and the *Phœnix* never spreads her wings, but when the Sun shines on her Nest. So ———

Like the Spaniel, which gnaws upon the Chain that tyes him; but sooner marrs his teeth than procures liberty. ———

Consider that the heavenly Sun disdains not to give light, and shine on the smallest Worm.

——— In this 'tis so evident, that I will not light the Sun with a rush Candle.

He commends unto us a golden Chain of Christian perfections, consisting of these links, Faith, Vertue, and Patience, &c.

We cannot expect but *Polyphemus* courtesie, to be last devoured.

Romes Capitol was not built in one day; nor was *Zeuxis Helena* suddenly limned with one pencil.

They

They have long ſported in the blood and treaſure of the land, as the *Leviathan* in the waters.

His mind was all this while ſo fix'd upon another devotion, that he no more marked his friends diſcourſe, than the Child that has leave to play, marks the laſt part of his Leſſon, or the diligent Pilot in a Tempeſt attends the unskilful words of a Paſſenger.

She trembled like the unlickt lamb newly yean'd upon a ſheet of ſnow.

My expreſſion is but like a Picture drawn with a Cole, wanting thoſe lively colours which a more skilful Pen might give it.

It is the Decree of Heaven, that every Compoſition here beneath, as well fram'd by the hand of Art, as faſhion'd by the hand of Nature, ſhould ſuſtain ſome imperfection; for Glaſs hath its lead, Gold its droſs, Corn its chaffe, *Helen* her mole, the Moon her ſpots, and the Sun its ſhade. *Spa. Bawd.*

Like the Sun that illuminates the whole Aire, if no cloud or ſolid opaccus body intervene.

——Did make no more impreſſion on him, than an Arrow on a rock of Adamant.

——More impure than the ſtable of *Augeus*, *H C.*

As penſive as the Night.

——You, as cruel as the Duke of *Muſcovia*, named *Baſilides*, who commanded from his Subjects a tribute of Sweat, and Nightingals in the midſt of Winter. *H. Court.*

If thou be as hot as Mount *Ætna*, feign thy ſelf as cold as the Hill *Caucaſus*; carry two faces in one hood.

As ingenious *Cicero* could pick Gold out of *Ennius*'s dung; ſo may——

His

His Fetters (like King *Agrippa*'s golden Chain) more became him, than his imperial Diadem.

As liberal as the Sun which ſhines on all.

Like *Æſops* Crow, prank't up in borrowed feathers.

Deſcriptions.

——HE was even raviſhed with contentment, in beholding theſe goodly Palaces, where was ſeen an admirable conſort of Art and Nature, ſo many Halls, ſo well furniſh'd within; ſuch rich Hangings, ſuch moſt exquiſite Pictures, ſuch Marbles, ſuch guilding; and without, Mountains, which make a natural Theatre, tapiſtred without Art, to ſurpaſs all workmanſhip; Forreſts, which ſeem born with the World; Hedges and knots curiouſly cut, Alleys and Mazes, where both eyes and feet are loſt; Rivers, which creep along with ſilver purlings about Gardens, enamel'd with moſt fragrant flowers; Caverns replenilhed with a ſacred horrour, Grot and Fountains, which gently gliding, contend with the warble of Birds, and ſo many other ſpectacles, which at firſt ſight aſtoniſh ſpirits, and never ſatiate. *H.C.*

——There were Hills which garniſh'd their proud heights with Trees, humble Valleys, whoſe low eſtate ſeem'd comforted with refreſhing of ſilver Rivers, Meadows enamel'd with all ſorts of eye-pleaſing flowers, thickets, which being lined with moſt pleaſant ſhade, were witneſſed ſo too, by the chearful diſpoſition of many well tun'd birds, each paſture ſtored with ſheep, feeding with ſober ſecurity, while the pretty Lambs; with bleating Oratory, craved.

craved the Damms comfort; here a Shepherds boy piping, as though he ſhould never be old; there a young Shepherdeſs knitting, and withall ſinging, and her hands kept time with he voices muſick. a ſhew as it were of an accompaniable ſolita neſs, and of a civil wildneſs. *Arcadia.*

——Neither are the Gardens to be omitted, which for their largeneſs, have the face of a Forreſt, for their variety, of a Paradiſe; here *Cypres* Groves, there walks with Statues; here a Sea of fountains, there Swans, Oſtriches, and other recreative creatures. *Mer. Ital.*

——It is a place, which now humbling it ſelf in fallowed Plains, now proud in well-huſbanded Hills, marries barren Woods to cultivated Vallies, and joyns neat Gardens to delicious Fountains, *&c.*

——To render a perfect and lively image of this excellent piece, and ſpeak of its colours in the original, cannot be better accompliſhed, than in the reſembling it to the ſurprizing artifice of ſome various Scene, curious landſhip, or delicious proſpect, where ſometimes from the craggineſs of inacceſſible Rocks, uneven and horrid Precipices (ſuch as are to be found reſpecting thoſe admirable Plains of *Lumbardy*) there breaks and divides (as the wandring Traveller appoaches) a paſſage to his eyes down into ſome goodly and luxurious Valley, where the trembling ſerpenting of ſome Chriſtal Rivulet, frirged with the curious diaper of the ſofter meadows, the umbrage and harmonious warbling of the coo er groves, the friſking and lowing of the wandring Cattel, the exuberant *feſtoons* of a bountiful Autumn, the ſmiling crops of a hopeful Harveſt, and all the youth and pride of a cheerful Spring, conſpire to create a new Paradiſe, and re-

compence

compence him the pains of ſo many difficult acceſſes. Mr. *Evelyn.*

Death.

DEath is that inconſiderable atome of time that divides the Body from the Soul, *&c.*

Scaliger defines it it to be the *Ceſſation of the Souls functions.*

When *Hadrian* asked *Secundus* what Death was, he anſwered in theſe ſeveral truths, It is a ſleep eternal, the bodies diſſolution, the rich mans fear, the poor mans wiſh, an event inevitable, an uncertain journey, a thief that ſteals away man, ſleeps father, lifes flight, the departure of the living, and the reſolution of all.

Death had no ſooner abſented him from her eyes, but forgetfulneſs drew him out of her heart.

When we once come in ſight of the Port of *Death*, to which all winds drive us; and when by letting fall that fatal Anchor, which can never be weighed again, the Navigation of this Life takes end: Then it is, I ſay, that our own cogitations (thoſe ſad and ſevere cogitations formerly beaten from us by our health and felicity) return again, and pay us to the uttermoſt for all the pleaſing paſſages of our lives paſt. Sir *Wa Rawleigh.*

Death deprived me of my paradized bliſs, and not onely made my broken heart the ſad habitation of woe, but alſo turned my minde (which before was a Kingdom to me) into a Hell of tormenting thoughts.

Torches made of Aromatique-wood, caſt out their odoriferous Exhalations when they are almoſt waſted:

wasted: So the vertuous *A.* made all the good odours of her life evaporate in the last instant of her death.

That he is dead,——As if she now scorn'd life, *Death* lends her Cheeks his paleness, and her Eyes fell down their drops of fi ver to the earth, wishing her tears might rain upon his Grave, to make the gentle Earth produce some Flower should bear his Name and Memory.

——She (prostrated on the body of her Lover) sought in his eclipsed eyes and dead lips, the remnant of her life.

I shall not be unwilling to suffer a Goal-delivery of my Soul from the prison of my body, when I am called to it.

——Delivered up to the immortality of another World. This deadly shaft passing through h i n, so wounded me, that I my self was arrived within few paces of the Land of Darkness. In his silent marble, the best part of that smal portion of joy I had in the World; but all my hopes are entombed. *Wats in Ba. Preface.*

(Drawing near the Confines of *Death's* Kingdom) *Death* frees a man from misery, and wafts him to the Haven of his Happiness. *Her.*

As soon as *Death* hath played the Midwife to our second birth, our Souls shall then see all truths more freely, than our corporal eyes at our first birth see all bodies and colours. Sir *K. D.*

Desire.

IF you desire that I make you a picture of the nature and perquisites of *Desire*, I will tell you, It is

is a ſtrarge Countrey, whereto the prodigal Child ſailed, when he forſook his fathers houſe to undertake a baniſhment; a Countrey where Corn is ſtill in Graſs; Vines in the bud; Trees perpetually in bloſſom, and Birds alwayes in the ſhell; you neither ſee Corn, Fruit, nor any thing fully ſhaped, all is there only in expectation: It is a Countrey full of Figures, Phantaſms Illuſions and hopes; which are dreams without ſleep. A Countrey where the Inhabitants are never without fears, one is no ſooner gone, but another comes in his place. There dwells Covetouſneſs, a great Woman, meager, lean, ſtarven, having round about her, a huge ſwarm of winged Boyes, of which ſome are altogether languiſhing, others caſt her a thouſand ſmiles, as ſhe paſſeth along. upon her ſelf ſhe hath an infinite number of Horſe-leeches, which ſuck upon her to the marrow. Time looks on her afar off, and never comes near her, ſhewing her an inchanted Looking-glaſs, wherein ſhe ſees a thouſand and a thouſand falſe colours, which amuſe her, and when ſhe had ſported enough, ſhe has nothing to dinner but ſmoak. *Holy Court.*

Albeit you can no ways quench the Coals of *Deſire*, with forgetfulneſs, yet rake them up in the aſhes of modeſty.

As *Pharaoh* longed to know his dream, ſo deſired he to ——

Deſire (the Nurſe of perſeverance) gave him wings to make the more ſpeed.

Thus wiſhing my deſerts ſtill ſuitable to my deſires, and my deſires ever pleaſing to your deſerts

—— More ready in deſire, than able in power to ſerve you.

—— Then which nothing could ſhoot righter at the mark of my deſires.

—— And

——— And wish you as full of good fortune, as I am of desire.

She staid not long in the suburbs of her foolish desires.

Desire is a wind, that against the tyde can carry us merrily; with it, makes us flie. *Feltham.*

Desire so blew the fire of his new conceived rage, that———

Desert.

HOw much my small deserts are overballanced by your unspeakable goodness?

——— You, whose desert passeth my best endeavours of requital.

——— It flies to the sacred Altar of your immutable goodness, set off with all the additions of greatness, which nature or affection can throw upon unmatched desert.

——— This is the hard fate my just merit hath encountred.

——— It is a matter so far above my merits, that I cannot think upon it without presumption.

Despair.

THe fire of my affection was blown by the bellows of despair.

Despair of success was the Herse of his supposed dle thoughts.

Love wanting desire, makes the mind desperate, d fixed fancy, bereft of love, turns into fury.

My

My Lords! I ſpeak to minds too noble to be ſtifled in the narrow Confines of Fear; Follow your Prince, whoſe vertue the ſpight of fortune ſhall not wrack into deſpair.

Whileſt I wear a hand, commanded by a heart, that knows no fear, I ſhall not deſpair of——

Diſpleaſure.

YOur diſpleaſure is ſo contrary to my deſert, and your words ſo far beyond all expectations, that I have leaſt ability, now I have moſt need, to ſpeak in the cauſe on which my life depends.

What has your poor ſervant deſerved, to have his own misfortune loaden with your diſpleaſure?

Eloquence.

ELoquence is a way of Speech prevailing over thoſe whom we deſign it prevail; that is, if we will make it in the ſhort or Laconick way, a diſtilling her notions into a quinteſſence, or forming all our thoughts into a Cone, and ſmiting with the point, &c. Mr. *Hall in his firſt Epiſtle before Longinus.*

——A man, who (filling the Sails of *Eloquence*) as eaſily moved his Auditors, as winds do the ſands of *Lybia*, which ſtir at their pleaſure.

His *Speech* appeared in coſtly robes, adorned with lofty and glorious language, ſweetened by many a pleaſant and clear Simile, quickened by divers acute and learned Criticiſms; my Cabinet enſhrineth no ſuch treaſure.

I much admire the very Character of your ſtile, which ſeems to me to have not a little of the *Affrican Idea* of St. *Auſtines* age, full of ſweet raptures, and of reſearched conceits; nothing borrowed, nothing vulgar, and yet all flowing from you (I know not how) with a certain equal facility. Sir *Henry Wotton.*

Though I have not Eloquence enough to win, yet I hope to find language enough to perſwade.

He was dazled with the brightneſs of her aſpect; but when ſhe began to unlooſe her tongue, never was *Syren* ſo attractive with ſongs, as ſhe with words.

—— 'Tis a ſpeech wherein the abundance of ſupereminent conceits choaks not the grace, nor doth curioſity take any thing from the propriety thereof.

—— Your manner of ſpeech is indeed Prince like, flowing as from a fountain, and yet ſtreaming and branching it ſelf into natures order; full of facility and felicity, imitating none, and inimitable of any. *Bacon.*

Your conceptions are inimitable, your language ſweet and polite, your ſentences are full of weight, your arguments of force, and your words glide along like a River, and ever bear in them ſome flaſhes of lightning.

How greedily my ears did feed upon the ſweet words ſhe uttered.

Were not your affections ſtronger tyed to the Orator, than the Oratory, I ſhould not hope to perſwade you, that ——*Her.*

—— He, with a featleſs faſhion, thus beſpake the audience. ——

Every accent falls like a freſh jewel to increaſe her value.

—— His maſculine Eloquence was thought worthieſt to

to enjoy the Maidenhead of the Citizens attention. ——
——Forcibly won by the smooth artifice of speech.

It is no small dominion the imagination hath in perswasions, insinuated by the power of Eloquence *Bacon.*

His Style was an elegant perspicuity rich of phrase. Sir *Hen. Wotton.*

You have truly found out the Philosophers stone; for every grosse matter you can convert into the gold of fine language,

Eloquence does commonly *storm* the minde of the Auditor, and at length *take* him *in.*

Entertainment.

I Want expression to give you the circumstance with what a flowing love, or rather with what glad devotion I entertain you. *Grat. Ser.*

——You much honour me; for till this white hour, these walls were never proud to enclose a guest, the *Genius* of my house is, by so great a presence, waked, and glories to entertain you.

Could this roof be capable of ill, your onely presence (*Lady*) would convert it; there is a vertuous magick in your eye; for whereso're it casts a beam, it creates a goodness.

I am much confounded for this honour you do me, *Madam*, but yet I am more asham'd to see you in a place, where vertue never entred, but in your attendance. *Ariana.*

Y'are each of you a various Banquet, where a breathing sweetness feasts the Spectators, and diverts all thought of eating to beholding, and from beholding to enjoying *Am. War.*

Your presence is restorative.

Friend.

Friendship.

AS Passion hath been well said to be Friendship run mad; so Friendship may be properly stiled Sober Passion, as having all the spirit and cordiality of the wine of Love, without the offensive fumes and vapors of it. Mr *Montague* in his *Miscellanies*.

The love of men to women, is nothing common, and of course; but the friendship of man to man, is infinite and immortal. *Plato*.

The words of a friend joyned with true affection, give life to the heart, and comfort to a care-oppressed minde. *Chylo*.

The mutual habitude of no intermitting friendship between us, hath strongly confirmed——

(Receiving so dear witnesses of your friendship)

The resemblance of their beauties and wits, joyned their souls together, and soon after, that of their fortunes made this friendship perfect. *Ar.*

—— Which your friendship rather findes, than Acknowledge.)

Hence grows the height of friendship; when two similary Souls shall blend in their commixions. *Feltham*

As nothing unites more than a reciprocal exchange of affection, so nothing hinders the knot of friendship more than apparent neglect of courtesies.

Friendship is a diligent officer, takes care to see the bonds thereof fully executed.

Friendship the Soul of humane Society.

Friendship is a pleasant sauce to any temporal happiness. *Bacon*.

The worst solitude is to be destitute of sincere friendship.

Gift.

TRuly (Sir) I doubt whether is greater, the poverty of the *Gift*, or the boldneſs of the giver, whoſe true reſpects have encouraged him to this ſmall expreſſion of ſervice.

I beſeech you excuſe me, that this Preſent is not correſpondent to your merit.

Pleaſe to reſpect the enlarged heart of the giver, more than the quality of the gift; ſince the meanneſs of this, can only ſerve to expreſs the well-meaning of the other.

Haſte.

(BEing born away with the haſty Tyde of ſmalleſt leaſure.)

—— Going with a pace not ſo much too faſt for her body, as ſlow for her mind.

With ſuch haſte (as if her ears hunted for words) deſired to know. ——

Hope.

Hope is the gate of a great Palace repleniſhed with riches. It is in my opinion the place which *Tertullian* terms, *The Portereſs of Nature.* It hath two Arms, with which it endeavours to purſue and embrace objects, whereof the one is called *Deſire*, and the other *Belief*, to be able to obtain what one deſireth, &c. *H. Court.*

The

The *Babylon* of worldly hopes shews it self in the beginning, as a miracle; but if we proceed further, we find those desires, that were as pleasing as the dawning of the day (which at its first springing appears all over studded with Emeralds and Rubies) turn at last, and are changed into the horrors of a sad tempest.

Humane life hath not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than *Hope*. 'Tis the miserable mans God, which in the hardest gripe of calamity never fails to yield him beams of comfort It is the presumptuous mans Devil, which leads him a while in a smooth way, and then makes him break his neck on the sudden. *Hope* is to man as a bladder to a learning swimmer, &c. *Feltham.*

—— The sight whereof made *Hope* (the Harbinger of happiness) to breath in her this pleasing comfort.

——Sweet, I see, is the hope that springs in the bud, but most sorrowful I find is the hap that decayes in the blossom

Our teeming hopes will ever be delivered of a gracious birth.

—— She whose weaker bowels were streight full with the least liquor of hope.

Hope is but the dream of a man awake.

You have blasted the harvest of my hopes.

Hypocrisie.

DO not we know that Hypocrisie is the same thing to Vertue, which painting is to Faces, and that is the very Moth which devours sanctity?

What doth not a plaistered Sanctity for the subversion of the simple? What doth not a bad Servant,

vant, when once he poſſeſſeth the eaſie nature of his Maſter?

Jealouſie.

Jealouſie is a Diſeaſe of the Minde, proceeding from a fear which a man hath, that the thing is communicated to another, which he would not have common, but private to himſelf; it is alſo bred of that love which will not ſuffer a partner in the thing beloved.

Thereupon a furious Jealouſie, as if it had been breath'd from Hell, began to lay hold on this gentle ſpirit, all the objects of what was paſt returned to thicken this black vapour, to frame a cloud thereof, and reſolve it into a ſtorm *H. C.*

What is it that you ſhould thus conceal from me? Be my ears unworthy, or my tongue ſuſpected?

Love, as it is divine with Loyalty, ſo it is Hell with Jealouſie.

There can be no greater Tyranny than Jealouſie, whereby a man continually murthers himſelf living.

All his actions began to be tranſlated into the language of ſuſpition.

Jealouſie is a Gin that we ſet to catch Serpents, which, as ſoon as we have caught them, ſting us. *Feltham.*

Jealouſie is the Canker of Wedlock.

Jealouſie continually ſtudies the Anatomy of hearts, and ſhews great ſeverity to the leaſt defective part. *Montague.*

Reaſon ingenders Love, and Love Jealouſie; but the one and the other reſemble little Worms, that corrupt the maker that forms them. Mr. *Mont.*

In-

Inconstancy.

INconstancy is properly a levity and an irresolution of mind, which shews it self in his manners, actions and words, who is touched with it. To say truth, this passion is a Devil that inhabits a land of Quicksilver, where Earthquakes are almost perpetual, winds blow on each side, and blowing, make many weather-cocks turn too and fro, and every moment change posture. In this place an admirable creature is to be seen, who is not what she is, and is that she is not, so many faces and figures she hath. She likewise is still upon transformation, and seems to do nothing at all, but make and unmake her self. One while she is great, another while little; one while gross, another slender; one while affable, another while harsh; one while serious, another while gamesom, but ever slippery; and if you lay hold of her, you catch nothing. She goes forth of her lodging to appear in publick, as if she came into a Theatre, cloathed one while in changeable Taffata, another while with different pieces, set together out of a singular fantastick addleness of wit. She alone represents all personages, talks with all kind of voices, and in all manner of languages, &c. *H. Court.*

Ingratitude.

INgratitude challenges Revenge by custom, and is a Vice most hateful before God and Man.

Ingratitude deserves, that all the Elements with their best forces, should conspire in its avengement.

An unthankful man, is compared to a Vessel full of holes.

Joy.

JOy triumph't in his eyes, and comfort lodg'd in his heart, and in this Haven of Happineſs he would have ſwim'd ſtill, but that——

Joys had their freſh Supplies, as if ſome golden dream had imparadiſed their thoughts with ſome glorious viſion.

— Lifted up from a Hell of Grief to a Heaven of Joy.

Through how many reſtleſs Nights, and leſs reſtleſs thoughts do we encounter theſe ſweet bitter joys. And as the more we graſp the water into our hands, the leſs we hold; ſo is content the farther from us, the more we ſeek it in theſe fading glories of the World; which, like an *Ignis fatuus*, firſt light us through wilde untrodden paths unto themſelves, then through vaſt aiery thoughts they lead us up to that precipice, from whence we fall, and there they leave us.

— This Charm reduc'd his Paſſion to that contentment, brought his hopes to that height, and plac'd his Soul in a Heaven of ſuch divine pleaſures, that he was even ready to expire in this pleaſing extaſie.

O what a ſource of Joy did then overflow her breaſt, that treaſury of chaſte delights!

The Sun ne're met the Summer with more joy.

Letters.

LEtters are the very thoughts of the Heart, but once removed; where all the ſcapes of nature

or

or breeding are most like to harbour. *Key of Cab.*

These Paper-presents are but weak reflections of stronger affections, yet being the best Sacrifice of a Friend, they deserve the higher place in your esteem.

Letters are the sweet Communication of Fancy, which have been always esteemed the best Fuel of Affection, and the very Marrow of Friendship.

Absence entertained by Letters full of confidence, is not always without its profit; for the Soul by the memory tastes what it has taken in by the understanding, and gives it self more leisure to recogitate its pleasure, which is not so well perceived, when presence drencheth the minde in a deluge of Contentments, and gives it not leisure to bethink it self. *H. C.*

If I write a Letter, I imagine Love gives me the Pen, that I dip it in my tears, that the Paper is all over-filled with flowers of affection, and that I send my thoughts and sighs, as Courtiers, to seek out the well-beloved of my heart. *H. C.*

You have prostituted my chaste and holy Letters to the base adulteries of all common eyes.

Words are the Images of Cogitations. Letters are the Images of Words.

I will not load your ears with those frivolous impertinencies, which would swell this Letter beyond your patience.

An amorous Letter to a youthful heart, is a learned enchantment. The hooks of such Characters are artificial pick-lock Tools, to open the secret bolt of a Heart To see a leaf written, is like seeing an Army in the field, every line is a file of men. Words give battel to the Minde, and overcome it; for there is no force more powerful than that of words, to batter a Minde. *Stratonica.*

Loquacity.

LOequacity is the Fiſtula of the mind, ever running, and almoſt incurable.

A talkative Fellow is the unbrac'd Drum, which beats a wiſe man out of his wits.

Love.

Love (in the interpretation of the envious) is *ſoftneſs*; in the wicked, good men ſuſpect it for luſt; and in the good, ſome ſpiritual men have given it the name of *Charity*; and theſe are but terms to this, which ſeems a more conſiderate definition, That indefinite *Love* is *Luſt*; and *Luſt* when it is determined to one, is *Love*. This definition too, does but intrude it ſelf on what I was about to ſay, which is (and ſpoken with ſoberneſs, though like a Lay-man) that *Love* is the moſt acceptable impoſition of Nature, the cauſe and preſervation of life, and the very healthfulneſs of the mind, as well as of the body: But *Luſt* (our raging feaver) is more dangerous in Cities, than the Calenture in ſhips.

Love, like a burning-glaſs, contracts the dilated lines of Luſt, and fixeth them upon one object. *Adv. to a Son.*

Love (in the moſt obnoxious interpretation) is Natures preparative to their greateſt work, which is the making of life.

Love is an Empire only of two perſons, which cannot be extended further without deſtruction, and in it obedience and ſoveraignty are reciprocal.

Love

Love in humane nature is both the source and centre of all passions; for not only hope, fear and joy, but even anger and hatred rise first out of the spring of Love. Mr. *Montague.*

To be in love, is the most intersive appropriation of all the powers of our mind to our design. *ibid.*

Sensual love is the most fatal plague among all passions. It is not a simple malady, but one composed of all the evils in the World; it hath the shiverings and heats of *Feavers*, the ache and prickings of the *Meagrim*, the rage of *Teeth*, the stupefaction of the *Vertigo*, the furies of *Frenzy*, the black vapors of *Hypocondry*, the disturbances of the *Waking*, the stupidities of the *Lethargy*, the fits of the *Falling-sickness*, the faintness of the *Tysick*, the heaving of the passions of the heart, the pangs of the *Cholick*, the infections of the *Leprosie*, the venom of *Ulcers*, the malignity of the *Plague*, the putrifaction of the *Gangrene*, and all, which is horrible in nature. *Holy Court.*

Love! Care is thy Court, Tyranny thy Raign, Slaves thy Subjects, Folly thy Attendance, Lust thy Law, Sin thy Service, and Repentance thy Wages.

Fear breeds wit, anger is the Cradle of courage, joy opens and enables the heart, sorrow weakens it; but Love is ingendred betwixt Lust and idleness, his companions are unquietness, longings, fond comforts, faint discomforts, hopes jealousies, ungrounded rages, causeless yieldings; the highest end it aspires to, is a little pleasure, with much pain before, and great repentance after.

At that time the flames of his chaste love began to burn more forcible than ever.

He loved her with a love, mingled with respect of merit and compassion of her persecuted innocency.

To love, is natural; not to love, is monstrous. *H.C.*

Such was the unresistable force of his unlimitable affection, that in spite of Reason, he was enforced to do homage to Passion.

Her love was a rich Rock of Defence against all Syrene Songs.

—It received such an impression of that wonderful Passion, which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to express the strange effects of it; they only know it, who inwardly feel it; it is call'd *Love*.

He besought him not to make account of his speech, which if it had been over passionate, yet was it to be born withal, because it proceeded out of an affection much more vehement.

Humanity enjoyns you to love me, seeing I hold my life an easie sacrifice to enjoy you.

It is no pilgrimage to travel to your lips.

Worldly loves are the true Gardens of *Adonis*, where we can gather nothing but trivial flowers, surrounded with many bryars. *Christian Diary.*

A silent expression gives the pregnant'st testimony of a deep grounded affection, where every look darts forth love.

Nothing shall have power to alien my love from you.

Let me draw from your look one blush of love, or line of fancy.

Let me become an abject in the eyes of fame, an object of contempt to the world, if my faithful devotion and observance supply not all my defects.

I am he, who either you have great cause to love, or no cause to hate.

She loved him as the pledge-bearer of her heart.

You--towards whom I know not whether my love or admiration be greater.

Your affection hath got a Lordship in my thoughts.

Love

Love to a yielding heart is a King, but to a reſiſting is a Tyrant.

(Sealing up all thoughts of love, under the image of her memory.)

The extream bent of my affection compels me to—

Love in the heart is an exhalation in a cloud, it cannot continue idle there; it dayly forms a thouſand imaginations, and brings forth a thouſamd cares, it finds out an infinity of inventions to advance the good of the beloved, &c. *H. C.*

Death may end my life, but not my love, which (as it is infinite) muſt be immortal.

——— Him, whoſe love went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of utterance, that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did ſtand.

Such a love as mine, wedded to vertue, can never be ſo adulterated by any accident, no nor yet raviſh'd by paſſion, as to bring forth a baſtard diſobedience, whereof(my very conſcience not being able to accuſe my thoughts) I come to clear my ſelf.

The proportion of my love is infinite.

So perfect a thing my love is to you, as it ſuffers no queſtion, ſo it ſeems to receive injury by addition of any words unto it.

The more notable demonſtrations you make of the love (ſo far beyond my deſert) with which it pleaſeth you to make me happy, the more am I, even in courſe of humanity, bound to ſeek requitals witneſs.

——— (Having embarqued my careful love in the ſhip of my deſire.) ——

Good God! what ſublimate is made in the Lymbeck of love.

His eyes were ſo eager in beholding her, as they were like thoſe of the Bird, that hatches her Eggs with her looks. *Stratonica.*

He expected her at *A.* with so great impatience of love, that he would have willingly hastened the course of the Sun, to measure it by his affections.

—He, beholding her so accomplish'd, easily left the glances shot from her eyes, were rays from her, but arrows for his heart, from whence he could receive nought but honorable wounds.

If you have as much confidence in me, as I have love towards you;—

Love is in effect a force (pardon the exorbitancy of the word) that is unresistable, so strong a war is that, which the appetite wageth against reason.

Then, then in the pride of your perfections you paradised me in the Heaven of your love.

The rare *Idea* that thus (through the applause of mine eye) hath bewitched my heart, is the beauteous image of your sweet self (pardon me if I presume, when the extremity of love pricks me forward.) Faults that grow by affection ought to be forgiven, because they come of constraint: Then (*Madam*) read with favour, and censure with mercy;——

Why should not that, which is one, rest in unity? *Bacon.*

His bosom was the Cell, wherein I hid my secrets, his mouth the Oracle, whereby I directed my actions; as I could not be without his presence, so I never would do any thing without his counsel.

When I am from you, I am dead till I be with you; when I am with you, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer you; united Souls are not satisfied with imbraces. *Rel. Med.*

In the intercourse of affection, my love surmounts yours.

Fire comes out of the hardest flint with a steel; oyl out of the driest Jet by fire; love out of the stoniest

nieſt heart by faith, by truſt, by time. *Eupheus.*

I cannot but admire thy love, knowing from what height of vertue it proceeds; as I will not envy thee thy death, ſo I wiſh a glory may await thy end, great as thy conſtancy that advanc'd thee to it. *Her.*

Two neighboring Lillies, whom rude windes diſperſe 'mong reſtleſs duſt, may ſooner meet upon their ſtacles again, and kiſs each other in a ſecond growth, than we our loves renew.

Love is the good, which by being diffuſed, is corrupted; ſhe that loves one, another, and a third, takes in men at the coyl, and loves onely for her pleaſure. The object of true love is but one; from the infancy of time to her decrepitude, the love between two hath been held moſt honorable *Heroinæ.*

Our mutual mindes thus combined, was like the Garden of *Eden*, wherein grew more delights, than either Nature now affords, or Art can expreſs.

Gracious is the face that promiſeth nothing but love, and moſt celeſtial the reſolution that lives upon chaſtity.

She had a pure flame ſhot from Heaven into her breaſt, from no other place could ſo generous a minde be fired.

My love ſhall never end, but with my life.

There is nothing that belongs to us both, that can be divided; our wills united make but one minde, which ruling all our actions, it ſeems we are in like manner but one body. *Ariana*

— He was ſo wrapt with theſe dear engagements, that the commotions of his heart diſturb'd his minde, and ſtop'd the freedom of his thoughts.

I muſt confeſs my ſelf in Priſon, but 'tis a Priſon of Love, where my deſires, my thoughts, my hopes, my joys, are chains. *H. C.*

Chaſte love,] She changes the fire of *Babylon* in-

to that of *Jeruſalem*. Her hairs, which were the Nets wherein ſo many captive Souls did ſigh under the yoke of wanton love, are now (as the Enſigns and Standards of wicked *Cupid*) trampled under the feet of the Conqueror. Thoſe kiſſes, which carried the poyſon of a luxurious paſſion in her heart, do now breath from her nothing but the the delicacies of chaſtity. Her pleaſing odors, which before were vowed to ſenſuality, are now become the ſweeteſt exhalations from that Amber-Iſle, which brings forth an odoriferous perfume. *Entert. for Lent.*

My paſſion hath for its object a thing too perfect to permit me a thought that may be unworthy the cauſe of it.

I like that love, which by a ſoft aſcenſion, does degree it ſelf in the ſoul *Feltham.*

Your preſence is like *Homers Nepenthe*, that can baniſh the ſadneſs of the mind.

The heart of a lover is a City, in which upon one and the ſame day are ſeen ſports and banquets, battels and funerals. *Plutarch.*

Who knows not that love took away the ſenſes of wiſe *Solomon*, and made him violate the ſacred Law. Love moved *Biblis* to be enamoured on her own brother *Caunus*, and *Paſiphæ* to accompany with a Bull.

Love is like a pan of Charcoal, which meeting with the wind, its contrary, makes it turn more ardent, or like a rapid torrent, which juſtling againſt a damm, ſwells higher; ſo love meeting with oppoſition, grows hotter and ſtronger. *Dodona's Grove.*

——— Theſe two hearts being diſſolved into love, ſpake in thoughts, nor having language enough to expreſs their affection. *H. C.*

Since that I cannot retaliate your love, or retribute

bute your favours, yet will I receive them with a desire to pay.

The worthy St *Dionisius*, in his Book of Divine Attributes, distinguisheth three sorts of love; one is called circular, the other love in a right line, and the third oblique.

Love (saith an ancient Lover) hath made a Butt of my heart, where, so soon as it had shot all its Arrows, it threw it self as an inflamed Dart into the bottom of my heart, to set me all on fire.

There is nothing comparable to the Martyrdom of love; it is an exhalation in a cloud; it is a fire in a Mine, a torrent shut up in ditches; a night of separation that lasteth Ages, and all waxeth old for it, but its desires.

The life of this *young Hero* (which was ever hanging about the heart of his Mistress, ever in the contemplation of her goodness, perpetually in the furnace of love) wholly transformed it self into his well-beloved, as one wax melted into another, as a drop of water poured into a great vessel of Wine, as incense wasted in flames. *H. Court*

He said what a warm lover (when desire makes eloquent) could speak, he said she was both Star and Pilot.

No Birth or Estate can challenge a Prerogative in love.

The deep wound of his love being rubbed afresh with —— began to bleed again.

Love is to the Soul, that which wings are to birds to carry us to its fruition.

For want of well-loving, we apply the most precious thing which is love, to gain wretched creatures as if one used a golden Hook to fish for Froggs, and a Scepter to shake Hay.

I'le always dwell with you like your shade.

I'le keep a Jubilee to your memory.

My

My eyes pay Tribute where my heart payes love.
I will repay your love with usury.
(Love making, in the field of his memory, a muster of the vertues of that Lady.)
The man that applies not himself to some love, is like a body without life.
Love is the Wine of the Soul.
Love is the greatest Philosopher in the World; He can transmute substances without altering the accidents.

Man commended

MAn is the pride of Heavens Creation.
——— A man, whose life needs no Advocate, whom detraction it self cannot mention without addition of some Epithetes of respect; to conclude him in a word, no object for any evil passion but envy; and a Subject for no discourse, but what ends with admiration.
It seems Nature from above had been dispatch'd as a brave Harbinger, to score out a lodging for this great Soul, and give him a body suitable to the vigor of his Spirit (so well was it composed) &c. *H. Court.*
——— What he is according to Nature, a Masterpiece, where many Prerogatives meet together, a body composed of a marvelous Architecture, a Soul endowed with ———
He is the *Orpheus*, who with his looks only, without setting his hand on the Lyre, enchants and ravishes the most savage of our Wilderness.
Aristotle (that *Lincæus* of nature)———
He did with great nobleness and bounty (which vertues

vertues at that time had their turns in his Nature) reſtore. —— *Lo Bacon.*

All the learning he was ambitious of, was to be wiſe, and all the wiſdom to be good.

I find not any man, over whom he has not ſome advantage, nor any ones life, which (take it altogether) is ſo admirable as his. *The Prince.*

He is an *Anthony* in clemency, a *Trojan* in bounty, and another *Auguſtus* in wiſdom.

Though he exceeds not in theſe vertues which get admiration, as depth of wiſdom, height of courage, and the like; yet he is notable for thoſe qualities which ſtir affection, as truth of word, meekneſs, courteſie, mercifulneſs and liberality.

He was Lord of great Revenues, to which his vertue, not his fortune, was his Title; his mind was richly embroydered with all the ſtudied ornaments of learning, &c. —— *Heroinæ*

Braveſt *A.* ſooner ſhall the Fathers bowels be ſilent at the ſight of his long unſeen Son, than poſterity forget thy Name.

—— Nor ſhall I reſt content, till I bring one grain of incenſe more to that great oblation, which I hope the Muſes will offer ere long in publick to his memory, thereby to induce Hiſtorians (thoſe Gold-ſmiths of time) in their elaborate Rings, the Chronicles and Relations of thoſe days, curiouſly to enchaſe this choicer Diamond to the delight and benefit of ſucceeding Ages. *Of Sir I. Smith*

The world of worthineſs hath his whole Globe comprized in his breaſt.

The gallantry of his mind was plainly legible to every eye that was acquainted with the characters of vertue.

—— In this man there were ſuch great abilities of wit and underſtanding, that into what Climate ſoever

ever his Nativity had cast him, he seem'd to be able to command a fortune. *Bacon.*

—— Men, whose Sentiments are Maxims and Oracles to govern the Worlds beliefs and actions. Sir *K. D.*

—— So well was he studied in the Art of dying, that by continual Watchings, Fastings, Prayers, and such like Acts of Christian Humiliation, his flesh was ratified into Spirit, and the whole man so fitted for eternal glories, that he was more than half in Heaven, before death brought his bloody (but triumphant) Chariot to convey him thither.

His head did bear the Calendar of Age.

Every man is a vast and spacious Sea; his passions are the winds that swelleth him in disturbant waves, &c. *Feltham.*

His head was a well fill'd Treasury, and his tongue the fair Key to unlock it; he had as great a memory as could be reconciled with so good a judgment.

A good man is like the day, enlightning and warming all he shines on, and is always rising upwards to a Region of more constant purity, than that wherein he finds the object. The bad man is like the Night, dark, obtruding fears, and dimitting unwholsom vapors upon all that rest beneath.

Envy her self could not detract from his worth; he was learned even to an Example, pious up to a Proverb.

—— A person that in the *Hurricans* of great transactions is serenely pleas'd to throw off the publick person, and adopt into his tenderness and protection, all that, unto which worth and letters may make a claim. Mr. *Halls Epistle before Longinus.*

Of

Of the late Majesty, and His Letters intercepted. 1645.

AS a *Man*, see, but with what sagacity he writes, and with what judgment, see, but what a clean sense he han of things, which does so overlook all his most perplexed Affairs, that they seem to blush, they have no better difficulties See, but how far his wisdom looks into mens persons, which doth so weigh them and their actions with the grains and allowance of their unworthy servile ends, that he seems not more to observe than propheſie. See, but what an even spirit of Elegancy runs through every line, which beats and leaps as much in the description of his saddest condition, as of his sereneſt fortune; insomuch that posterity will a little love his misery for her very cloathing. So quick his parts, that his *Extempore* performances equalized the premeditations of others of his profession.

Then, as a *Husband*, do but observe how kind he is, and withal how chaſte; how full of warm expressions of love, and yet how far from wanton; Do but observe how he weighs his own health by his Wifes Standard, every line bears a *Venus* in it, and yet no Doves; and he drives the trade of thoughts between the Queen and him, with so much eagerneſs, and yet with so much innocence in all his Letters, as if he meant they should be intercepted.

As a *Christian*, see, but what a conscience he makes of Oaths, esteeming them (not according to the popular account) as if their Ceremony made them the less Sacred, or (as too many use them in the World) as bracelets to their Speech, not (as they

they are indeed) as Chains to their Souls; look but how he ſtartles at the name of Sacriledge, though never ſo commodious a ſin, *&c.*

Laſt of all, as a *King*, ſee, but what a conſtant and true Soul he bears to Juſtice, which none of his ſad infelicities can alter. A Soul that would come off true, were it put to *Plato's* tryal, who ſaid, That for a man to approve himſelf a true juſt man indeed, his vertue m ſt be ſpoyl'd of all her ornaments. *Key to K. Cabinet.*

—— His Stature was next a juſt proportion; his Body erect and active, his Colour or Complexion had generally drawn more from the white Roſe of *York*, than the red of *Lancaſter*; his Hair nearer brown than yellow; his Brow proclaim'd much fidelity; a certain verecundious generoſity grac'd his eyes, not ſuch as we read of *Sylla*, but of *Pompey*, in his geſtures nothing of affectation; in his whole aſpect no ſwelling, nothing boiſterous, but an alluring and well-becoming ſuavitiy; his alacrity and vigor the celerity of his motions did diſcover; otherwiſe his affections were temperate, and deamonor well ſetled; moſt firm to his purpoſes and promiſes, loving Truth, hating Vice, Juſt, Conſtant, Couragious, and not Simply ſo, but knowingly good. Sir *Henry Wotton of King Char. I.*

So many excellent Pens have written upon his brave Acts, and made them ſo well known to all the World, that it were to bring light into day, to go about to mention them. *H. Court.*

He is the *Pelops* of wiſdom, and *Minos* of all good government.

Who has not known or read of that prodigy of wit and fortune, Sir *Wa. R.* a man infortunate in nothing, but in the greatneſs of his wit and advancement; whoſe eminent worth was ſuch, both in domeſtick

meſtick policy, forraign expeditions and diſcoveries, in arts and literature both practick and contemplative, that it might ſeem at once to conquer both example and imitation. Mr. *Nath. Carpenter.*

—— Man, who contracts in himſelf all the draughts and works of the Divine hand, and epitomizeth the whole World in his perfections, and bears the moſt animated character of the living God. *H. C.*

He is a noble, generous, and well manur'd youth; bears beauties enſigns in his gracious looks, has that ſupream Divinity in his eyes, as ſparkleth flames able to fire all hearts; and the ſuperlative vertue of his mind tranſcends his outward figure; he is wiſe, as moſt mature age, valiant in reſolve, as fames beloved Child, Reputation conjoyns the maſculine graces of his Soul with lovely carriage and diſcreet diſcourſe, &c. *Argalus* and *Parth.*

—— I could ſay much more of his worth, without flattery, did I not fear the imputation of preſumption, and withall ſuſpect, that it might befall theſe papers of mine (though the loſs were little) as it did the pictures of Q. *Eliz.* made by unskilful and common Painters, which by her own commandment were knockt to pieces, and caſt into the fire. For ill Artiſts, in ſetting out the beauty of the external and weak Writers, in deſcribing the vertues of the internal, do often leave to poſterity of well-formed faces, a deformed memory; and of the moſt perfect and Princely minds, a moſt defective repreſentation. Sir *Wa. Rawl. in Preface.*

He was a man, whoſe brave undaunted ſpirit dignified his Family many ſtories high in the eſtimate of Fame.

The excellent endowments of his Soul, acknowledged even by Envy, and admired by truth, together with his known propenſion to goodneſs, invited me to —— I have

I have been poſſeſſed with extream wonder, when I conſider the excellency of thoſe vertues and faculties in him, which the Philoſophers call intellectual, the capacity of his mind comprehending ſo many, and ſo great notions, the faithfulneſs of his memory, the ſwiftneſs of his apprehenſion, the penetration of his judgment, the order and facility of his Elocution, &c. *Bac n.*

—— He derived many ſtreams from *Sidney*'s great River into his own Channels.

His Countenance (which by Nature had no vulgar Air in it) grown lean by affliction, expreſsed (in a pale diſagreement of colours) that the harmony of his *individuum* began its diſſolution from the head.

Nature.

NAture is that ſpirit of Divine Reaſon, which is the efficient cauſe of natural Works, *&c.*

—— You whom Nature hath made to be the Loadſtar of comfort, be not the Rock of Shipwrack.

The Errors in his Natnre were excuſed, by reaſon of the greenneſs of his youth.

Nature having done ſo much for him of nothing, as that it made him Lord of ſomething.

Nature is the mirror of Art.

—— They wreſtled with the diſadvantage of ſingle Nature, and at laſt threw it into Rule.

——Then does Art appear perfect, when ſhe can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from *Nature* it ſelf; and again, Nature is ever happy, becauſe ſhe always carries a hidden Art in her own boſom. *Longinus*

Rebellion

Rebellion.

ZEal was the Flint, and Ambition the Steel, out of which the ſparks of *Rebellion* have in our dayes kindled the moſt fatal miſchiefs.

Silence and Secreſie.

SIlence is the fermentation of our thoughts. *Bacon.*

—— Aſſuring you in the faith of a friend, that you ſhall depoſit it in the deepeſt and darkeſt Den of ſilence, never to come to light.

It is hard to be ſilent, &c. ſince Nature hath not made us like *Crocodiles*, who are ſaid to have eyes to weep, and not a tongue to complain.

I hope I ſhall find your ears faithful Treaſurers.

I will cover it under the vail of ſilence.

Silence, in baſhful ſigns, bluſh'd out a dumb Reply.

—— Till when I lock theſe projects in the Cloſet of your ſecreſie.

There followed ſo deep and unbroken a ſilence, that Midnight ſeem'd Thunder. if compar'd to it.

The ſilence of the tongue is the peace of the heart. *Tho. A Kemp*

Similitudes, ſee *Compariſons*, pag. 58.

Sorrow.

Sorrow.

SOrrow is a grief or heavineſs for things which are done and paſt, it is only the friend to ſolitarineſs, enemy to company, and heir to deſperation.

Though his attached tongue could pay no tribute to his dumb ſorrow, yet did his ſilent woes ſhew his ſpeaking grief.

O happy *Portia*, thy dead ſad woes are all buried in my long-liv'd griefs; and *Hecuba*'s tears are all drown'd in the Sea of my ſorrow.

Lymbecks were her eyes of tears, a Furnace was her breaſt of ſcalding ſighs, a conſtant feaver ſurpriz'd her joynts, yet with this did her ſweet condition enforce a ſmile, and with this (mixed with a pearly tear) did ſhe beg this boon of. —— *Holy Court.*

——Whereat the Ice of his heart diſſolv'd, and began already to evaporate through his eyes.

He endeavor'd to ſpeak, but the more he ſtrove, the more the ſobs choaked up his words.

——Aſſaulted with a furious ſquadron of remedileſs dolors.

(Drenched in a Sea of Sorrow. ——

Love, jealouſie, anger and ſorrow divided his heart, and drew ſtrange ſighs from him.

He bare the image of his ſorrow in his dejected countenance.

He knew not how to anſwer her, but with the moiſt dew of his eyes, which began to do the office of his lips.

She made the apple of her weeping eyes, ſpeak to him in continual prayers.

—— (After the flood of her tears was grown to an ebb,)

——After

——After she had bathed the beauty of her eyes in the sorrow of her tears.——

My grief was at the highest before, and now like swelling *Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds.

That (washing anew her face in the balmy drops of her love-distilling tears) she began.——

He banish'd both sleep and food, as enemies to his mourning, which passion perswaded him was reasonable.

He opened his mouth, as a flood-gate of sorrow.

I had in the furnace of my agonies, this refreshing.

The breath almost formed into words, was again stopt by her, and turned into sighs.

Let the tribute-offer of my tears procure——

——It deserves of me a further degree of sorrow, than tears.

——Finding by the pitiful Oration of a languishing behaviour, and the easily deciphered Character of a sorrowful face, that——

——With a demeanor, where, in the Book of beauty, there was nothing to be read but sorrow, for kindness was blotted out, and anger was never there.

Suffer not the weakness of sorrow, to conquer the strength of your vertues.

——His Soul drinketh up Woe with great draughts.

——Her tears were like, when a few *April* drops are scattered by a gentle *Zephirus* among fine colour'd flowers.

She painted out the lightsom colours of affection, shaded with the deepest shadows of sorrow.

——Suffering her sorrow to melt it self into an abundance of tears, and giving grief a free dominion.

At

At length letting her tongue go (as dolorous thoughts guided it) she thus (with lamentable demeanor) spake,——

Wilt thou give my sorrows no truce?

Tears and sighs interrupt my speech, and force me to give my self over to private sorrow.

Though my memory be a continual Record of much sorrow, yet among the many stories grief hath engraven in me, there is none to be compared with the disaster of —

—— This said, she wept the rest. But he not daunted at that majesty of sorrow that fate inthroned in Chrystal; nor at her words, that would charm the most inhumane; but rather whet, than refin'd in passion, unloads his lust —— *Her.*

—— She, in whom sorrow had swell'd it self so high that rather than break out, it threatened to break her heart.

—— Appearing in his countenance a doleful Copy of what he would relate.

—— (Able to make an Adamant turn *Niobe.*)

When I am bereft of thee, in whom all my joyes are so wealthily summ'd up, that thy loss will make my life my greatest curse, then will I dye in honour, and think it fitter for my fame, than linger out my life in sorrow. *Her.*

She was Empress of a mind, unconquered of sin or sorrow.

'Tis not the Tears of our eyes onely, but of our friends also, that do exhaust the current of our sorrows, which falling into many streams, run more peaceably, and are contented with a narrower Channel.

She melts her heart in a Sacred Limbeck of love, and distils it out by her eyes.

They

They resented his loss with as many griefs, as his desert and their good nature could produce in them. *Arc.*

To give over sorrow, I must of necessity give over remembring you, and that I cannot, but with my life.

——— To see her Countenance (through which there shined a lovely majesty, even to the captivating of admiring Souls) now altered to a frightful paleness, and the terrours of a ghastly look. *Feltham.*

——— These are calamities, which challenge the tribute of a bleeding eye.

——— Tell him I inwardly dissolve into a dew of bleeding passion for his loss, and would, to reinvest blest quiet in his heart, act o're the Scene of dangers I have past'd since I knew earliest manhood. *Arg. and Parth.*

——— I am past the thought of grief for this sad fact, and am griefs individual substance.

——— She poured her self into tears without comfort, as her misery seemed devoid of remedy.

——— Thy looks upon a sudden are become dismal, thy brow dull as *Saturns* issue; thy lips are hung with black, as if thy tongue were to pronounce some funeral.

Sorrow having clos'd up all the entries of thy mind.

He made a shady Tree his pavillion, with intention to make forgetting sleep comfort a sorowful memory.

He gave such tokens of true felt sorrow, as no imagination could conceive greater.

Compassion procured his eyes with tears to give testimony.

He

—He departed, as if he had been the Coffin that carried himſelf away.

The River of your tears (if not ſtopped) will ſoon loſe their fountain.

—Pity my ſorrows, which are only mine, becauſe I am extreamly yours.

—Loſt in my thoughts, I ſee my ſelf wandring in various objects, and for a height in miſery, I walk in the night of a heart darkned with ſadneſs.

The melancholy complexion of my minde inclines to hold a ſympathy with all ſorrow that my ſenſes communicate to me.

The remembrance of her former ingratitudes delivered over ſuch feeling arguments of her ſad remorſe, as were able to ſtrike the water of tears out of the ſtonieſt hearts of her beholders; like the Rod of *Moſes*, which drove water out of the Rock, *&c.* Sir *To. Math.*

—A Subject I confeſs ſo full of lamentation and horror, as would require ſome *Homer* to expreſs it, or rather the minde and pen of *Heraclitus*, to weep and write together.

Suffer mine eyes to diſcourſe my griefs.

You temporize with ſorrow, mine is ſincere

—Until mine eyes became the ſad oblation of a fainting voice.

It is hard to deſcribe with what affection her eyes, big with grief, brought forth tears. The fair Lady in that Art reſembled *Aurora* in travel of the day. Her tears much exceeded the Morning Dew in beauty. *Stratonica.*

Speech.

Speech.

SPeech is nothing elſe but an expreſſion to another man of the images one hath within himſelf. Sir *K. Digby.*

Reaſon is as it were the Soul of ſpeech. *Bacon.*

Lecture is the aliment of ſpeech.

As houſes without doors are unprofitable, ſo are men that have no rule for their ſpeech.

—— The very *Order* of his ſpeech ſeem'd to be *Diſorderly*; and his *Diſorders* were rang'd into a certain kind of *Order*.

—— Though courted with all the blandiſhments and graces of ſpeech, yet he could not be perſwaded. ——

Thoughts.

THoughts, generally is all the imaginations of our brains, which being a propoſed object of the heart, makes it continually reſolve, and work upon thoſe conceits.

Thoughts are but over-flowings of the mind, and the tongue is but a ſervant of the thoughts.

Speech and Thoughts are two Siſters, the youngeſt whereof is created, that the eldeſt may be known. *Philo.*

The more I exerciſe my thoughts, the more they increaſe the appetite of my deſires.

What a Paradiſe of unſpotted goodneſs his filthy Thoughts ſought to defile.

—— (Thinking to ſet my mutinous thoughts, at peace)

He made his thoughts more obligatory to her favours; and he faſhioned his favours more complementory to her fortunes.

My thoughts were winged with deſire.

You (the Secretary of all my thoughts.)——

Diſtilling my active thoughts in a continued ſtudy to ſerve you

—— My hopes of Honour, than which nothing but your fair ſelf is ſo near to my thoughts.

She conjur'd with this tyranny of complement, with as undiſtracted words as could be pump't from the deepeſt confuſion of thoughts, makes her reply. —— *Her.*

—— His word led by his thought, and followed by his deed.

I could wiſh you were Secretary of my thoughts or that there were a Chryſtal Caſement in my breaſt, through which you may eſpy the inward motions and palpitations of my heart, then would you be certified of the ſincerity of this proteſtation.

Pleaſing, but too ambitious thoughts! whither do you lead me?

—— Give my long impriſoned thoughts leave to appear in words.

Let truth make up a part in the harmony of your noble thoughts.

Thus when my thoughts are at a ſtand, and can raiſe my preſent happineſs no higher, let me call to mind how ——

—— Since you have tyed your thoughs in ſo wilful a knot.

A tumultuous Army of thoughts ſhall ſtrike up an Alarum to your repoſe. *H. C.*

——— Continually floating in a tempeſtuous Sea of thoughts, without either finding bottom or ſhore.

And after I had run over all the pedigree of my thoughts, new thoughts poſſeſſed me.

Weighing her reſolutions by the counterpoize of his own youthful thoughts.

Uſing his own Byas to bowl near the Miſtreſs of his own thoughts.

Words may be ſaid to be a kind of body to thoughts. *Montague.*

My thoughts ſupplyed the place of Sacrifices.

My very thoughts, I hope, are wing'd with innocence.

Vanity.

Vanity at this day opens all her gates to manifeſt divers perſons to the World, who ſhould otherwiſe be buried in obſcurity. It makes ſome appear by the luxurious exceſs of their apparel, as ſo many ſale creatures, whoſe heads (being high and coſtly dreſſed up) go to the Market of idle love. Others by the riches and pomps of the World, others by honours and dignities, others by the ſpirit of induſtry, and others by deed of arms and policy. Every one ſets out himſelf to be ſeen and eſteemed in the World. It ſeems life is made for nothing, but to be ſhewed, and that we ſhould always live, for that which makes us dye. *Holy Court.*

Vertue.

VErtue (like the clear Heaven) is without clouds.

He became her Servant, by the bonds which vertue laid upon him.

Vertues (if his face be not a falſe witneſs) do apparrel his mind.

——— Formed by Nature, and framed by education to the true exerciſe of vertue.

———Minds; which neither abſolutely climb the Rock of vertue, nor freely ſink into the Sea of vanity.

——— She (in whoſe mind vertue governed with the Scepter of knowledge.) ———

——— She, to whoſe unſtained vertue, it hath been my unſpeakable miſery, that my name ſhould become a blot. ———

(Far engaged to the memory of your vertues.) ———

Vertue is the tenure, by which we hold of Heaven; without this we are but Out-lawes, that cannot claim protection. *Feltham.*

Vertue hath nothing to do with the vail of untruths to cover it.

Vertue, is as the Geometrical *Cube*, on what ſide ſoever it is caſt, it always finds his *Baſis.*

Vertue and Grace run parallel with Heaven.

Women commended.

WOmen, being of one and the self-same substance with man, are what man is, only so much more imperfect, as they are created the weaker Vessels.

——— She, whose vertue deserves to be consecrated with a pen of Adamant in the Temple of eternity, since she is able to dazle the eyes of the most hardy, to fill the mouths of the most eloquent, and ravish the minds of those, who admire nothing vulgar. *H. C.*

Ask Sense what she is: Sense will tell us, Her face is the unclouded welkin in the infancy of the day; her eyes the Sun and Moon that sleep by turns, lest they should leave the world in darkness; her tongue the harmony of Spheres and Nature; her breasts Heavens milky way, spangled with azure stars: her arms *Castor* and *Pollux*; her other parts because of lower function, are but the Symetry of all the beauties of her sex; she is too much first to have any second; from the third, fourth and fifth form of Women, from a million or all of them, you may take some piece of her, not all, for she her self is the All.

Ask Reason what she is; Reason will tell you, she is her Directress, that she keeps the Elements at peace within us; our fire she confines to religious zeal, and suffers it not to enflame either to lust or superstition; our watry Element she hath designed to quench unlawful flames, *&c.* ———

Ask Faith what she is; Faith will tell you, she hath yours and mine, and an hundred other Souls in one Soul, *&c* ——Were there, or were there no night, yet were she an everlasting day. Were

there none bad, yet were she unparalledly good. Were there any or none to be compar'd to her, yet were she superlative. All of her is an even proportion of extreams. *Heroine.*

——— Those eyes more Eloquent than all Rhetorick, that would raise an Anchoret from his Grave, and turn the Fiend Fury, into the Cherubin Pity. ———

Those white and red Roses (which no rain, but what fell from those heavenly eyes) could colour or sweeten. Those lips that stain the rubies, and make the roses blush, those lips that command the scarlet coloured morn into a cloud to hide his shame: That breath, which makes us all Chamæ-lions, should be wasted into unregarded sighs: Those breasts eternally chaste and white as the Alpes: Those leggs, columns of the fairest *Parian* marble, columns that support this monument of all pens, ——— her skin, smooth as the face of youth, soft as a bed of violets, white as the Queen of innocence, sweet as a Bean blossoms after Rain, &c.

——— She, shaking off those glorious loads of state, retired from the crowding tumults of the Court, into a solitary and truly happy Countrey condition, there to spin out the threed of life at her homely distaff, where we will leave her a verier wonder, than the Phœnix in the desart, the alone paragon of all peerless perfections. Her actions (so above the Criticism of my purblind judgment) I am not able to comprehend, much less contradict or controvert.

She is the beauty of the world, the pride of all joyes, the sweetest fruit of best content, and the highest mark of true lovers ambition.

To

To her alone it appeared, that Heaven with a hand rather prodigal than liberal, would give what it had of moſt value in the rich treaſury of nature. *Stratonica.*

Women are Angels, clad in fleſh.

The Roman ſtory (big with variety of wonder) writes *Lucretia* the female glory.

She was natures faireſt paper, not compounded of the raggs of common mortallity, but ſo fearſed and refined, that it could receive no impreſſion, but that of ſpotleſs innocence. —— *Her.*

Where ere ſhe comes, her preſence makes perpetual day.

——— They diſcovered *A.* (the rich triumph of nature) and in her as much as the World could boaſt of.

Her eyes inviting all eyes, her lips all lips, her face Loves banquet, where ſhe riots in the moſt luxuriant feaſt of Senſe: ——— She was the model of divine perfection.

—— A flock of unſpeakable vertues, laid up delightfully in that beſt builded fold.

In this, a very good Orator might have a fair field to uſe Eloquence.

Her eyes ſeemed a Temple, wherein love and beauty were married.

—— So many things united in perfection.

She hath an eaſie melting lip, a ſpeaking eye.

Venus compar'd to her was but a blowz

As you are to me a *Venus*, and ſtrike a warm flame in me; ſo you are *Diana* too, and do infuſe a chaſte, religious coldneſs. *Amorous War.*

I ſtand before you like ſtubble before a burning-glaſs, your eyes at every glance convert me into flame.

Her voice was no leſs beautiful to his ears, than her goodlineſs was full of harmony to his eyes.

Thy heavenly face is my Aſtronomy, thy ſweet vertue, my ſweet Philoſophy.

You are the Diamond of the World, the chief work of Natures workmanſhip. The pattern of perfection, and the quinteſſence of worth.

Your fair forehead is a field, where all my fancyes fight, and every hair of your head ſeems a ſtrong chain that tyes me.

You are the ornament of the earth, the veſſel of all vertue.

——— With ſo gracious a countenance, as the goodneſs of her mind had long exerciſed her unto.

——— She, whoſe many excellencies won as many hearts, as ſhe had beholders; Nature making her beauty and ſhape, but the moſt fair Cabinet of a far fairer mind.

There's muſick in her ſmiles.

A mart of beauties in her viſage meet.

——— A Woman in whom vertue was incorporated; goodneſs (which comes to others by ſtudy) ſeemed hers by Nature.

——— You (the type of my felicity) to whom all hearts, reſpects, hopes, fears and homages are ſacrificed.

——— Her countenance was too ſweet, her ſpeech too proper, her deportments too candid, to cover ſo black a miſchief.

——— She took hearts captive, and made them do vaſſalage and homage to her will.

——— Where they found *A.* accompanied with other Ladies, among whom her tranſcendent beauty, and incomparable vertues, made her ſhine with as much ſuperiority, as a ſtar of a greater magnitude exceeds

ceeds in ſplendor the leſſer luminaries of its own Sphere.

Her hair ſeemed to ſtand in competition with the beams of the Sun.

——She, whoſe rare qualities, whoſe courteous behavionr without curioſity; whoſe comely feature, without fault; whoſe filed ſpeech, without fraud, hath wrapped me in this misfortune. *Euphem.*

Nature framed her to be the Object of thoughts, the love of hearts, the admiration of Souls.

This is ſhe, who is ſingularly priviledged from Heaven with beauties of body, but incomparably heightned with gifts of the mind. Such is her learning, that ſhe tranſcends men in their beſt faculties.

She, —— this bright morning ſtar, always bears in the raies thereof, joy, comfort, &c.

She was able to enthral all hearts with ſo many ſupereminent excellencies, as Heaven had conferred upon her.

She had a ſtrong and pleaſing ſpirit, a ſolid piety, an awakened wiſdom, an incomparable grace to gain hearts to her devotion. *H. C.*

Nature in her promiſeth nothing but goodneſs.

He could not ſufficiently admire the vivacity of her ſprit, the ſolidity of her judgment, the equity of her counſels, and the happineſs which ordinarily accompanied her reſolutions. *H. C.*

She gained hearts by ſweetneſs, therein imitating the Sun, which neither breaks doors nor windows to enter into houſes; but penetrates very peaceably with the benignity of his favourable beams.

The eye and tongue of this creature mutually divided his heart, at one and the same instant love surprized him by the eyes and ears.

Endowed with an admirable grace and singular beauty, to serve even as an Adamant to captivate hearts.

Fair as the Firmament, which we see enamelled with so many stars, that resplendently shine, as Torches lighted before the Altar of the Omnipotent.

—— She who was the Adamant of all loves.

—— A Lady, whose eyes will make a Souldier melt, if he were composed of marble, whose very smile hath a magnetick force to draw up souls, whose voice will charm a Satyr, and turn a mans prayer into ambition, make a Hermit run to Hell, &c. *Grat. Serv.*

—— Whose exquisite beauty was so beautified with rarest vertues, that men honoured Nature as a God in her perfections, and held her more than a woman in her vertues. *Par. & Vienna.*

—— She whose beauty was far fairer than the evening star, and whose vertue was more powerful than the greatest Constellation.

The renown of her attractive vertues, and the vertue of her moving perfections, hath so captivated my freest thoughts, that, wondring at her fame, I am wounded with fancy, and my desire is ——

I would willingly here draw to the life the portraiture of this Lady, if my black Ink were not too unfit a colour to set forth a celestial beauty.

You have far more perfections than years; and more inward excellence than external beauty, yet so beautiful, as few so fair, though none more vertuous.

She

She had a mind of excellent compoſition, a piercing Wit void of Oſtentation, high erected thoughts, ſeated in a Heart of courteſie, an Eloquence as ſweet in the uttering, as ſlow to come to the uttering, a Behaviour ſo noble, as gave a majeſty to adverſity. *Arcadia.*

——She's a Virgin happy in all endowments which a Poet could fancy in his Miſtreſs, being her ſelf a School of Goodneſs, where chaſte Maids may learn (without the aids of foraign Principles) by the example of her life and pureneſs, to be (as ſhe is) excellent. I but give you a brief Epitome of her vertues, which dilated on at large, and to their merit, would make an ample ſtory.

Were all her other graces worn in clouds, That eye, that very eye would charm a *Lucrece.*

Her name (like ſome celeſtial fire) quickens my ſpirits.

I never knew vertue and beauty meet in a ſweeter nature.

Thou art a Virgin ſweet, ſo precious in thy frame, that with the cordage of thy Hair, thou mighteſt have fettered Kings. Thy voice had marr'd the beauties of the Night; when thou didſt ſing, the quiet Stars would wink and fall aſleep.

I could gaze on her, till my wonder did convert me into Marble, and yet my Soul would in her ſelf retain a fire, lively, as that which bold *Promethem* ſtole.

Madam! you are ſo large a Theme to treat of, and every grace about you offers me ſuch Copy of Language, that I ſtand doubtful which firſt to touch at; if I err (as in my choice I may) let me intreat you, before I offend, to Sign my Pardon.

Whether we conſider her Face or beauty, pleaſingneſs (that charms hearts) and ſweet majeſty hath ſpent all their riches upon her. *Ariana.*

She

She breaths forth nothing but the ſweets of Love.

The Eyes are the wonders of the Face, and dark figures of Divinity: we may call them too the Dials of Love, which faſtned on the Wall of a Countenance, ſhew with the ſtile of their looks, the minutes of hours, either happy or unhappy to Lovers.

Fame, which is accuſtomed to increaſe the deſert of every thing it would commend, has been conſtrained to diminiſh yours, being impoſſible to be publiſhed according to the greatneſs of it.

It is a mark of great vertue, not to be able to endure to be commended.

She was crown'd with a Garland of odoriferous Flowers, and her delicate Hair in treſſes, falling upon a neck of Snow, did ſet forth the beauties of this divine Face, whoſe ſplendor dazled mens eyes ſo, that there was not any one could ſupport unwounded the ſight of ſo many wonders.

Leſſer Lights borrow Beams of Radiance from your greater Orb, which doth illuminate and heat our Northern Clime with Celeſtial Ardors. *H. Court.*

Her mind, beſet with thoughts clear and radiant as her own eyes; he that dares attempt the expreſſion of her internal gifts, is ignorant of her ſublimity; he who dares not, knows not her humanity, her ſweetneſs. As no ſtile can aſcend ſo high as her exalted worth, ſo on the other ſide, none can deſcend ſo low as her humility.

Madam, if the duty (which commands me to ſerve all Ladies) did not ordain me this obedience, your birth, and ſo many fair qualities I ſee in you, oblige me to it. *Ariana.*

——My eye of contemplation was fixed on this bright Sun, as long as it was able to endure the radiant

diant beams of it, whose redundant light veils the looker on with a dark mist. Sir *K. D.*

I esteem, reverence and adore you in the most secret and recluse withdrawings of my heart.

——Her face did shine with so great evidence, as it defied the Noon-tide Sun in its greatest brightness.

Albeit *Medea* were wicked, yet *Penelope* was peerless; If *Clytemnestra* were naught, yet *Alcestes* was passing good; If *Phædra* were damnable, yet there was another laudable. *Camd. Rem.*

——— She had the Spirit of a Man in a Feminine body.

She's a burning Mirror, in which all the beams of beauty are united.

She is the Star, by which my Fate is led.

——Modest she was, and so lovely, that whosoever look'd but stedfastly upon her, could not but ensoul himself in her. *Felsham.*

Her eyes, swift, as the shoots of Lightning, nimbler than thought, and bright as the polisht Diamond.

——She is so precious a glory, that though she need not the applause of any, to add to her happiness, yet she attracts the hearts of all that know her to love, service, admiration.

All lips are opened with singular prerogatives in honor of this Lady, and are all dryed up in the abundance of her praises.

In her person alone, a plenitude of all perfections does inhabit. *H. C.*

In her, all the most delicious attractives of beauty, and the most conspicuous characters of power, are assembled together.

This *Aglae* was a *Roman* Dame of prime quality, having a delicate Wit in a beautiful Body, and powerful

powerful passions in a great fortune. She had been married, but becoming a Widow in an Age, as yet furnished with verdant freshness, grace and beauty, she had not buried all her affections in the Tomb of her husband.

After she had a little wiped away the first tears, which nature exacts as tribute in such like accidents, she quickly plaid so much the Courtier in her slight sorrow, that she seemed greatly to desire, as soon as might be, to finish what she had never well begun. *Holy Court.*

But by success of time she felt her passion so much enkindled towards him, that she neither thought, spake, nor liv'd, but for him.

The fair *Aretaphila* inflames all hearts with the musick of her voice; myriads of joys are in her looks, her eyes are natures richest Diamonds, set in foils of polisht Ebony, her breath expires odors more sweet than issued from the Trees of Balm in Paradise. *Argal. & Parth.*

——She——upon whose meanest thought the art of memory's grounded, and inspires each Organ of our meditating sense with their perfections merit. *Ibid.*

She in whom the sum and abridge of all sorts of excellencies are met, like parallels in their proper center. *Herb. Travels.*

——Whose listning ears were well-pleased with the sweet harmony of her well-run'd words, and whose liking eyes were ravish'd with the sight of her perfections.

——She——the ornament of the Earth, the model of Heaven, the triumph of Nature, the life of Beauty, the Queen of Love.

Her action was beautified by Nature, and apparrel'd with skill; her gesture gave such a way to her speech,

ſpeech, through the rugged wilderneſs of his imaginations, that—

Her voice repreſented the heavenly ſeven-ſpear'd harmony.

Such an extraordinary majeſty ſhines in all her actions, as ſurely either fortune by Parentage, or nature in Creation hath made her.—

Pilgrims, who come from the remoteſt Confines of the World, cannot ſee any thing in all the affluent wealth thereof, comparable to her. Inſomuch, that I wiſh all the members of my body were changed into tongue, and that I were nought but voice, to be throughout the whole Univerſe, the Trumpet of her praiſes. *H. C.*

Her gracious Soul hath more Antidote in it, than all the World hath poyſon, which will therefore in her affliction make her like the Sun, which ſhews his greateſt countenance in his loweſt declenſion, and bring her out of it, like gold out of the fire, refined, not conſumed. *Loſt Sheep.*

My prayer ſhall be, That your Fortune may ſurmount your greatneſs, and your vertue your fortune; that your greatneſs may be above envy, your goodneſs above detraction; that your illuſtrious example may darken the Ages paſt, and lighten them to come; that you may live beloved, and die lamented; lamented by Earth, but joy'd by Heaven, &c. *Ibid.*

She ſuffer'd no mutiny of paſſions againſt reaſon, nor of reaſon againſt God.

She reſolved to work with perſpective Glaſſes of different, yea, and even contrary kinds; for when ſhe deſcribed her own vertues, ſhe ſerved her ſelf of a *Diminiſhing Glaſs*, which made them ſeem ſo little, as to be no more than a kind of nothing: But on the other ſide, when ſhe gave account of her

her own imperfections, ſhe would by no means know them by any other name, than of *Vices* and *Sins*, becauſe ſhe took a *Multiplying-glaſs* to her ſelf, leſt elſe thoſe Mole-hills ſhould not ſeem Mountains. Sir *Tob. Math.* in his Preface to *S Tereſa*'s Life.

You muſt give me leave to adjourn you (for more ample ſatisfaction of this expectation) to thoſe drops which I may perhaps both be able and willing to derive and draw out of the Sea of her perfections, &c. *Ibid.*

I ſhall only ſay in very few words (by way (as it were) of antepaſt, till the Feaſt come in) that ſhe had a heart as open as day, in the exerciſe of bounty; but above all things, ſhe was ſo perfect a lover of Truth, that ſhe would no more have even ſo much as but diſguized it, and much leſs varied from it in the leaſt kind, then ſhe would have ſold her ſelf for a ſlave, &c.

I'le aſſure you, this *Elogium* has no more in it of the Panegyrick, than of the juſt praiſe; I am rather her Debtor than Creditor herein.

She puts that in execution, which turns nature into admiration.

—She, whoſe two eyes were the Suns that ruled my day, and to whom only her abſence did make night; ſhe whoſe mild vertue and beautious looks were a ſoft, viſible Muſick, which entranc'd the lookers on, and ſtruck harmonious raptures into every chaſte ſoul, and inſtilled pure fires into every unchaſte, &c. *Amor. War.*

A pretty Smile, made a kind of day-break in her Face.

She is wholly made of charm.

—She is the ſtar that rules my faculties.

To apparrel any more in theſe Paper Veſtments, I ſhould multiply impertinents, and perhaps diſpleaſe.

For

For I have ever found Face-commendation to die wiſdoms Cheek of a bluſh colour.

Women are Cordials when deſire is paſt, and Juleps while the heat continues. *Advice to a Son.*

Women diſcommended.

LOoſe Women are whoops, proud Birds, which have nothing but creſt, and naturally deſight in Ordure; they are bats, which cannot endure one little ray of light, but ſeek to hide themſelves under the mantle of Night; they are Horſe-leeches, which draw blood from the Veins of a Houſe and Stare, where they exerciſe their power. They are *Syrenes* of the earth, which cauſe ſhipwracks without water: They are *Lamiæ*, who have Hoſteries of cut-throats, that kill men under pretext of good uſage. They are *Harpies*, who ſurprize even from Altars, and in the end become envenomed *Dipſades*, which enforce an enraged thirſt upon thoſe, whom they have once bitten. *Ho. Court.*

A Woman without devotion, is like a Bee without a ſting, which will neither make Honey nor Wax, is a Caſe covered with precious Stones, to preſerve a Dunghil.

The tongues of Women, are like the Bells of the Forreſt *Dodona*, which make a prodigious jangling.

O God! What a dangerous Beaſt is the ſpirit of a Woman? It is able to create as many Monſters in eſſence, as fantaſie can form in painting.

No

No Owle will live in *Creet:* In *Rhodes* no Eagle will build her Neſt: No Wit ſpring in the Will of Women.

It is an infinite ſimplicity to commit ſecrets to a Woman, whoſe heart is as fit to keep what it ought to conceal, as a Sieve to hold Water.

——— As well may I collect the ſcattered wind into a bag, or from the watery ſurface ſcrape the gilt reflections of the Sun, as bring her heart within the quiet Liſt of Wives that will obey and love.

Inceſtusus Strumpet! more wanton than *Lamia*, more laſcivious than *Lais*, and more ſhameleſs than *Paſophane*; whoſe life, as it has been ſhadowed with painted holineſs, ſo hath it been full of peſtilent villanies.

Her Carcaſs (a better Name I can hardly afford her out-ſide) was the in-ſide of a Sepulchre, her Head was unthatch'd as an old Parſonage, her Eyes (like lights at the laſt ſnuff, when the extinguiſher is ready to make their Epitaphs) ſunk low into their Candleſticks, her Ears, now deaf, now happy, (ſuch was her Tongue) they have loſt their ſenſe, her Noſe worm'd like a piece of *Homer* of the firſt bind, offended with her breath, bowed to her Chin to dam it up; her Cheeks hol'd, as the earth in Dog-days, drowth; her Lips fit to be kiſt by none but by themſelves; her Teeth rotten as her Soul, hollow as her heart, looſe as the ſhingles of an old ſilenc'd Steeple, ſcragged as a diſparked pale, ſtood at that diſtance one could not bite another; her Tongue, ſo weakly guarded, ſcolds like the Alarum of a Cluck; her Chin was down'd with a *China* Beard of twenty Hairs; her Breaſt lank as a quick-ſand, waſted as an Hour-glaſs at the eleventh uſe, one Arm, one Leg, one Foot ſhe doff'd with day, and,

and, as a reſurrection, don'd with the morrow; her Bones (pithleſs as a Stallion for ſeven Poſterities) the ſlighteſt fears might now make rattle in her Skin; her Body (waſted to no waſte, blaſted with luſt, as an Oak with Lightning) was as familiar with diſeaſes as a Phyſitian: To conclude, ſhe is odious beyond all compariſon; one ſight of her would make the heat of youth recoyle into an Infant-continence. *Heroinæ*

The look of a laſcivious Woman is like that of a *Baſiliſk*, which kills Chaſtity by beholding it.

Diogenes ſnarled bitterly, when (walking with another) he ſpyed two Women talking, and ſaid, *See, the Viper and the Aſp are changing Poyſon.* Feltham.

No Weather-cock under Heaven is ſo variable as an inconſtant Woman. Every breath of Wind forces her to a various ſhape: As if her Mind were ſo near a kin to Air, as it muſt with every motion, be in a perpetual change. *Idem.*

Women are Feathers blown in the bluſter of their own looſe paſſions, and are meerly the Dalliance of the flying Winds.

There are that account Women only as Seed-plots for poſterity; others worſe, as only quench for their fires.

Our daily experience teacheth us, that there are Women very crafty, and ſuch as under a pure and delicate Skin, with a Tongue diſtilling Honey, often hide the Heart of a Panther, all ſpotted over with ſubtilty, as the skin of this Beaſt with diverſity of colours. *H Court.*

——Women are more inconſtant than light Whirle-winds; truſt the Sea with Feathers, or *March*-winds with Duſt rather, and let their Words, Oaths, Tears, Vows, paſs as words in

in water writ, or slippery glass. *Arg & Parth.*

No Hell so low which Lust and Women cannot lead unto.

Her tongue is like the Sting of a Scorpion.

A Woman is the unnecessary Parenthesis of Nature.

World.

THis word *(World)* called in the Greek Κόσμος, signifies as much as Ornament, or a well disposed order of things.

The exterior lustre of the world, is but a Cloud in Painting, a petty vapor of water, a Fable of time, a Dyal, *&c.*

He that will now adays live in the world, must have a vail over his eyes, a key on his ear, a compass on his lips.

This world is a Chain, which fetters men to the Devil: but Repentace is the Hand which lifts men up to God.

He that is enamoured of the world, is like one that enters into the Sea; for if he escape perils, men will say he is fortunate; but if he perish, they will say he is wilfully deceived.

If it be needful to shew your self to the world, be then known by your vertues, which are characters of the Divinity. Let men know you by your good examples, which are the Seeds of Eternity, and of all fair actions. Sir *B. B.*

I have ever thought the prosperity of the world was a current of fresh water, which looks not back on any thing, but haitens to pour it self into the salt Sea. *H. C.*

The

The World's a Theatre of Theft, great Rivers rob the ſmaller Brooks, and them the Ocean.

Youth.

I Have throughly ſifted the Diſpoſition of Youth, wherein I have found more Bran than Meal, more Dough than Leven, more Rage than Reaſon. *Eup.*

Wine, Love, Play, Raſhneſs were the Chariot which drew his youth to downfal.

—— Conſtrained to obey the tranſport of youthful fancies.

Let me call to mind all the violent pleaſures of my heady youth; let me ſum up their extent according to thoſe deceitful meaſures I then rated happineſs by; let me in my fancy chew over again the exceſſive good I then fondly imagined in them: And to all this let me add as much more joy and felicity, as, in my weak thoughts I am able to fathom, or but aim at; and then let me ſay, (and with rigorous truth I ſhall ſay it) all this exceſs of bliſs will be reſumed, will be enjoyed to the full in one indiviſible moment, of that bliſs, which a well paſſed life in this world, ſhall bring me to in the next. Sir *K. D. in his Treatiſe of Bodies.*

—— So as whoſoever he be, to whom fortune hath been a ſervant, and the time a friend, let him but take the acount of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleaſures paſt) and truly examine what he hath reſerved, either of beauty or youth, or foregone delights; what it hath ſaved, that it might laſt, of his deareſt affection, or of

of what ever elſe the amorous Spring-time gave his thoughts of contentment, then unvaluable; and he ſhall find that all the Art which the elder years have, can draw no other vapors out of theſe diſſolutions, than heavy, ſecret, and ſad ſighs.

He ſhall find nothing remaining but thoſe ſorrows which grow up after our faſt ſpringing youth, overtake it, when it is at a ſtand, and overtop it utterly, when it begins to wither, *&c.* Sir *Walt. Rawl. in Preface.*

The Harveſt of his ſins yielded him now more increaſe of woes, than the luſts of his youth afforded him pleaſure.

Formulæ

FORMULÆ MINORES,

OR

LITTLE FORMS

For Stile or Speech.

——HE, having waded thus far into the depth of his awaked intentions, thought good to ſound the Foord at full, by—

He took opportunity by the fore part, and (impriſoning his worthy reſolution within the Cloſet of his ſecrêt thoughts) did—

He ſummon'd his Wits together, and ſet them all on the Rack of Invention.

Violent ſtreams being once run out, the mud will appear in the bottom.

——Doubt (the Herſe of my deſires.) ——

To Seal the Deed of my purchaſed favor, is the *Gordian* Knot I moſt wiſh to unlooſe.

——Who (during theſe tempeſtuous Storms) lay at Anchor in his own private Harbor.

To weave the Web of his own woe, and ſpin the Thread of his own thraldom.

I wiſh he would repair hither, that the ſight of him

him mitigate ſome part of my Martyrdom.

Aſſure your ſelf, I'le be your finger next your thumb.

He erected Trophies of his own diſhonour, and covered his ulcer with a golden veil.

——— Like *Elias*'s Chariot, all flaming with glory.

O that the Odors of my Sacrifices might aſcend even to thy Altars!

Your mind's a ſhop, where all good reſolutions are forg'd.

Our underſtanding is the ſteel, and our will the flint-ſtone: as ſoon as they touch one another, we ſee the ſparks of holy affection flie out.

——— It bloometh in the eyes, that it may at leaſure bloſſom in the heart.

That I may ſee ſome ſparkles of hope glimmer in my affairs.

To gnaw the bridle of your impatience.

He felt fiery Arrows flie from her eyes, ſo ſharp, that they transfixed his heart with compaſſion.

Love, Anger, Jealouſie, Suſpition, drew him with four Horſes.

——— As innocently ſpoken, as treacherouſly interpreted.

They murmured, as do the Waves of a mutinous Sea.

Exerciſe the vivacity of your Wit.

In a vaſt Ocean of Affairs, he hath liv'd as fiſhes, who keep ſilence within the loud noiſe of waves, and preſerve their plump ſubſtance freſh in the brackiſh waters.

He ſheltered himſelf with ſubtilties, as a Hedghog with his Quils.

To behold (as in the Glaſs of a bright mirror) on the one ſide—on the other—

As

As ſoon as break of day drew the Curtain of Heaven ———

Virginity is as redolent Balm, which aſcends to Heaven in a perpetual ſacrifice.

Religion is the hive, where the honey of good Doctrine is made.

He put them in the furnace of tribulation to purifie them.

O what may depraved Love do, ſince ſincere Amity cannot avoid ſuſpition.

——— Comforted with the ſweet rays of this bright day break.

——— Which hath been ſufficiently declared by the ſequel of his deportments

She had not ſo much honey, but withal a ſting.

——— He ſo breathed the air of ambition, that—

To as little purpoſe, as to caſt chains into the Sea, to tye the Ocean in fetters.

It was but duſt he bare in his hands, blown away by the wind of preſumption.

She ſent it as an earneſt of her command.

——— He returned amply laden with victorious palms.

——— He went daily hunting after change, in the infinity of forbidden loves.

I ſhall offer my homage at your Altar.

Ponds that are ſeldom ſcoured, will eaſily gather mud; So ———

Your heart is the Altar of love, and ſeat of friendſhip.

Upon my Virgin-heart I'le build a flaming Altar to offer up a thankful ſacrifice for his return.

My heart ſhall know no other love but his.

Let *Venus* ſpeed his plow.

He received it at her hands with more content than the *Paphos* Queen did the golden fruit.

Let patience conduct thee out of this ſtormy Sea into a more quiet Port.

How canſt thou be a ſtranger to my purpoſes, that art the Treaſurer of my ſecrets?

That I may diſperſe thoſe terrifying clouds, that threaten ſhipwrack to my deſires.

To feaſt his eyes, and paradiſe his heart with the beloved ſight of his all-admired and affected Miſtreſs.

His muddy clouded affection eclipſed the Sunſhine of her far more glorious worth.

Caſting his eye (the Meſſenger of his heart) upon ——

Seeſt not thou thoſe Trophies erected in his honor, and his honour ſhining in theſe Trophies?

In vain it is to water the plant, the root being periſhed: or to ——

I here vow to repay the debt of my error, with the intereſt of all my endeavours.

—— I will not adventure my fortune upon the Rock of this hazard.

My buſineſs (*Lady*) is your will; my ſuit, your ſervice; your ſervice, my chief deſire; and my deſire, your favourable countenance.

Your ſuit ſhall not be non-ſuit.

They knit two hearts in one, and parted one will in two, and ſo departed.

During theſe *Halcyon* days, ——

He ſailed in a ſhip without a ſtern.

Happy in my ſelf, becauſe happy in you.

—— Sailing with as many contrary thoughts, as *Æolus* ſent out winds upon the *Trojan* Fleet.

He ſaw the cloud afarr off, before the ſtorm fell.

She

She (great with child with the expectation of her friends welfare) longed to be delivered with the notice of his health.

I cannot uſe many words, where every word wounds me with a new careful conceit, and every conceit kills me with a fearful doubt.

He ſet up the main-ſail of his obſcured glory, in the wind of her Mill.

Who (ſmoothing the angry furrows of his diſcontentment) ſeemed ——

She gave fire to his fancy.

What ominous cloud ſhadows the brightneſs of this ſecond Sun, that ſhe appears not in her all-admired glory.

—— —— His waſted words dyed in their own ſound, and all his words were utterly ſhipwrack'd.

—— She gave fuel to his inraged will, and blew the coals of his diſpleaſure.

Her reſtraint is (I fear) like fire raked up in embers, that covertly will kindle, and openly burſt forth into a flame.

—— He (whoſe ſenſes held now a Synod) was driven to ſuch an exigent, that (not knowing how to avoid the *Check* without a *Mate*) was perforce forced to ——

My fortunes admit of no ſuch Soveraignty.

—— Who ſwelling with ireful diſdain (like the diſturbed Ocean) breathed out direful revenge.

—— —— He craved pardon till the infancy of his weak merit were grown ſtronger in better deſerts.

That I write to thee, may be thy glory; and that I love thee, let it be thy happineſs.

If thou wilt live like the King of Bees, ſeek hony at my hive.

——— Drowning the late flowing ſtreams of his gotten glory in the full Sea of his preter hard-haps.

His unwiſhed preſence gave my tale a concluſion before it had a beginning.

I would her injury could blot out my affection, or my affection forget her injury.

Reverence and deſire did ſo divide him, that he did at one inſtant both bluſh and quake.

——— Unſealing his long ſilent lips———

Happy in wanting little, becauſe not deſirous of much.

His countenance with ſilent eloquence, deſired it modeſtly.

Beyond the degree of ridiculous.

But I fear I have given your ears too great a ſurfeit with the groſs diſcourſe of that———

Reſtraint of liberty cauſeth more increaſe of that evill, for which they are ſo kept under, then otherwiſe: See whether a Dog grow not fierce with tying.

There is nothing ſo certain as our continual incertainty.

While there is hope left, let not the weakneſs of ſorrow make the ſtrength of it languiſh.

More determinate to doe, than skilful how to doe.

Under the leave of your better judgment, I muſt ſay thus much ———

About the time that Candles begin to inherit the Suns office. ———

Sometimes he thought one thing, ſometimes another; but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to think, armies of objections riſing againſt any accepted opinion.

——— Actions worthy to be regiſtred in the Rolls of Fame.

Occaſions

Occasions try'd him, and all occasions were but steps for him to climb Fame by.

——— To loose the reins to his own motions.

——— My self am witness against my self of my own imperfections, and therefore will not defend them in me.

To a heart fully resolute, counsel is tedious, but reprehension is loathsom.

—— And thus have you heard my Comedy, acted by my self.

To you will I repair, because as my fortune either ebbs, or flows, amends or impairs, I may declare it unto you.

——— Time at one instant seeming both short and long; short in the pleasingness in calling to mind, long in the stay of his desires.

He talked with such vehemency of passion, as though his heart would climb up into his mouth to take his tongues office.

Upon what Bryers the fruits he laboured for grew.

Idleness is an Ant-heap of sins.

But alas, how can speech produce belief in him, whom sight cannot perswade?

I refuse not to make my life a sacrifice to your wrath.

Exercise your indignation upon me.

If your occasions can make use of my best endeavours, the imployment shall be a favour.

The haste of the bearer, admits no further liberty to proceed.

Your desire is with me an absolute command.

Thus far hath your command and my duty led me.

There is no man can better witness it than my self, whose experience is grounded upon trial.

I have left nothing unſaid, which equity could make me know, or your command required of my duty.

Give me leave to digreſs a little.

I offer my weak and imperfect lines at the Altar of your favour.

——— Rapt with the wonder of your vertues.

Silent admiration was the ſole Orator of my affection.

——— Under the ſhadow of your favour.

How much thoſe lines (ſweetened with your Character) have tranſported me, my endeared thoughts cannot impart unto you.

Be it your goodneſs to believe me, I will ſooner ceaſe to live, than———

——— Him, who will hold himſelf unworthy of that life, which ſhall not be employed to ſerve you.

Your zeal to goodneſs aſſures me.

No line can limit my love, no diſtance divide my heart.

——— She appeared an Adamant to my fancy.

As thoſe eaſie errors (which too deſervingly bred your diſtaſte) may be redeemed by a ſurpluſage of content.

Be it your piety to have mercy.

Thou bringeſt herbs to *Jarak*. i. *Coales to Newcaſtle.*

Lines cannot bluſh; ſo as modeſty admits a freedome to my pen, which would be taxed immodeſty being delivered by the tongue.

She made me (though moſt unworthy) the maſter of her deſires, that was, and ſtill am, a Servant to her will.

——— He (whoſe ſmalleſt ſails of hope, the leaſt winds did blow)———

After

—— After he had ſtretcht and tentred his wit, and ſet all poſſibilities on the rack of his invention.

And longer may not I enjoy what I now poſſeſs, than ſhall you find my promiſes full laden with rich performances

As I onely breath by your favour, and live through your love; ſo will I ever owe you feal y for the one, and ſtill do you homage for the other.

He read her diſcontentment in the deep Characters of her face.

The angry Ocean ſwelled not, as he ſeemed to ſtorm.

The imperious Miſtris of my enthralled heart.

To impriſon in ſilence

How great ſoever my buſineſs be, it ſhall willingly yield to ſo noble a cauſe

At that time (when he thought the ſhip of his good fortune ſailed with a proſperous wind towards the deſired Port) a contrary chance raiſed up, in this calm Sea, ſuch a tempeſtuous ſtorm, that he feared a thouſand times to ſee it ſunk.

—— She, who till then ſeemed to be a miracle of beauty, did now appear to be a monſter of uglineſs

If you will raiſe me to that height of happineſs.

They gave him the *Parabien* of his ſafe arrivall.

Vouchſafe me your pardon for preſuming, and your patience in accepting at my hands this ——

—— This partly (if the great arrerage of duty and thankfulneſs I owe you, challenge not priority) hath moved me to preſent ——

I dare not give ſail into the Ocean of your vaſt

ſoul, which is capable of all things from the higheſt to the loweſt in perfection.

Like a man whoſe heart diſdained all deſires but one.

Which authority (too great a ſail for ſo ſmall a Boat) did

He made his eyes quick Meſſengers to his mind.

Betwixt her breaſts (which ſweetly roſe up like two fair mountains in the pleaſant valley of *Tempe*) there hung———

At which the Clouds of my thoughts quite vaniſhed.

Bluſhing like a fair morning in *May*

Do you not ſee that this is a ſallet of wormwood, while mine eyes feed upon the *Ambroſia* of your beauty?

Here I make a full point of a hearty ſigh.

This promiſe bound him Prentice.

He thought ſo much of,———that all other matters were but digreſſions to him.

(Not ſpoken by Ceremony, but by truth)———

I am too unfit a veſſel, in whom ſo high thoughts ſhould be engraven.

Thus was the riches of the time ſpent.

Deſpair is the bellows of my affection.

———As if his motions were chain'd to her look.

———Whoſe name was ſweetened by your breath.

Moſt bleſſed paper, which ſhall kiſs that hand, whereto all bleſſedneſs is in nature a ſervant, do not——

(Beautifying her face with a ſweet ſmile.)

——Humbly beſought her to keep her ſpeech for a while within the Paradiſe of her mind.

If

If in my desire I wish, or in my hopes aspire, or in my imagination feign to my self any thing ——

—— With all the conjuring words which desire could endite, and authority utter.

(A new swarm of thoughts stinging her mind)

Vouchsafe (only height of my hope) to——

I desire that my desire may be weighed in the ballances of Honor, and let Vertue hold them.

—— More or less according as the Ague of her passion was either in the fit or intermission.

His sports were such as carried riches of knowledg upon the stream of delight.

Then she began to display the storehouse of her desires.

—— Perceiving the flood of her fury began to ebb, he thought it policy to take the first of the tide, ——

—— (Making vehement countenances the Ushers of his speech) began ——

Hide my fault in your mercy.

I'le centinel your safety.

Your words to me are Acts, your promises are deeds.

You wrap me up with wonder.

Can your belief lay hold on such a miracle?

Her mind (being an apt matter to receive what from his amplifying speeches would lay upon it) danced so pretty a measure to his false musick that ——

—— Clouded with passion.

Never did pen more quakingly perform his Office, never was paper more doubly moistened with Ink and tears, never words more slowly married together ——

Fearing how to end, before he had resolved how to begin ——

——— Having the cold ashes of care cast up on the coals of his desire.

——— House. The seat Nature bestowed, but Art gave the building.

It was hard to say, whether pity of the one, or revenge against the other, held as then the soveraignty in his passions

——— 'Twas a Magnes stone to his courage.

His arm no ofter gave blows, than the blows gave wounds, than the wounds gave death.

——— Her hand (one of the chiefest of *Cupids* firebrands) ———

By the foolish idolatry of affection ———

(When the morning had won the field of darkness)

I'le sooner trust a *Sinon*.

'Tis now about the noon of night.

(Too mean a shrine for such a relique) ——

——— Carried by the Tide of his imaginations—

But when her breath broke the prison of her fair lips, and brought memory (with his servant senses) to his natural office, then ———

I pray God make my memory able to contain the the treasure of his wise speech ———

Her arms and her tongue (Rivals in kindness) embracing ———

Whilst the Roses of his Lips made a Flower of affection with the Lillies of her hands.

Your will (Directress of my destiny) is to me a Law, yea, an Oracle.

She incorporated her hand with his.

Then (as after a great tempest) the skie of her countenance cleared.

As in a clear mirror of sincere good will, he saw a lively Picture of his own gladness.

——— My mind (as yet a Prentice in the painful

ful myſtery of paſſions) brought me into a new traverſe of my thoughts.

I have not language enough to fathom the depth of your vertues.

I'le rear a *Pyramis* to your memory.

My want of power to ſatisfie ſo great a debt makes me accuſe my fortunes.

Such endearments will too much impoveriſh my gratitude.

How can I commit a ſacriledge againſt the ſweet Saint that lives in my inmoſt Temple ?

I am too weak a band to tye ſo heavenly a knot.

The greatneſs of the benefit goes beyond all meaſure of thanks.

While ſhe ſpake, the quinteſſence of each word diſtilled down into his affected ſoul.

Departing he bequeathed by a Will of words, ſealed with many kiſſes, a full gift of all his love and life to ——

Having with a pretty paleneſs (which left milky lines upon her Roſie cheeks) paid a little duty to humane fear ——

—— You, whom I have cauſe to hate, before I have means to know.

I will not dye in debt to my own duty.

—— She, in whom Nature hath accompliſh'd ſo much, that ——

Imagine, vouchſafe to imagine ——

His fault found an eaſie pardon at the Tribunal, he appealed to ——

O my Dear, —— ! ſaid ſhe, and then kiſt him, as loath to leave ſo perfect a ſentence without a *Comma*.

—— Dearly purchaſing the little eaſe of my body with the afflictions of my mind.

I am not *Oedipus* enough to understand you.

All things ly level to your wishes.

They began to imp the wings of time, with the Feathers of several recreations.

——— When my wishes be at anchor in so secure a haven.

You are the Life and Being of what I only esteem happy.

(For the Heavens had made this the Rendezvouz where his misfortunes should meet)

——— It is a fit soyl for praise to dwell upon.

Thus great with childe to speak ———

You (the Secretary of all my thoughts)

——— Which (as the Pole-star) is ever in motion, but never setteth.

——— This is no Benefice, but a Malefice, a golden snare, a Carcanet of *Medæa*, a *Trojan* Horse, which will produce Arms ———

He went like a Torrent, whither passion transported him, and where the blast of Ambition breathed.

——— More fruitfull in strong imaginations, than religious in choice of words, and polished in periods.

Your words are full of cunning, your cunning of promises, your promises of winde.

He is a *Phaeton* of pride.

I'le bosom what I think.

She was the object of his thoughts, the entertainment of his discourse, the contentment of his heart.

My happiness being in the Wane, or my misfortune growing towards the Full.

From a Window he sent his soul unto me by his eyes ———

I remain impossibilited to do otherwise then--

That

That ſo I may be raiſed from the ground of my miſery, to the heaven of my deſire.

——— Eſteeming more this inſtant of glory which I enjoy in ſeeing you, than any other happineſs, ſaving that which is Eternal.

To deny me this favour, and give me my death, is one and the ſame thing.

To wander in the *American* and untravell'd parts of truth.

He led our expectation into thoughts of great relief.

Whetting his tender wit upon the ſandy ſtone of her edging importunity. ———

Let purpoſe be made ſervant to more apt opportunity.

——— Him, with whom compar'd, I am leſs than a ſhadow.

——— If I ſhould expatiate upon this Subject, I could not be held a flatterer, but rather a Suffragan to Truth.

The only Quinteſſence, that hitherto the Alchymie of wit could draw out of—

———But then, as though he had been ſuddenly raviſh'd with divine afflation, and ſtruck into a tranſport, he ſwears—

We utterly condemn and renounce (as *Atalanta*'s Apple, which retards the Race) that unſeaſonable and childiſh humour of accelerating early pledges of new works. *Bacon.*

—Rendred in an equal felicity of expreſſion, to ——

It comes in, but *Exobliquo*—

———He dyed (*Sicca morte*) his own natural death.

——— Forcibly carry'd away (I know not by what Fate, againſt the bent of my own *Genius*) to —

Fortune hath ſomewhat of the nature of a Woman; if ſhe be too much Woov'd, ſhe is the further off.

You

You out-shot me in my own Bowe.

Many strange and absurd imaginations came into his mind, and peopled his brain.

Pardon my rude expressions, extorted from me by the nature of the matter.

—— This is indeed a service, whereunto I acknowledge my self able to bring more zeal and good affection, than any other abilities.

(Till these late years of frenzy)—

So we may both renew the fault passed, and with the same diligence, provide against future inconveniencies.

That every one may understand I seek not to balk any thing by silence, or to cloud any thing by words. *Bacon.*

Your bounty (like a new Spring) has reviv'd the Autumn of my years.

——It took me up little more time, than nature uses to bestow in the production of a Mushrome, a day and a night——

—— When this succeeded not, I travelled in my mind over—

Thus like *Noah's Dove*, wearying my self with flying up and down, and finding no rest for the sole of my foot, I was at last forced to——*Cressy.*

What a world of inavoidable inconveniencies did presently throng into my understanding!

To bury a Fly in a Sepulchre of Amber.

My desire to see took away my sight, as it fares with those who are suddenly taken with a killing beauty, or gaze upon the Sun. *Herb. Travels.*

——I plead guilty to unworthiness, and all the imperfections you can throw upon youth or haste.

None can think so ill of me, as I do of my self, the rather, that your pardon may flow freely, and work a kind of miracle upon me, in raising my dead thoughts to life. ——Disco-

——— Discovering my self nakedly, to my very thoughts.

Be pleased therefore with your natural benignity, to admit into your peaceful solitude this——a blessing, which the Author (alas!) dares not promise to himself, since by himself he is judged unworthy, and by others incapable of it. *Cressy.*

I'le rather doubt an Oracle, than question what you deliver.

I will lead you through no more extravagancies, lest your intreated patience turn into exotick passion. *Herb. Trav.*

You have endeavored to make *A.* the Foyl, that should set off your brightness, and yet you prove but the cloud that darkens her light.

To Sail in the *Ægean Sea.* i. *to be incumbred with difficulties.*

He (being a man of an early, as well as of an implacable malice) did—

A. was an Actor in that Tragedy, yet laid the blame on *B.* as the Cuckow lays her brood in other nests.

I will at length put an end to this tedious (but that it is so necessary) a discourse—

This (if passion and interest do not interpose) will satisfie—

In the strength of this well-meaning, and holy kind of Error, which he incur'd (if any error may well deserve so indulgent a name) he did—

——Driven too too hastily on by the impulse of a kind of inordinate humility. Sir *Tob. Mat.*

This which I promise shall be performed) upon the price of being otherwise accounted an Infidel)—

Let me thrive as my intents are honest.

When I compared that kind of descant with my plain song, I found—

Such

Such, who have been cast over-board from Grace, into the storm and tempest of a sinful life, may yet, &c.

Intellectuals and Morals, I count but as the simples of the Soul.

—To such (if any be) I heartily wish a *proculite.*

In these times (wherein the Tongue and Press assume so luxurious a latitude)——

He came (as the *Italian* says) *à buóna luna*, in a hour, or happy time.

A *Cavallo*, *A Cavallo.* In Post haste.

Give me leave to fear (and I heartily wish it may be a causless and mistaken fear) that——

For divisions (I speak it with deep of sadness) he need not——

——Taking this result of —— as an opiate to allay the fumes of all our Distempers. *Montagu.*

——Carried away with the Whirld-wind of Ambition.

It did (after the manner of the *Tartar's* Bowe) shoot back from whence it came. *Bacon.*

The amazed Sun hid his Face behind a Mask of Clouds.

Be not too indulgent to your folly.

I cannot cloth my thoughts in better Languague.

The nights black mantle over-spreads the Sky.

Your language is more dubious than an Oracle.

—— Then, when the Morns fair Cheek had not yet lost her Tears.

Words are airy shades; they are deeds that please.

Your heart is not confederate with your tongue.

Night clad in black, mourns for the loss of day.

The face is the Index of the mind.

I am but coffin to my cares.

As not by my assent, so neither by my silence, must I have any hand in the Midwifery of so monstrous productions.

I will out-toyl the day for your content.

I listned for that string, and you have touch'd it.

——— (Affairs being drawn to the very dregs of malice.)—

They are divided to so high a rivalry, as—

By exquisite methods of cunning and cruelty, I must be compelled first to follow the Funerals of my honor, and then be destroyed. *Icon. Basil.*

I am content so much of my heart should be discovered to the world, without any of those dresses or popular captations, which some men use in their Speeches and Expresses.

The highest Tyde of success sets me not above a treaty, nor the lowest Ebb below a fight.

A little leven of new distaste, doth commonly sowre the whole lump of former merits. *Bacon. Hen. 7.*

These lines (the weak and feminine issue of my sick and distempered age.)—

But above all remember (and let this be still riveted in your thoughts) the time—

A Christian mans care ought to begin and end in the circle of himself—*Tu tibi primus & ultimus.*

Give me leave to unbreast the secrets of my thoughts to you.

He undertakes to correct *Magnificat.*

——— The Fates of whose House they seem with great affection to espouse, and think with their bladders to buoy up his sinking Ship. *Nahash redivivus,*

With unblushing importunity.

Sooner shall the Seas ebbing and flowing for

forſake the Moons courſe, then ———

But (the better to enliven our Diſcourſe with examples)

My underſtanding's not ſo fraught with prejudice, nor acquainted with uncouth evaſions, as to ———

———The trees are widowed of their leaves.

———That Ember-week-face of thine.

——Paſſed over, like great King *Xerxes* in a Scul'er.

Thou bringeſt ſtraw to *Aphraim*.

To doubt of——— is an effeminacy of belief.

Ex abundanti amoris; out of the ſurpluſage of love.

—Sucking her ſweet breath, determined in himſelf there had been no life to a Cameleons, if he might be ſuffered to enjoy that food.

A little wealth ſhall ſuffice, to put me in ſafeguard againſt the accidents of a neceſſitous life.

Surfetting in the pride of his full content.)

If I ſatisfie you, I ſatisfie my ſelf, deſiring the one, becauſe I wiſh for the other.

The promiſe is great, but the performance ſhall be no leſs.

His rudeneſs was interpreted plainneſs, though there be great difference between them.

I will not leave a mark in my ſelf of an unredeemable treſpaſs.

I with as much confidence as neceſſity, flie to you, who have always had your determinations bounded with equity.

The abortive iſſue of my Wit.——

——— That moves not within the Zodiack of my expectation.

It hath turn'd my Cordials into Corroſives.

———Seeing the glory of the Sun to obſcure the leſſer Lamp of reputation.

———Which alone was the center of her felicity.

———Sealed by your ſolemn proteſtation, which is the *non ultra* of aſſurance. Thi

This is a Syllogiſme of the fourth Figure; abſurd and ridiculous.

Get thee to bed, the caſements of thine eyes are ſhut, impriſoning their dear light.

Heaven has made your memory too humble; thus to record your creatures ſervice.

———Proteſting that the period of his obedience, ſhould be the end of his life.

———Which the unſeaſonable ſins of theſe ſeaſons, make ſo ſeaſonable.

———Men, who leave the fountains of the living waters, and take themſelves to Ciſterns of their own digging.

I have by diligent ſearch found out *Ariadne*'s thread, to winde you out of the perplexed Mazes of a ſubtile *Dædalus*.

———Your eyes (though now perhaps dimm'd with ignorance, or blood-ſhotten with paſſion) ſhall plainly diſcern———

——He left the rude lump of his begun projects to be licked over with the induſtry of———

I have Sacred this Offertory of my thoughts to you.

———Perſons, whom the conſcience of their guilt hurries on to deſpair.

If the happy *Dæmon* of *Ulyſſes* direct not the wandring Planet of my Wit within the decent Orb of wiſdom (my ſtammering Pen ſeeming far overgone with ſuperfluity of phraſe) yet———

———As delightful, as the delays of parting Lovers.

Gond.

) Many Moneths are now paſt, ſince my heart hath increaſed the number of your Vaſſals. *Strat.*

I ſpeak this, but *en paſſant.*

To finiſh the Sacrifice of your intemperate cruel y.

My

——My Pen hath been redundant, as to due measure, but very ſcanty as to matter.

When corruption of manners had raviſh'd away the worlds virginity, and turn'd men from fervently devout into a churliſh and penurious tepidity; then was it that——

Though your goodneſs rejects no emanation of a great affliction, yet——

——Which are the *Paſſe-temps* of your ſevereſt hours.

——I had rather your vertue ſhould bluſh, than my unthankfulneſs make me aſhamed. Dr *Taylor.*

——There's a power in your acceptance to make plainneſs a faſhion——

I am ready to receive Law from you, whenſoever by the leaſt Syllable of your bleſſed Lips, or Pen, you ſhall pleaſe to impoſe it.

——At ſuch time as your ſilent authority gave me leave to want better employment, this trifle (which now begs to live a Shrub under the ſecure ſhade of your Patronage) was ſin'd into Engliſh *Hymens Præludia.*

——Let any man (who has not his ſenſes ſodden in *Trapezuntius* his temper) Judge——

——'Twas at the dawning of the Morn, about that mongrel hour, which gotten betwixt night and day, is half an *Ethiop* and half white. *Paſtor Fido*

I ſling my ſtone at this Giant, and I hope, hit him.

INSTRU-

INSTRUCTIONS FOR Writing & Addreſsing LETTERS.

IN wr'ting Letters there may be four things regarded: The *Invention*, the *Faſhion*, or inditing (as we call it,) the *Hand-writing*, and the *Orthographie*; though the two firſt are moſt conſiderable.

Invention ariſeth from your buſineſs, whereof there can be no Rules of more certainty, or Precepts of better Direction given, than conjecture may lay down of the ſeveral occaſions of all mens particular lives and vocations. But ſometimes men make buſineſs of kindneſs; As, *I could not ſatisfie my ſelf, till I had diſcharged my remembrance, and charged my Letters with commendations to you: My buſineſs is no other, but to teſtifie my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingneſs to do you any ſervice*: Or, *have you leaſure to deſcend to the remembrance of that aſſurance you have long had in me; and upon your next opportunity to make me happy with any imployment, you ſhall aſſign me, &c.* Or ſuch like words, which go a begging for ſome meaning and labour to be delivered of the great Burthen, Nothing.

When

When you have invented, if your buſineſs be matter, and not bare form; not meer ceremony, but of ſome concern: Then you are to proceed to the ordering it, and digeſting the parts, which is ſought out of two circumſtances: One is the underſtanding the perſon to whom you write; the other is the coherence of the matter: For mens capacity and delight, you are to weigh what will be apprehended firſt with greateſt attention and pleaſure, what next regarded and longed for eſpecially, and what laſt will leave moſt ſatisfaction, and as it were, the ſweeteſt reliſh and memorial of all that is paſt in his underſtanding to whom you write.

For the conſequence of Sentences, you muſt ſee that every clauſe do as it were give the cue to the other, and ſeem to be ſpoken ere it came; Order and coherence in writing being that fire of *Promethe-us*, without which all our works would appear inanimate.

Now for *Faſhion*, it conſiſts in four qualities of your Stile. The firſt is *Brevity*, For Letters muſt not be Treatiſes or Diſcourſes, except it be among learned men, and even with thoſe there is a kind of thrift and ſaving of words You are therefore to examine the cleareſt paſſages of your underſtanding, and through them convey the ſweeteſt and moſt ſignificant *Engliſh* words you can deviſe, that you may the eaſier teach them the readieſt way to another mans fancy, and to pen it fully, ſmoothly, and diſtinctly; ſo as the Reader may not think a ſecond view caſt away upon your Letters. In effect, the goodneſs of words is, as the foundation of all *Eloquence*, and he ſaid well, who compared them to garments, that were invented for neceſſity, yet did alſo ſerve for ornament.

But though reſpect be a part after this, yet muſt

I here remember it. If you write to a perſon, with whoſe condition and humor you are well acquainted, you may be the bolder to ſet a Task to his Brain. If to your Superior, you are bound to meaſure in him three further Points: Firſt, your *Intereſt* in him: Secondly, his *Capacity* of your Letters: Thirdly, his *Leaſure* to peruſe them. For your *Intereſt* or favour with him, you are to be the ſhorter or longer, more familiar or ſubmiſs, as he will afford you time. For his *Capacity*, you are to be quainter, or fuller of thoſe reaches or glances of Wit or Learning, according to his comprehenſion. For his *Leaſure*, you are commanded to the greater brevity, as his place is of greater diſcharges and cares. With your betters, you are not to put Riddles of Wit, by being too niggardly of your words, nor to cauſe the trouble of making Breviats, by writing too copiouſly, or waſtingly.

Brevity is commonly attain'd by avoiding idle Complements, Prefaces, Proteſtations, long Parentheſes, Supplications, wanton Circuits of Figures and Digreſſions, by Compoſition, omitting Conjunctions, *Not onely but alſo, the one and the other, where by it comes to paſs*, &c. and ſuch like Particles, that have no great buſineſs in a ſerious Letter; By breaking off Sentences; as oftentimes a ſhort journey is made long by many Baits. But as *Quintilian* ſaith, There is a briefneſs of the parts ſometimes, that makes the whole long; As, *I came to the Stairs, I took a pair of Oares, they lanched out, Rowed apace, I Landed at* Weſtminſter, *I paid my Fare, went to the Parliament Houſe, asked for a Member, I was admitted* All, this is, but *I went to* Weſtminſter *and ſpake with my friend.*

Under this Notion ſomewhat may be ſaid of

of *Periods*, which ought not to be too long, nor ye too ſhort. *QUO MAGIS VIRTUS EO MAGIS MEDIETAS.* All vertue conſiſts in a certain Geometrical mediocrity, equally diſtant from exceſs and default. Some Writers have preſcribed a *Period* not to exceed that length which a man may well pronounce in a breath. There ought likewiſe to be a ſpecial regard had to the cadence of the words, that the whole contexture of the *Period* may yield a certain kind of harmony to the ear; for *Longinus* ſays, *The true ſounds and tones of Periods may be compared to a great Feaſt made up of many diſhes.*

The next property of Epiſtolary Style, is, *Perſpicuity*, which is not ſeldom endangered by the former quality. *Brevity*, oftentimes by affectation of ſome wit, or oſtentation of ſome hidden terms of Art, is ill angled for; few words darken ſpeech, and ſo do too many; as well too much light hurts the eyes, as too little; and a long Bill of *Chancery* confounds the underſtanding as much as the ſhorteſt note. Therefore let not your Letter be open'd like an *Engliſh Statute*, and be ſure to avoid fungous words, and empty inflations; which may beſt be done by conſidering your buſineſs, and diſtinctly underſtanding your ſelf; and this will be much furthered by examining your thoughts, and expoſing them as well to the light and judgment of your own outward ſenſes, as to the cenſure of other mens ears. 'Tis for want of this conſideration that many good Scholars ſpeak but falteringly, like a rich Tradeſman that for want of parricular note and difference, can bring you no ware readily out of his ſhop. By this means talkative ſhallow perſons ſometimes content the hearers more than the wiſe. But this may find a ſpeedier redreſs in writing, where

all

all comes under the laſt examination of the Eyes. Firſt, mind it well, then pen it, then examine it, then mend it, and you may be in the better hope of writing accurately.

Under this virtue may come *Plainneſs*, which is, not to be too curious in the order; as to anſwer a Letter, as if you were to anſwer Interrogatories, *To the firſt, firſt; to the ſecond, ſecondly*; But in the method, to uſe, as Ladies do in their attire, a diligent kinde of negligence; *NON ENIM ELOQUENTIAM EX ARTIFICIO, SED ARTIFICIUM EX ELOQUENTIA NATUM*, ſays *Cicero*. And *Longinus* hath this excellent Obſervation, *That* Art *does then appear perfect, when ſhe can ſcarce be diſtinguiſh'd from* Nature *her ſelf*. And though with ſome men you are not to jeſt, or practiſe capricio's of wit, yet the delivery of the moſt weighty and important matter, may be carried with ſuch an eaſie grace, as it may tickle the fancy of the Reader, and yield a recreation to the Writer; as *Plato* obſerves, *lib. 6. de Legibus*.

There muſt be variety, but not exceſs of terms, and if you are to name *ſtore*, ſometimes you may call it *Choyce*, ſometimes *Plenty*, ſometimes *Copie*, or *Variety*; But ever ſo, as the word that comes in lieu, have no ſuch difference of meaning, as to put the ſenſe in hazard of being miſtaken.

You are not to caſt a ring for the perfumed moding terms of the time; as to *acquieſce, to eſpouſe an intereſt, to cajole, to incommode, to have a pique againſt one*, &c. but uſe them properly in their places, as others; matter and ſubſtance being preferrable before words or form. For, as a modern *French* Author ſayes, *The moſt excellent words without ſolidity of matter, are no more conſiderable, than the burſt*

of a Cannon, without Ball, which makes a great noiſe, but does no execution. Beſides, a vain curioſity of words hath ſo much ſcandalized ſome Philoſophers, that *Seneca* (in one of his Epiſtles) ſays, Had it been poſſible to make himſelf underſtood by ſignes, he would rather ſerve himſelf of them, than of diſcourſe, to the end, he might the better avoid all manner of affectation. Whereunto may pertinently be ſubjoyned thoſe excellent lines of Mr. *Hobbs* (in his anſwer to Sir *W.ll. Davenants* Preface) in theſe words: *As the ſenſe we have of bodies, conſiſts in change and variety of impreſſion: ſo alſo does the ſenſe of language in variety and changeable uſe of words: I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travel, but in the new (and withal ſignificant) tranſlation to our purpoſes, of thoſe that he already received, and in far-fetch'd (but withal apt, inſtructive and comely) ſimilitudes.*

There follows *Life*, which is the ſtrength and ſinews (as it were) of your ſtyle, by pretty ſayings, ſimilitudes and conceits, alluſions, ſome known Hiſtory or other Common-place, ſuch as are in the Second Book of *Tully de Oratore*. And (if we may credit *Hermogenes*) a moderate interlacing of Verſe among Proſe, is not without its gentilneſs.

But too great a mixture of other Languages in your ſtyle, ſome (and thoſe of the more Learned) have compared to a party-colour'd Coat, made up of ſeveral pieces of Stuff; others to *Anacreons* Swan, which had neither blood, fleſh, nor bone.

The fourth is *Reſpect*, to diſcern what befits your ſelf, him to whom you write, and the matter you treat of, which is a quality fit to conclude the reſt, becauſe it does include the reſt; and that muſt proceed from ripeneſs of judgement, which (as an Author truly ſays) is gotten by four ways, by the gift of God,

by

by Nature, diligence, and converſation; ſerve the firſt well, and the reſt will ſerve you.

In the cloſe of your Letter you muſt by all means endeavor to come off handſomly, by avoiding thoſe trite and overworn Concluſions, *Thus I reſt*, *So I remain*, *Thus I take my leave*, &c. and by taking riſe from the next precedent matter of your Letter, make your ſubſcription appendant thereto.

For the *Hand-writing*, if you attain not to perfection, it ought at leaſt to be legible, and the matter fairly written, and truely pointed, with *Comma*, (,) *Colon* (:) *Semicolon* (;) *Period* (.) *Parentheſis* ( ) *Interrogation* (?) and *Admiration* (!) points, as the matter requires.

Apoſtrophe's are now alſo much in uſe, which is only a cutting off a Syllable or Vowel, *for brevity ſake*, as *lov'd*, *mov'd*, for *loved*, *moved*; *'tis*, *that's*, for *it is*, *that is*, and the like.

The laſt is the *Orthography*, or true writing of words, which though not much valued by ſome, yet) I hold a quality ſo incident to a good Pen-man, that he cannot be ſaid to be perfect in that faculty, without it; nor do I believe one of ten, even among Scholars well skil'd therein. And of theſe I ſhall offer you ſome few nice examples, of many more, which might be added.

NI or NISI, *leſt*, as *leſt* ſuch a thing ſhould happen: is without an a. MINIMUS the *leaſt* in quantity.

Perdo to *loſe*, as to *loſe* ones money, with a ſingle o, Solvo to *looſe*, or unty.

A *Herd* of Deer, not ſpell'd with an a, as *heard* from (*Audio*) is. And a *Deer*, as *Fera*, a Buck or *Do*, not with an a, as *dear*, from *charus* a *deaf* friend.

Rite or Cuſtom (ritus) *Right* or juſt (æquum) a *Wheelwright* (rotifex) to *write* (ſcribo.)

A *shoot* or young sprig; a *suit* of clothes, to *sute* with my occasions. And so to *shout* for joy.

A *Message* or a house, differs from a *Message* or Errand sent by one.

To *Cite* or summon. *Site* of a late Castle or house, or the place where it stood; *scite* (SCITUM) or an Ordinance or Edict; *sight* (VISUS) as the sight of the eye.

Meat which we eat; and to *mete* or measure, &c.

So (sic) or even *so*; to *sow* (*Semino*) as we do corn, and to *sew*, as women do with a needle.

Prey (præda) as a Hawks *prey*, differs from to *pray* or beg (*precor.*)

To *raign* (as a King does) to *rain* or showr down water; the *reins* of the back; the *rain* of a bridle; all of like sound, but differently written.

An *eare* of corn; the *eare* wherewith we hear; a *year* (annus) consisting of 12 moneths; *ere* while, or *ere* it be long.

LET-

LETTERS.

I.

To revive Friendship in the Son; by remembrance of the Fathers love.

SIR,

AS worth is not confin'd to place; so not the affection of friends to presence: your excellent deserts command my respects where ever your absence draws these following salutes, as the testimonies of my esteems and well-wishes. In your noble Father I lost a worthy Friend. in you I finde him again: You no less inherit his goodness, than estate; this entitles me your neighbour, that makes his loves lineal and sure; and as neither with decrease, so both to the augmentation of my acknowledgements; The power of my Friend is a shelter and joy, his faithfulness my security, yet I love for worth, not profit. This name of *Friendship* I grant is spreadly appellative, but the thing it self as rare in experience, as loud in vogue. Your Fathers love I enjoy'd in calm times, I prove yours in the tempests of Fortune. My confidence assures me, he would not have fail'd the Test, my tryal proves

you do not; a certainty that precludes doubt, and no leſs obliges my proportion'd gratitude. It were eaſie now (Sir) to ſay, were you under my Stars, I would be the ſame I finde you; I would ſo, nay, ſhould hate my ſelf, did I feel but an inclination to the contrary. Yet all this evinces no more, than what you pleaſe to believe; Profeſſions and Performances are not the ſame; what I would be, will not ſurmount conjecture; your nobleneſs ſhews it ſelf in effect irrefragable. I know nothing can make me truly miſerable, but my ſelf; and as well I know and feel in lowring times, how conſolatory is the countenance of a real friend; ſuch your beſt ſelf, to whom I ſhall always ſubſign my ſelf, Sir,

A moſt humble Servant,
D. W.

II.

Complement.

SIR,

A Great Philoſopher complain'd, that the Fabrick of mans Body was defective; For (ſaid he) Nature ſhould have made a window in the Breaſt; by which we might look into the bottom of his Heart, to ſee, when he ſpeaks, whether his words be conform to the dictates of his Heart, and whether that which we ſee without, have an uniform relation to that within. Truſt me (Sir) though I quarrel not with Nature in this kind, yet I wiſh my Breaſt tranſparent, that you might ſee in what deep characters your affection is engraven in my Heart, and how really I am (what you have made me) Sir,

Your moſt faithful Servant,
T. B.

III. *Ac-*

III.

Acknowledgement.

SIR,

I Have long ſtudied an Acknowledgement in ſome ſort anſwerable to your many Favours, but Fortune has dealt ſo ſparingly with me, that I (who have moſt deſire) am leaſt able to ſhew my remerciaments, otherwiſe than by a courſe Paper-preſent; yet I wiſh I could erect ſome laſting Monument, that might ſpeak your worth and my engagements, whereby, after-times might know that, though I had not ability to requite, yet I had a heart to be thankful, which ſhall always pronounce me,

Sir,

Your moſt obliged Friend and Servant,

T. B.

IV.

Another.

THough my Acquaintance with you, for time and converſation, has had the misfortune to be but ſmall, yet is my experience of your excellent Worth both full and ſatisfied, even to admiration. With ſome natures, I confeſs, much Salt is to be eaten, before judgement can be prudentially ſetled; Others like the Sun, or Light, have power to blazon themſelves in a moment: This excellency ſeems to ſhine in your nobler Conſtitution; and this commands my ſo ſudden eſteem and affections. Sir, you have then a ſervant, but he wants power to expreſs how much he is ſo; If I ſay, all I am, is at your

devotion, 'tis not all I am ready to perform, becauſe deſire and readineis ſurpaſs in me my too much limited abilities. You ſee then your creature and inſtrument expects but your pleaſure for operation, as far as he is apt, yet ſome offices he will undertake uncommanded, (*viz.*) his dayly Oraiſons for your good, chiefly that which is ſoveraign; In which to make him more active, your conſent and call ſhall be the welcom'd employment the world can lay upon him. Future occaſions may enlarge my expreſſions; I ſhall now content my ſelf, that I have preſumed to ſalute you with theſe generals, whom I have devoted my ſelf to honour in all particulars. Now let me thank you for all received favours, for thoſe immerited regards that began my obligations, and continue my gratitude; for your late kinde token, which was of multiplied value drawn from the ſender. If theſe finde acceptance, and their preſumption pardon, 'twill animate him hereafter not to be ſilent, that ſhall live by being, if he may be (as he would) Sir,

Intirely yours,
D. W.

V.

To excuſe ſilence.

Madam,

MY teeming hopes have been fed even with an aſſurance, that *London* ſhould e're this have been made happy with your preſence, elſe I had not thus long hazarded the loſs of your good opinion by my ſilence; ſince I confeſs to owe a debt to your goodneſs, which all the reſpect and ſervice

ſervice my poor abilities are able to perform, can never throughly ſatisfie. I beg, at preſent, but a continuance of your favours towards me; and (becauſe I know you juſt) ſhall onley expect them hereafter according to the meaſure of my ſervices, which I have faithfully devoted to your beſt ſelf, in quality of

Madam,

Your Vertues humble honourer,

T. B.

VI.

From a Gentleman (baniſhed the Lines of Communication) to a Lady in London.

Madam,

IF I could decline the thought of a neceſſity of being here, and believe this *Baniſhment* to be a voluntary retirement, I ſhould account my ſelf extreamly happy; for here we freely enjoy thoſe felicities ſo much ſought for in *London*, the freſh air, and ſinging of the Nightingale; yet I muſt confeſs I begin to be ſatiated with theſe ſolitary pleaſures, not ſo ſutable with my diſpoſition, as the converſation of my friends; and could willingly exchange the company of Birds and Beaſts, for the ſociety of Men. But pardon me (*Madam*) it was not my intention to trouble you with what I do or ſuffer, or to wiſh you where I would not be my ſelf; but to beſeech you to retain a memory of me, till I am reſtor'd to the honour of kiſſing your hands; a happineſs daily deſired by

Madam,

The humbleſt of your Servants.

VII.

A second Salutation, upon the miscarriage of a former Letter.

SIR,

I Addreſs'd my ſalutes before, but hear they miſcarried. The labour to repeat them is not burthenſome; yet leſt their loſs might bring you into ſuſpition, that I was as ſilent as their miſcarriage makes me ſeem, I adde theſe to try better fortune; in which, if more happy, they know their errand, to preſent me and my loves to your devotion. If they ſtammer in their delivery, they beſt expreſs my ſelf, who (ſurcharg'd by your deſerts) muſt conceive more obligation, ſmother more affection, than I can utter. You can mend both by the clearneſs of a candid interpretation, till both are able to be more articulate and plain; None can better expound Gratitude, than he who moſt merits it. Sir, I forget not the delights of your ingenious Converſations, thoſe ſweet (but too ſhort) moments of my Contents. I remember your ready Favours, your real Endearments, I remember all, and for all am thankful. Will you have more? More than this you cannot, I am (what I am)

Sir,

Very much yours,

D. W.

VIII.

An Answer to a Letter of Kindness.

Most honored Cosen,

THe great measure of content I received at your being here, and since that, the favour to be the unworthy object of your remembrance, makes me even proud of my own happiness. The truth is, I wish no other heaven upon earth, than always to enjoy your presence, that the influence of your many vertues may create in me some kinde of goodness. But since there must needs be a separation, excuse it I beseech you, if in this homely manner, I present you with the service and best affection of him that is,

Most happy in your acknowledgement,
T. B.

IX.

Passionate affection.

Madam,

SInce that very hour, wherein Fortune made me happy in your knowledge, next after God, I neither have love, care, hope, nor contentment, but for you: The day yields up all my thoughts, as a tribute to your memory, and the night (which was made to arrest the agitations of Spirit) never removes the remembrance of you from my heart; over which, as you have already gain'd an absolute dominion, so shall it yield you a constant Sacrifice of an affection, which shall be permanent, as the Being of,

Madam,

Your most devoted Servant, T. B.

X.

From a Commander to his Miſtriſs.

Madam,

THough I have lately been brought even to the Confines of Deaths Kingdom, yet I retain ſo much ſtrength, as to tell you I am alive; and muſt crave leave to renew that proteſtation, which I have heretofore ſo often made, not to be willing to live but for your ſervice. The ſcars of war in ſome ſort reſemble the wounds of love, ſince, thoſe which I received, have not at all diminiſh'd the deſire I had to ſerve my Religion; and theſe, which you gave me, have increas'd that paſſion to honour you, which reigns within my Soul. My hand has not ſtrength enough to write more, and its weakneſs may ſerve as a proof of my affection, which ſhall be always greater than my power, as the effects of my obedience ſhall ever be leſs than my devotion to ſerve you, all days of my life, in quality of

Madam,

The deareſt lover of your beſt ſelf.

XI.

Of Conſolation.

Noble Madam,

I Have received your gracious Lines, of which, I make a Jewel; becauſe both in themſelves good, as alſo becauſe I take them not to be common. For theſe are the conditions, that upon moſt things, ſet a value; But could thoſe be wanting, yet would they

they not want a high rate, had they no other vertue, than the coming from you; If their kindneſs to me had been accompanied with the characters of your own more wiſhed Fortunes, they had by far, been more contentful: whereas now, as they tell me, I have a friend; they at the ſame view add, ſhe's far leſs happy than I could wiſh her; Thus the ſame ſyllables make the ſame thoughts at once, both happieſs and fortunate. But, *Madam*, as the news general, and your particular, ſhare both in malignity, becauſe both bad; ſo, I hope yours at leaſt is at the worſt; and by ſequel upon amendment; and hopes of better is always a fair point of good fortune, which to make more ſure, you to your ſelf will not (I hope) be wanting. There was a Philoſpher ſaid, that *each one was the framer of his own Fate*; and I am partly of his Sect, at leaſt ſo far as I believe no fate ſo bad; but 'tis in the power of the ſufferer to make it (if not good) better. And ſo *Madam* (I hope) will both your wiſdom and vertue endeavour; and this by ſolid grounds and ways, without which the reſt will be labour in vain. The task you have ſet me to this end (to wit) my prayers, I both daily have, do, and will perform; and if a partner in misfortunes might leſſen the burthen, as ſome have thought, I cannot be without my part in yours. Nor, wer't in my power, ſhould your Ladiſhip be a moment without better comforts. But I leave this ſad ſtrain till fitter opportunity, and reſt,

Madam,

Your Ladiſhips humble ſervant,

D. W.

XII.

A Paſsionate Letter of Affection.

My ineſtimable Jewel,

THe long continuance of all things (my infinite love to you excepted) does by little and little decay them: but 'tis my pride, that each gray hair time adds to the affection I bear you (which again I pronounce infinite) brings an inclination to a ſecond infinity, and remains the onely excuſable dotage now extant, turning my preſent ſolitary life to one of much buſineſs; for always to think of you, I eſteem my buſineſs, my faith, my every thing. Your conſtancy can never finde out a greater, than mine; for 'tis a vaſt one, and ſhall out-laſt all things about it: Therefore look that yours be as true Marble, as you will otherwiſe anſwer the utter undoing of

Madam,

Your truly, truly, truly,
conſtant Servant.

XIII.

To a Landlord in behalf of his Tenants.

Moſt honored Sir,

TO move you to juſtice, were in ſome ſort to conclude you guilty of injuſtice, and to requeſt your pity in behalf of your poor and long oppreſs'd Tenants, were to proclaim you hard-hearted againſt them; but experience tells me you are free from both, and your own works pronounce your worth.

Onely

Onely thus much I am bold to beg of you, that the falſe Informations of *A. B. C. D.* and others, of broken Credits, as well as Eſtates, may not take place againſt theſe bearers, men of honour and good fortunes, and ſuch as I dare preſume will inform you of nothing but truth. In confidence whereof I aſſume the liberty to ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant.

XIV.

A ſecond Letter, upon a late acquaintance.

SIR,

AFter one Letter (long ſince ſent) and often enquiries, I have, at laſt, had the happineſs to hear of yonr ſafety and health. The Relator had an accidental View of you, and I a reall Comfort. I was once made fortunate by opportunity to enjoy your obliging Converſation, and engaged by your Noble Endearments, but this loſt, almoſt as ſoon as gained; ſo vaniſhing the chiefe Enjoyances of this fickle Life, ſo unlaſting thoſe Contents we eſteem moſt ingenuous and innocent. Sir, I have many tyes to bee yours, and not fewer misfortunes, that I may not bee ſo, as much as I would. But this is a world of croſſes, ſuch as, though it has pull'd many down, yet has it ſet others up in the ſtead: And this muſt be ſo, ſince without a croſs we cannot arrive our Crown. However, neither diſtance of place, nor intervall of time, can change thoſe reſpects to your noble ſelf, that took both root and

and date from our first interview. Affection grounded on vertue, must parallel it in content, or be injurious. Your true worth engaged me in ever-honouring esteems, and these I must be unworthy if I do recal. Nor are our immortal Souls so mensurated to place, but they can meet; though our duller clay be confin'd to the accident of commensuration; what they cannot perform by presence, by operation they can; remain where they live, and be where they love; in the circumference be dis-joyned, yet united in the center of Hearts, which is their Life and Being; and this is *God*. Here (Sir) was our first union, and here, I hope, nothing shall separate: yea, each flying moment of time draws to a more emboſoming nearness. Sir, when we parted, you enjoyned me to continue you in my best thoughts; This not to remember, I account to forget my self. That I am not banish'd your memory, one word from your Pen would not onely cherish and confirm, but honor and oblige,

Sir,

Your most devoted and humble Servant,

D. W.

XV.

To excuse silence, &c.

SIR,

WHat to you I know not, but to me it seems long, since my Pen presented my respects. 'Tis true, I wrote last, but this will not excuse; Gratitude makes my addresses due. When you salute, your salutes are pure favours: still oblige,

lige, never incur obligation. If then I have been too remiſs, I flye to the Aſyle of your pardon; and to render me more capable of it, give me leave to add this qualification: That not neglect, but fear to be troubleſome, cauſed the interval. *Eſt modus in rebus*---- I would obſerve duty, I hate to be unſeaſonable: He that can light on the Mean, attains the accompliſhment of Office; he that miſſes, may mean well, but is guilty of ſome defection towards an extream. But as that moral *Decorum* is the beauty of humane life; ſo a preciſe niceneſs with friends, has too much of ſcruple. Seemlineſs ſhould not be tranſgreſt, yet Friendſhip is not ſtern in her Laws. I may be bold with my ſelf, and next with my friend. Whom endearment makes mutual, love entitles to a latitude of honeſt action. Sir, that I bear the ſtile of your Friend, is the greateſt adjunct the world can make me happy in; I deſire no more ſplendor of honor, no relation to me ſo precious. My requeſt is, it may continue; my endeavour ſhall be to deſerve the continuance; not that I preſume I can deſerve it, but rather, that I hope, not by a voluntary guilt, to forfeit what you freely confer. Nor will you eaſily (your goodneſs is too conſtant) reject whom you have (with ſo much condeſcence) adopted. My reſolve is unchangeable to be,

Sir,

Ever, and moſt entirely your devoted Servant,

D. W.

XVI.

To a Mother.

Madam,

THis ſhort time of abſence makes me ſenſible of that great good which Nature gave me, when ſhe ordain'd you to be the Parent and me the Childe; for now I feel my ſelf deprived of thoſe joys, which your preſence was wont to afford me; now I want thoſe loveful Aſpects, wherewith your indulgent Eye was wont to ſolace me. In a word, I want all things, which an affectionate Mother did ever beſtow upon an undeſerving, yet dutiful childe; for ſuch is

T. B.

XVII.

To beg acquaintance.

SIR,

YOu may wonder at this boldneſs: but your worth animates it, and the fame I hope, will pardon what it cauſes. I have often heard of you, and once I ſaw you; and by the converſation of a few words, I perceiv'd plentifull evidence, that what I have heard of your merits, was anſwered in the truth. This your humility may reply, was too ſhort a time for experience. I grant it; but not to confirm what both the *Good* and *Wiſe* by repott had made credible, the ſenſes ſhould not be deceived, in their proper objects; and *Hearing* is a ſenſe as well as *Seeing*: and (if it follow the right Rules) perhaps

as

as little erring; chiefly if a rational hearing, to which I have some title by essence. Report the subject; that you are deserving, the reported this averr'd by wise men and good men, yea, all men that know you; which I must either believe or be irrational. Sir, the truth is, I am so fully perswaded of this verity, that I am truly ambitious of your more acquaintance; and that this may be by Pen, till more joyn'd aboads afford a presential intercourse. If your thoughts answer, no greater obligation can be laid upon

Sir,

Your most faithful Servant,
D. W.

XVIII.

In answer to a Complement.

SIR,

THat I live (though absent) thus fresh in your memory, I count my glory, and that you write to me, my happiness; which favours that I may seem in some measure to deserve, I address thee, not as satisfactory Acquittances (for such my weak merit, does not aim at) but as respective acknowledgments, which your greater goodness commands from me. I have now throughly both seen and felt the *Bath*, and as I finde my self nothing ameliorated in complection of face, or temperature of body; so is the dispotion of my minde to serve you nothing lessened, but does adequately increase, with the obligations of

Sir,

Your unalterable Servant,
T. B.

XIX.

A facetious Letter upon ſending a Chriſtmas Pye to a Friend.

SIR,

I Salute you with a poor Token, a Paſtry Bak'd-meat, as a Recognition of my Gratitude for your noble Entertainments, and not Entertainments only, but even Harbour in a puſh of neceſſity, which I conſtrue, to have multiplied the Courteſie to many degrees of height. Theſe to requite I confeſs my ſelf unable, and to forget as unwilling. The mean of both I undertake, that is, to greet you with my grateful and remembring Reſpects: which if you pleaſe to entertain in my ſenſe, it ſhall be interpreted a new added favour, and ſpeak me thankful. Grateful mindes can acknowledge what they cannot retribute, and this is both my fortune and meaning. Sir, that I may be ſome imperfect Index, or like the *Weſtminſter Tomb-ſhewer*, tell who or what lies here: You have, or ſhall finde in the center, a *Neats Tongue*, enpanched by a *Gooſe*; next both Tongue and Gooſe, like the Iſle of *Candia*, ſwallowed up by the Turk; Round theſe, ſome few other *Volatils*, as lookers on, and though not main Partizans, yet not unimbroyl'd in the danger, for their curioſity. At laſt comes fierce General *Cook*, and fortifies all (as he hopes) with a ſtrong Line of *Circumvallation*, and, having perfected his works, ſends the beſieged Captive to your beſt appetite, whereto they are left for triumph and conqueſt. Sir, now were it not for fear of making this our Poſt-paſte over tedious, and coming too near the heels

heels of time, I could ſo compare theſe Animals, or their Corps, that there might riſe upon their conditions both Emblems and Morals. But this facetenes I will leave to your ſelf and good company, to recreate and better your digeſtion with. What I chiefly deſire to hear in this point, is, that you have been merry in parting the fray; friendly accepted what was cordially meant; That you have vanquiſhed the *cruell Turk*, the *peeviſh Gooſe*, the *betraying Tongue*, the *wilde Pouline*, the *long-wos'd Woodcocks*; yea, that you have raz'd the very proud outwork to the ground. This done, I pray, you may conquer your worſe enemies, and number me in the Albe of

Your humble Servants,

W. D.

XX.

To excuſe Silence, and acknowledge paſt Favours.

SIR,

I Have long done you the ſervice, not to trouble you with my Lines, but durſt no longer purſue this method, leſt it might degenerate into the ſemblance of neglect. If Vertue (for her better practice be enthron'd 'twixt two Extreams, Writing (as an act of vertue) muſt alſo keep due diſtance with them; neither lean to importune frequency without leave, be benumb'd by the Lethargy of omiſſion. And you, whoſe favours have always engaged me yours, will believe my aims have no other end, than to be ſo, as well

well in forbearances as actions; provided I fail not as your votary, a crime I ſhould hate my ſelf to think I could be wicked enough to commit, and am ſure I never yet was. Sir, you have, I know, received my former Letter, and deigned the civility of receiving by it my humble gratitudes, for the liberalities it acknowledged. This will not ſo far encroach upon the Office of my better expreſſions, as to repent that duty, but muſt again and again pronounce me,

Sir,

Your grateful Servant,
W. D.

XXI.

A Letter of Thanks, &c.

Honored Sir,

I Have received your friendly Letter, and (by Proxie) your bounty: I am obliged by both, yet am I by you debar'd by pen, to anſwer either. You fetter me in the limits of ten lines, and theſe too muſt be ſilent of your ſelf, the beſt ſubject; I could obſerve your number, and yet be tedious; did I write ſhorthand, or would I imitate the Lawyers length of a Chancery Bill. But I will not force a double ſenſe of your ſincerity. What you will not have in Paper, ſhall warm my breaſt, thoſe grateful thoughts, and unfeign'd devotions, that vow and maintain me,

Sir,

Your ever moſt affectionate ſervant,
D. W.

XXII.

To a Lady upon her weaving Hair-bracelets.

Madam,

LAſt night when I found you in a pretty harmleſs employment, weaving Hair-bracelets, you commanded me to make you ſome Poeſies for that purpoſe, which I told you was a work fitter for Poets and men of wit, than for me, whoſe Cabinet enſhrines no ſuch Treaſure; yet (Madam) that you may ſee what a ſupremacy of power you have over all my faculties, I ſend you theſe incloſed; if any of which prove worth your uſe, the compoſure muſt be aſcribed to the vertue of your Commands, rather than to any Skill of mine, which as I diſclaim to have, out of a juſt ſenſe of my own imperfections; ſo, muſt I always ſubſcribe my ſelf (out of a like ſenſe of your worth)

Madam, *Your moſt devoted Servant,*

T. B.

Qui eſt tout de Cœur, n'a point de langue.
Qui dedit, ſe dedit.
A ſe convertitur in ſe.
Nec fallit, nec fallitur.
Unus: una: unum.
Lo que ſe ſabe ſentir, ſe ſabe dezir.

Wear this (dear heart) and prove as true
In faith to me, as I to you.

This gift ſhall tell you, that I do
Love you alone, and none but you.

Dally not, but do it.

No

No heart more true,
Then mine to you.

If you love, my love content you;
For all love, all Faith is ment you.

Cupid has bound me by this band,
To be your ſervant at command.

I finde it true, though you are gon,
That Love makes perfect union.

XXIII.

Complaining of Abſence.

Madam,

IF I could finde out words to expreſs the language of my heart, I ſhould then be able to demonſtrate how little I enjoy my ſelf, whileſt I am abſent from you, in whom all my joys and all my felicities are ſo wealthily ſumm'd up; that as I live by none but you, ſo, were it as much in my power as deſires, I ſhould never be abſent from you; But ſince Fate has thus decreed a ſeparation, I beſeech you let nothing make you forget him, who always remembers you, in quality of

Madam,

Your greateſt Admirer.
T. B.

XXIV.

In answer to one that congratulated our arrival in the Countrey.

SIR,

THat you congratulated our well-coming to *G.* was so necessary for us, and so great a mark of kindness in you, that I believe without your good prayers, we had taken up our quarters on Saturday night in the Forrest, where we were benighted (a sad thing to think on) and lost our way; But being (as I say) arrived here, by the help of God, and your best wishes, I finde little subject for envy in our enjoyments, not a *Deer* being left in the Park, nor a *Kid* in season, (unless a wooden one) not a *Walk* dry enough for a Spanish-leather shooe; and, I am sure, you will not envy us a little fresh air, since we have paid so dear for it, by the fatigues of a long journey. Trust me (Sir) these things (however you value them) bend my thoughts towards *London*, and the rather, in respect of your dear self, to whom I am (by manifold obligations)

An affectionate humble servant,
T. B.

XXV.

Upon the late Commotions.

SIR,

HAd not *Pythagoras* excepted our Terrestriall Orbe, when he asserted the Orbes harmonious; this Age had clearly confuted him. For how musical soever those higher are; this I am

ſure ſounds nothing but harſh Diſcords, and ſo loud, we cannot but hear them; ſo unpleaſant, that the di diſcompoſes quiet minds. The way to eaſe our ſelves is hard, yet not impoſſible: but what is it? 'tis this, *To elevate our abode: To compoſe our own interior.* He that enjoys intim Peace, is not open to extern broils: they may beat the out ſide, but cannot enter; batter the walls of fleſh and blood, but the Citadel of reaſon is ſafe; and, if reaſon ſway, we flye up to manſions indiſturb'd. We are all Citizens of the lower World, I grant, muſt with its good; may deplore it's evils; Yet our own private welfare ought to be to us moſt precious. This were a Paradox with Politicians (if not well gloſſed) and ſo I allow it (each part was made for the whole.) But our Placite ſtill ſtands; and ſtands in this: each mortal is neareſt to himſelf. My own preſervation leſſens not my contribution to the Publike, muſt I be, or I cannot be able? I muſt be able, or I cannot aid it. Of Aids, there is more than one ſort. All were not fram'd for the ſame function, or influence. The Martial blade, and bullet has it's office; ſo policy military, theſe we leave to the ſons of *Mars*.

Yet we have our duty too; and this is Piety. Piety firſt calms it's own *Lares*; then becomes inſtrumental to others reconcilement. When Heaven ſees me at peace within, I am approved, fit to pacifie. To complain of exteriour commotions, and my ſelf to be torn by the diſorder of my own Paſſions, is an improper addreſs, a mediation ineffectual. It was well dream't by *Scipio*, when he ſaid; As the intelligences guided (by a regular Order) the upper Spheres, ſo ought our intellectual Powers govern our own little World. Where the ſuperior portion of the Soul obeys the Divine Laws, and the part irrational aquieſces to the minde, in the minde (an a

all men) resounds a harmony far surpassing *Pythagorean* accents. Ah! (my friend) were mental and private tumults appeas'd, the civil would cease, and whilest these (with you and I) are setled, the civil cannot annoy us. A compos'd Soul miseries may try, cannot disorder. Whilest others then, fight for earth, and purple it with native blood, let us aspire higher enterprises: pray for their peace, secure our own. Let us fix our thoughts where ambition reaches not, where War embroils not, where tranquility eternally triumphs. Thus shall we offer our selves a piacular sacrifice before the high Altar of God, in our own condition acceptable, in alien behoof not despised, the incessant vows, of Sir,

Your most devoted servant,
W. D.

XXVI.

ANSWER.

SIR,

YOu have given us, (who are indeed Terrestrial Cosmopolites) most excellent Prescriptions, for the composure and regiment of the Inward Man in these times of fluctuation, whereby those that are at war within themselves, may know how to seek, and where to finde a lasting peace, a peace with truth and endless repose, and those that are at peace may learn to settle the Souls *Militia* in an unconquerable posture *of defence* against the *Common Enemy*: In a word, there's a Volume of rich Apothegms abridg'd into the Compendium of your Letter; Heavens make my Breast a fit Repository for such Treasure But in conclusion, you evidence the vertue of self-abnegation to be one part of the *Cargazon* of your ship; For you

ſtill work with the old Perſpectives, by ſerving your ſelf of a diminiſhing Glaſs, when you mention your own perfections; and of one, that multiplies, when you make the Mole-hills of your friends qualities (if any were) to ſeem Mountains. Alas! what is my plain ſong, if compar'd with your heavenly deſcant; *Majores majora canunt.* It muſt content me to contemplate you in a higher Orbe, whileſt I lye mudling here below, even

Sir,

The humbleſt of your ſervants,
T. B.

XXVII.

To a Lady, upon her leaving the City.

Madam,

EVer ſince you left *London*, all joys and good fortune have left us, the heavens have not ceaſed to ſhed continual † tears for your abſence, and *Mars* has frown'd upon all our undertakings; nor can we hope to receive good news, or enjoy fair weather, till the rays and vertue of your preſence return hither, to uncloud the watry element, and uncharm the fortune of war. Whilſt in this ſadneſs, I was ſtudying what might render my lines worthy your acceptance, the encloſed arrives with the much wiſh'd for news of------ And if this prove in any meaſure an Antidote to prevent the contagion of ſadder thoughts, which theſe times are apt to adminiſter, I ſhall enjoy the height of my ambition, which holds no title in competition with that of

Madam,

Your humble ſervant, T. B.

† *It was a time of great rain.*

XXVIII. T

XXVIII.

To excuse the not taking leave, and to acknowledge received Favours.

SIR,

BEfore I left *London*, I did endeavour to have given my personal attendance upon your noble self, with an address of thankfulness for your generous favours and free entertainments: But this devoir (by your abs[e]ring occasions) being frustrate; I am forced upon Pen-supply. Wherein yet the most I can express to the purpose, is ingeniously to avow, I owe more to your bounteous than I can express; more expressions to your high Worths, than I can make legible. Which defect of Language (I humbly yet conceive) you of all (Sir) have most reason to indulge, since your great merits of me, and your own self-nobleness, has most put it to silence. Be then as much above my feeble Oratory, as your endearments transcend my mean deserts; 'tis praise enough, as you aim not at empty Epithets, so your real perfections are abundant and natively clear to be their own *Encomiums*. I, with admiring gratitude, will remember what I cannot utter. Yet (Sir) take this unfeigned image of my thoughts, that from the first hour I received the honor of your acquaintance, I have singularly valued your self; and since you have been pleas'd to rank me in the Albe of your servants, and priviledge me not onely with your friendly familiarities, but also signal favours, I confess my self bound for requital of all, as to yield to none in my respect, so to be ever (as I profess I am obliged) Sir,

Your servant and votary,
D. W.

XXIX.

A Ladies Answer to her servants first Letter.

SIR,

THat upon so small acquaintance, you should make me such friendly and passionate expressions, I cannot but take as a civility, being apt to make the best construction of every ones actions; yet (Sir) that so many moneths should pass in silence, since I saw you, is enough to make me believe your Letter meerly complemental; these times affording many of your Sex, whose pens or tongues can speak one language, and their hearts another. When I find cause to believe your professions real, I shall set a greater value upon your respect: Mean time civility invites me to subscribe my self,

Sir,

Your humble Servant.

V. T.

XXX.

An Address from one Lady to another.

Madam,

I Have not so much vanity to think my self able to make a return, worthy the honour I have received, nor do I bear so little justice to my own gratitude, as not to witness my resentment, though great, yet in huge disproportion to your merit, whose vertues and goodness I hold in equal value with those of Demi-Gods: I receive the new assurance of your Ladyships Favour, as a Blessing sent me from Heaven, which bids me cherish it and live, since I can relish no felicity without it. Indeed (*Madam*) I know

know not what Sacrifice to offer you for such a bounty: All hearts are made tributary to your Commands; yet none with so much obligation, as that of

Madam, *Your Servant,*

E. D.

XXXI.

The Answer.

Madam,

YOu may say of me, as a *Cavalier* once said of the late Synod, that *they had sate long, and at length hatch'd a Monster* (meaning the *Directory*:) So have I been long in answering yours, and at length my dull *Genius* produces this ill-shap'd Letter. *Madam,* if the faculty of my pen were correspondent to the devotion of my heart, I could say much, when as now I must be silent: yet not silent neither; For every cast of my eye upon your Lines begets a wonder, and wonder makes me break silence. I have always had your sweet Person and Vertues in a reverential esteem, and now the charms of your Pen have hurl'd me into new admirations; yet not so as to forget the old, not at any time to be less than

Madam,

The most humble of your Devotes,

A. T.

XXXII.

A Letter from the Author of a Book, to the Approver, Sir N. B.

SIR,

THis hand which hath stood so long before your Barre, comes now to accuse it self of a fault, by which the Judge must needs have

ſuffered much from the offender, ſince the fooleneſſe of the Copy, is like to have tryed your patience, more than the worth of the cauſe can hope to have recompenc'd your paines; Wherefore theſe lines come before you to offer ſatisfaction at leaſt to your Civility, if they fail in giving it to your Judgement, and the courſe of my life qualifies me better for civil diſcharges, than for literate ſatisfactions. You ſhall then, Sir, receive by this a return of much ſenſe of your fair and obliging Carriage towards me in the examination of my Papers; wherein I muſt deſire you to conſider the whole Deſign, which aims ſolely at Moral Regulations, and does rather decline than accept any Inducements to Controverſal Doctrines; if there be any Point ſo incident to the Subjects, as my Opinion muſt needs appear in ſome dark light, this may well be conniv'd at by ſo ingenious a Judge as your ſelf, who cannot expect I ſhould diſſemble my Principles, though in diſcretion I was forbid to declaim upon them; So that I conceive your abilities will make a due difference, between what may critically be ſifted out, and what does literally profeſſe it ſelf; and of this laſt ſort, I preſume you will finde nothing in the whole Work, that has an open face of Contention or Offence; Wherefore upon your Animadverſions, I have changed the looks of ſuch places, as had any apparent features of Enmity, and have offer'd you ſuch ſatisfaction upon the other Points I have not alter'd, as I hope your Candor and diſpaſſionate Temper may admit; Upon the opinion whereof, I ſhall conclude, that if you have found, in theſe my Meditations, more matter promiſing good influencies upon the affections of your Countrey, than projecting any dangerous Infuſions, you will allow them

your

your contribution to that effect I have singly proposed in them; In order whereunto my prayers shall intend the suppliment of my Pens deficiency; which the less worthy it is of this expoſure to the World, the more must it owe your patience and civility for your favour to

Sir,

Your most affectionate
Servant,

W. M.

XXXIII.

Upon the New-Year.

SIR,

MY present Theme is, to give you the Ceremonies (in real wishes) of a happy New-Year. Nor shall I doubt the effect, since I cannot your *Piety* or *Prudence*. No revolution of time can be inauspicious, where these fair pair of twin-virtues are fixt, and in action. Time tells our hours, produces change, but our happiness, or infortunes onely from our selves. 'Tis vain then to accuse deaf Fate, when we are our own destiny, or at least it, in our arbitrement: *Prudence*, (the Eye of our Life) fore-sees, disposes our Affairs: *Piety*, our selves. That discharges our Devoirs; This guides all Events (prosperous or adverse) to our eternal (if it cannot temporal) felicity. Hence we have a method either to prevent misery, or of turning it into better luck, by being unhappy. Cross chances

I grant are but ſower friends, rather to be entertain'd than invited; yet 'tis too viſible, none are more wretched, than thoſe that moſt court Fortune. Give me indifferency, and I'le be Fortunes fate, and fortunate, maugre her deſpight. As to time it ſelf; the beſt deſcription of it is to employ it well. 'Tis a thing of ſo ſwift an eſſence, that 'tis gone before we can think what it is. 'Tis the meaſure of ſublunary beings, and proclaims to us, (by its height) how faſt we our ſelves fade, and dwindle away. The paſt is no more ours, than frugall uſe has made it ſo. The future is not, and ſo uncertaine whether 'twill ever be in our power. What of it we can own is onely the preſent, and this ſo coy, that if not taken by the foretop, 'tis vaniſht, like a Ghoſt, and leaves us nothing, but cauſe to repent and gaze. Ah! my friend, how precious our moments! on theſe ſhort Inſtances depends our whole Eternity. Temporal exiſtence is as fickle as temporal happineſs; both participate in the nature of time, are fleeting. In this caſualty then, let us fix on what is truely durable above floating incertainties, beyond temporal laſtingneſs. Whileſt our minutes flie from us, our ſelves ſpeed faſter towards unchangeable permanency; ſo we do in naturall tendency, but let us by vertue's vigorous. Each hour poſts away with it's length of our life. The old year is gone; if our imperfections with it, 'twas well ſpent; if not, there's the more need, we ſpend the New better. And leſt we live not to the end, let's take advantage of the beginning: make that our own that is ſo. Thrift of our dayes is th' onely end to make our ſelves in time eternally happy. But I fear by this rude Rhapſody of the initiate Year, I have waſted your Hour-glaſs too much, rendring my prayer

prayer of your prosperous future, your present Damage; But pardon, because my subject (*time*) as well as my distracted capacity fail'd me. Suffice it, I wish you more than I can utter, or need prescribe you the way to; and whilest you are blest, I partake,

Sir,

31 *Decemb.* *Your happy Friend and joy'd Servant*, W. D.

XXXIV.

To a Lady, residing in a Town that had lately been besieged.

Madam,

AFter the disquiet of your late Alarms, I am bold to congratulate the re-enjoyment of your wonted repose, which (had I been General) no cause nor quarrel should have made me hazard; since in all things I value your content above my own; My regard to your safety had been in such case motive enough with me, to have suspended the chastisement of that mutinous City: *Madam*, if (as I hope and pray) you are now both free from disquietude and from fear, I have my hearts wish, desiring (as you know) nothing more, than the continued devotion to your self and service, to purchase at length the esteem of,

Madam,

Your most faithful Servant,

R. T.

XXXV. To

XXXV.

To his Lady Mris. complaining of her cruelty.

Madam,

TYranny as ill becomes a subject as a Prince, and cruelty is the natural issue of that Monster; to say your Ladyship is guilty of both in some kind, is a truth undeniable: For ever since fortune made me happy in your knowledge, my affection hath no centre, but your breast, my faith, no fellow; and my constancy such as can never admit a change, yet my sighs are unpitied, my love unregarded, my faith and constancy answered with nothing, but your disproportionate denials; Nor can I, without wonder, consider, that your Ladyship should be to all the world so perfectly charitable, to me so cruel, unless 'twere ordained by fate, That the first fruits of my love (which should be the first step to happiness) must be made abortive by your incompassion. *Madam*, the more you deny, the more fuel you add to those flames, which (if not suddenly allai'd by your pitty) will consume my very being into ashes of mortality, These are *Madam*, the real dictates of a heart, that's wholly devoted

To serve you, T. B.

XXXVI.

A consolatory letter to a Mother upon the death of her first-born.

Honoured Madam,

THe sad need a Comforter; and a Soul in desolation, requires to be assisted with reasons to bear the cause of its griefs. That you are both sad

ſad and grieved, I can no more doubt, than I can be without a ſhare in your paſſions. That you have many comforters, becauſe friends, many ſolid conſiderations from your own piety and pious wiſdom to ſalve your ſorrows, I am as confident; Yet, as none more tenders your happineſs than my ſelf, ſo could not I alone be ſilent in this motive of your tears; what I would ſay is; *Dearest Madam*, be comforted, and this (wer't in my power) I would effect. The reaſon of your ſable thoughts, the ſpring that ſtreams from your cheeks, riſe I know from the ſad accident of your childs death. It was I confeſs the firſt Image of your likeneſs, the firſt bleſſing that Heaven honoured your body with, the firſt pledg of Nature, the firſt title you had to be a Mother. And to be deprived of this, almoſt as ſoon as 'twas given, could not but finde and afford matter both for tears and grief; in a diſpoſition ſo natural and good.

But *Madam*, there's a time for all, and a mean alſo. What could not be denied to your ſweetneſs muſt be moderated by your diſcretion. 'Tis true, that ſweet infant was yours, 'twas your firſt, 'twas dear, and you ſuffered many dolours, to give it life; But withall you conſider, as 'twas yours, ſo given you by God; as the firſt, ſo more due to him; as dear, yet could it not be too dear for him that hath it; Although of painful birth; yet that your throwes brought forth a Saint, that your dolours were endured, ſo ſoon to enthrone a part of your ſelf among the Angels; theſe dolours, theſe throwes, happily ſuffered. Thoſe whom God makes Parents, he makes but Nurſes of his own children, he lends them to be brought up for Heaven: And if he hath ſo ſoon diſcharged you of this obligation, 'tis not ſo much a croſs, as a bleſſing, Had it lived to mature

mature age, perhaps he ſaw danger both to it and you: It might have been more cauſe of grief to you, more loſs to it ſelf; it might have been unfortunate in life, in death unhappy; 'Tis not the being children of either good or great extract that makes them always either good or happy. And this perhaps God (that provident Parent of all) foreſaw. Be it ſo, or not; certain it is, the body is but the Souls priſon, wherein 'tis no ſooner breathed from Heaven, but 'tis maculated by this corrupt Earth: and in this as it longer ſojourns, ſo is it not only debarred of its true happineſs and welfare, but alſo offends its great Creator; and conſequently is miſerable. Therefore would God make the cradle of yours, its death-bed, that he might haſten its bliſſe. As he breathed a pure ſoul into it, ſo would he again take it before defiled by the actual blemiſhes of ſin. Had it liv'd, it could have afforded no comfort to your piety, but being in health, proſperity, and pious; and can it be more pious, than in Heaven, more proſperous, than in heavens joyes, more healthful than in the enjoyments of immortality? O conſider, 'tis now paſt all danger, 'tis freed from all miſery, 'tis bleſſed in bleſſedneſs, it prayes for you. And can there be any ſorrow ſo great that theſe conſiderations cannot conſolate? O what more happy than to be ſo happy a Mother; no ſooner a Mother, than a Mother to Heaven. Nor doubt (dear *Madam*,) but he that gave you this dear pledge of his love, will give you more, and, as he took this to his own joyes, ſo will he leave in its ſtead more to your comfort. This he took to give it as ſoon happineſſe as being, and therein to try your vertue and reſignation to his will: This as I doubt not but he will finde, ſo may you be confident he will be bountiful: a ſure rewarder of your patience, a proſperer

ſperer of your Soul, body, and its fruitfulneſs.

But pardon (moſt honoured *Madam*) my loves tediouſneſs; and if in this unpoliſhed Conſolitary I have erred, let it be as it is, loves fault, a fault that your nobleneſs I am certain will remit. Thus with humbleſt reſpects he takes his leave that will no longer be, than be yours, the daily Petitioner to heaven for your moſt wiſhed comforts of both Worlds.

Madam,

Your humble and moſt affectionate ſervant, W. D.

XXXVII.

To excuſe the not anſwering a Letter.

SIR,

THat I have committed ſo great a Solæciſme in good manners, as to receive two Letters from you, without giving you humble thanks for either; I beſeech you aſcribe not to any want of zeal to your ſervice: For in earneſt you cannot make me more happy than in vouchafing me the honour of your commands, which ſhall always finde as ready an obedience in me, as any thing that moſt concerns my own intereſt; In the aſſurance whereof I give you the humble reſpects of

Sir,

Yours, ad unum, T.B.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Upon a motion of Marriage.

Dear Sir,

I Give you many humble thanks, for your tendring me a wife, and your good advice in that affair; I well remember the Counsel of a prudent friend was, not to marry till I were 30 years of age, and then to have a wife ten years younger than my self; because women (especially teeming ones) sooner decay than men: I have also read, that there are 3 principal motives to a wedded life: *Procreatio Prolis: Conservatio Domus:* and *Consolatio vitæ.* Now the Gentlewoman you write of, instead of being ten years younger, I believe is ten years elder than my self; and so may be in danger to frustrate the two first motives; by being issue-less. Yet if she have so many fill'd baggs as you mention, it may be a shrewd temptation: But in marriage, Love (as you well observe) is most preferrable, provided there be a competency of fewel (which is riches) to keep it warm. 'Tis like I might love the Lady you motion me to, with an ordinary conjugal love, but perhaps not with an eminent dear affection, and on this subject I remember to have read these old, but well meaning verses.

Who makes the object of his fancy, gold,
Grows cold in fancy, when his money's told:
And she, who faines to love so live a Lady,
Is honours Fawn, I know not what she may be.

Examples are too frequent in this age of the infelicity of those Matches, which are meerly concluded for wealth, without love: Therefore in this (as a choice, whereon the happiness of my whole life

life depends) I shall be very deliberate in resolving yet ever glad to receive your advice, as being

Sir,

Your most respective Nephew and humble servant, T. B.

XXXIX.

The first Address to his Mistress.

Madam;

THat fear is an individual companion to sincere affection, and that the heartiest devotions are brokenly expressed, are *Maximes* in Humanity, and however Errors, yet venial. The discreetest love is seldom without some annexed passion, which oft-times fetters the faculties and leads understanding captive; that which did and justly might deter, doth now animate; The Moon in her fartheſt distance from the Sun, and greatest opposition, receives most light; The poorer they be to whom charity is extended, the greater the merit; Worth gains most honour by ennobling unworthy; Nature never ordain'd two Suns to shine in one Firmament. I list not to expatiate in this kind. In the description of your worth this short expression shall suffice; That would Earths Monarch pay his devotions before perfections Altar, he need seek no further than your breast. To express my devoted affection by deep protests and multiplied vowes will not please, my *Motto* is *rather in deed than in word*. Till matters be maturely discussed, and the advice of friends on both sides had, I aim no higher, than to be enstil'd your servant; Deliberation (if in any case) in this is is most necessary. I honour you too much to

wish

with you the smalleſt amiſs, though the sum of my earthly felicity dependeth thereon. My affection is no frenzy; if my Starrs mean me not the enjoying of ſuch happineſs, I muſt frame a content. For concluſion, I will only add, that though you may have your choice of many in all points more accompliſhed, yet none that ſhall ſo truly love you. My lines are confuſed like my thoughts; your milder cenſure he preſumes on who truly honours your worth, and reſts

Solely devoted to your vertues. T. B.

XL.

In anſwer to an expoſtulatory Letter.

SIR,

THe receipt of yours brought with it ſome amazement to ſee my ſelf almoſt ſhip-wrackt in your good opinion, when my own Veſſel was full fraught with reſpect, which I intended to diſ-imbark at your haven. I am firſt to thank you, for your plainneſs and ingenuity in my charge, and ſhall aſſume the ſame freedom in my own acquital. The ſtory told you by M. W. from Miſtris P. a womans diſcourſe, (for thoſe I ſuppoſe the parties mentioned in yours) I deny to have been either Author or promulgator of, and muſt aſſure you, that ſuch like, with other volatile reports were here before my return; yet I muſt tell you (ſince it ſo much concerns me) that I had Commiſſion to make ſome inquiſition in the Country upon a preconceived neglect in you, and other rumours, but do aſſure you, what I ſaid was with ſuch modeſty, and ſo ſhort of what common fame

fame delivered, nay with such regret to have said any thing at all, that it will hereafter appear, I have been so far from being disaffected to this your service, that I have run my self into an Oblique opinion elsewhere, for promoting it, and I am confident the young Lady, (when you shall be felicitated with her enjoyment) will assure you as much; nor indeed could I possibly have said less, in performance of the trust reposed in me. Sir, if this give you not satisfaction, I shall be glad to know what may, because I profess to owe you much service, and the more in order to that approaching happiness, which your Starrs have assigned you, whereto no wishes of a happy confarreration shall more readily concur, than those of Sir,

Your very humble Servant,
T. B.

XLI.
A REPLY.

Lady,

Till I was blest'd with the happy sight of yours I labour'd in a strange perplexity, believing that either the attempt of mine had purchased your disfavour, or otherwise (by some harder fate) I had suffered in your good opinion, than which *Jamaica* is to me of less value. These fears I must confess with-held me till now from a second address of service, though not from offering continual thoughts of respect to your merit, and of perfect obedience to your commands, nor shall I longer live, than breath the air of such devotion, being professedly,

Lady,

Yours in firm affection,
T. B.

XLII.

XLII.

IN ANSWER.

SIR,

I Am (as you ſay) indeed always pleaſed to accept, what time permits you to write. Your lines pleaſe and cannot chuſe, being full of erudition, full of love, and guided by a judgment not vulgar; And, what ever your time is, your mental ſtore failes not: What others, with many a ſcratch'd brow, cannot invent, you with facility dictate, and as copiouſly pen; Then for my acceptance, there's no benignity required, but gratitude, and gratitude not common, but ſuch as ought to quadre with merits, unparalleld. That you daigne to entertain mine but with a ſuperficial view, adds honour and value, adds courage and alacrity. We ſee many things carry price, not from innate worth, but the eſteemers fancy; So Jewels and other rarities, which humane eſtimate and not nature, have made pretious, The rule is *Opinion*; and if any mans approbation could make my lines accurate (that is, what they are not) ſooner to yours ſhould I yield the efficiency, and with much reaſon; for there's none I appove more. Whilſt I am jejune and empty, you are polite, and, even upon my deficiencies, raiſe *Trophies* to your own *Genius*; Thus what I am not my ſelf, I make you, by accident; So increaſes a black ſpot the candour of a blanch'd veſture; So gloomy ſhades ſeem to augment the Phæbean radiances, and ſo are your perfections ſet off by the ſoyles of

Sir,

Your Servant, D. W.

XLIII.

XLIII.

A conceited letter of thanks for favours.

SIR,

YOu know that I (with *friendſhip* and *affection* my ſureties) ſtand already *bound* to you in an *obligation*, for requital of a larger *ſum* of favours, than my poor abilities can any wayes ſatisfie, yet now you make a large addition to the *principal* debt by--- Till fortune better enable me, I muſt beg your acceptance of *thankfulneſs*, which I deſign in lieu of *intereſt*, and (for your better *ſecurity*) my *bond* renewed for the reſt, with the addition of another *ſurety*, my Service, *ſeal'd* with the privy ſignet of my love, *atteſted* by two *witneſſes*, *gratitude* and *acknowledgment*, and *ſubſcribed* by

Sir,

Your faithful Servant, T. B.

XLIV.

In anſwer to a letter from a dear friend.

SIR,

OF late my many evocations render me, as inconſtant in reſidency, ſo in my letters and addreſſes both various and uncertain; Hence have proceeded (and a while I fear muſt) the languiſhment of my lines, the alternation of my weekes; Yet with this added diſadvantage, that the more time may ſeem given me to write, the leſs I have to be accurate. I received your laſt abroad, and am never yet more at home, than where they finde me,

me, or I them. A vertue that (with me) accompanies yours, and yours onely; And being it wants a name, let it be a Sympathy: a Sympathy 'twixt you and me, so charming, that by reading your characters, I draw in my own Idea's (but abettered) and so fall, by an introversion, into my self. By this you may gues's how much you endear your friend; by so expressing your self his, to make him (even in the midst of distractions, and fatigues) his own; and yet onely to own him, to be more yours and Gods. Know then, I am yet free from misfortune, nor enfeebled by any mortal malady, that's sensible; Some grudgings of a *Caduque* being, and the unwholsome seasons effects if I feel, they are but the antecedents of what I am sure at last must follow. But since you stile my sickness, your infirmity; my infortunes your mis-haps, I would be well to encrease your Vigours, fortunate to lessen your least bad events. The Heavens influence, and their interpreting Predictions now we hear begin to work in your clime, and as the operation boldens stupendious revolutions, so are we tickled with curiosity to know your changes, by what steps the main Designs ascend, and what you conceive will be the sequels chiefly of neareſt connexion. In the mean, we will hope and fear: Two passions that will blend all the fore-casts of humane life. Be careful of your health, that you may enjoy your self in a distracted Age. So shall you be safe in the guards of your own vertues; and in the innocency of your life, with comfort consolate your Friends; Amongst whom not the least dependant, is ever,

Dear Sir,

Your intirely affectionate,
D. W.

XLV. *Upon*

XLV.

Upon a promise to write to one.

SIR,

THe inconsiderate promise I made to render you my thoughts in writing during this absence, was grounded upon a just sense of my obligations, without the least reflection upon my disabilities for any such performance; and in this respect I might justly have been disobliged without breach of faith, but that (seriously) I had rather discover my imperfections in this kinde, than be any ways wanting in my remerciaments, which are much indebted to your many favours: And therefore I send this small tribute, as an earnest of the much greater affection of

Sir,

Your Cosen and servant, T. B.

XLVI.

Dear Cosen,

AMong the various Contentments, which the Countrey yields in this season, I have met with none equal to that, which the receipt of your Letter affords me. for (trust me) I am so ravish'd with the contents, that whensoever I perceive that sadness to invade me, which the want of your sweet presence often begets, I have instantly recourse to your Letter for cure. Thus do I honour the lines, for your dear sake that sent them, nor shall I ever cease to acknowledge your numberless favours, whilest I have breath but to pronounce me

Dear Cosen,

Your most affectionate servant, T. B.

XLVII.

In answer to an elegant Letter.

SIR,

WHen I observe the equal facility and felicity of your expression, I loath the rudeness and indigestion of mine, and when I consider the pith and plenitude of your lines, I look upon the emptiness and inanity of my own with much indignation: Yet, though I were not born a *Cicero* for Eloquence, I am and must be another *Achates* for affection. If there be any thing in this World can deserve the name of *good*, 'tis really in the fruition of you; in and by whom I am so perfectly beatified, that I count my self in a Paradise, when I am gathering the fruits of your presence. Fortune (in other things less liberal) has given me many friends and Correspondents, yet none so real, none so learned, as your self; I never made so happy a bargain (if I may so rudely stile it) as when I contracted this inter-traffick of love; I never hear from you or see you, but I make an infinite purchase of piety, and knowledge, from your weighty lines and solid discourse; But above all, I have gained (yet blush to think with how little desert) in you a friend, whose bosom is an Archive, fit to treasure up the greatest secret, and in whose hands I can repose my life, nay, (which is dearer) my Soul; O happiness; happiness said I? 'tis beyond the degree of common happiness; Such pious condescendings (where you give pure Gold & receive nothing but drosse in exchange) argue a goodness in you beyond the reach of my pen to delineate, which I must content my self, to admire. *Sir*, you have here the real dictates of my inmost thoughts, though wrapt up in a homely dress; for I am as yet

hardly

hardly entered into the Suburbs of good Language; yet do but pardon these my rude expressions, and I may hope (by your conduct) in time to enter that City, where you, by due merit, command in chief. To morrow I am bound to the frigid Zone, yet will assure you, that no change of Climate shall have power to alter or coole the affections of

Sir,

Your devoted servant,
and therein most happy,
T. B.

XLVIII.

REPLY.

SIR,

YOurs, as a suddain joy, have surprised me. So accort your stile, so pathetike your love, that I am both wrapt and inflamed: You could never in better time have made your friendly addresses; They came as cordials to refresh my exhausted Spirits. I was even spent in dispatches, distracted with unexpected visits of friends. From these as a reviving refrigeration, I cast my eyes and thoughts on your emphatick straines. In which I am lost; Can wonder, but not reply. In short, I am so variously divided this day, and chiefl for the moments of the Messengers stay, that I have not respit of repl; Before you direct your course, towards the North-Pole. I hope to get so much pause, as to be my own, that I may make some suppletory addition. Pardon these extemporaries: What in sense and language is deficient, that affection supplies, which really ever stiles me

Sir,

Yours, D. W.

XLIX.

A further reply.

SIR,

MY *hesterns* note answered yours; with apology, that I wanted time to answer them; I promis'd also to be more responsary, and now repent it. My leasure's as interrupted, and second revisings of your accurate lines disanimate. What is most delightful to view, is as hard to parallel. *Sir*, the flote of your Eloquence runs high, and where by the Art of self-annihilation,) you would seem to depress your sufficiency, there you most rise; And indeed skill cannot but by skill be hid, nor perspicuous abilities better blazon'd, than when most curiously mantled by arted invelopings You are no *Cicero* born, 'tis confessed, yet I think born to be an English *Cicero*; of this, nature has given ripe specimens, and anduſtry as fast polishes,, judgment matures. In one Letter I trace you flourishing in various figures; in the property and store of words choise, in composure compt; in sense acute. Trust me, I admire, yet cannot envy; For whilst an *Achates* in affection, your imbellishments are mine. The *Accessory* (you know) in Law follows the *Principal*, and love makes all common. If then by this inviolable tie we are one, your endowments entitle me joynt owner; a riches, I prepone to Monarchies. *Sir*, I were happy did I rightly own the least degree in the literary attributes you please to give me; those of endeared passion I do; those of reality I cannot refuse. It is indispensably your claim; what e're I am or shall be (that's commendable) is dedicated to your loyal friend-

friendship; honour me with belief till I fail. My breast (as long as the harbour of a heart) shall be a safe repository; I was never by ingenerate disposition sutile and porous, and with so prudent and emboſom'd a friend, I shall not sure begin. Upon secrets I do not wittingly encroach, yet if (by freedom of a friend) committed, the ghastly terrours of death unlock them not; He that wants this *gift* has no challenge to Amities sacred interest. But I am now interturb'd, and my pen (dear friend) is snatch'd off, yet first take these votary wishes; Propitious be your guiding Stars, inspiring the *Muses*; a safe journey; fortunate your expeditions, and a speedy circuit to your City entertainments, and suspir'd retires; it is almost your peculiar felicity; that, where others are chiefly scattered, you can finde or make an improving seeess; An evidence as you are studious; so you can be, in all places, the commander of your self and hours. Well! my loves, longings and prayers shall accompany this forc'd vagary, and with as much joy welcome you home. Interstices local may divide bodies and abodes, united minds know no separation. Hence wherever I, in my better part, am with you concomitant, and lastingly

Oxford 29 *Sept.* Sir,

Yours, D. W.

L.

ANSWER.

SIR,

HItherto I have been in a superlative degree, both felicitated by the riches of your presence, and enriched by the wealth of your lines

But I have learnt there's nothing permanent in this world, otherwise three weeks absence from the one, and deprivement of the other, would be more afflictive, than words can express; for in earnest you are to me that fire of *Prometheus*, without which all my actions seem inanimate; detain but the food of your favors from me, and I am a meer nothing. Though I am now bound (as you know) for the North, yet believe it my best thoughts shal steer Westward, where (how far soever distant in person) I leave the hearty affections of

Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

T. B.

LI.

Answer to a quaint Letter.

SIR,

WHen will your Treasury of Choice Words be exhausted, when will your Fountain of Eloquence be drawn dry, when will your Magazin of rich Matter be emptied? Never; I now plainly see the more you write, the more you have to write, and may (with reverence) not ineptly compare your *Cranium* to the holy *Chrismatory* of *France*; you still take out, yet leave it without the least diminution; Prodigy of Nature! It fares much otherwise with me; I (if at any time big with words) fall into a painful labour, and after many throws, am always by abortion deliver'd of a thing like a Bears whelp, which I can lick into no form. Every Bucket drawn from

from mine own Well, goes nearer to the bottom; the reason is, there's no Springs for repletion of that store: yet in earnest the influence of your teeming Muse has (me thinks) in some measure fertiliz'd my siccaneous and barren Soyl. But whither rove I? Now for News (which is the *primum quarite* of these days.) I must tell you thus——Sir, the length of my Letter and the shortest of days do not well quadre; This is the Winter Solstice. So is it also the Station both of my Invention and Paper; the first is at a *Non plus ultra* of Matter, the last onely affords me room to subscribe my self

13 *Decemb.* Sir,

Your vowed Servant,
T. B.

LII.

To a Brother.

Dear Brother,

YOurs equally full of love and good Counsell came to my hands with no small contentment, since I perceive you interesse your self (as a very kinde friend) in all things that concern my good, which as I can never forget, so do I ever account my self most happy, when I hear of your progress in all perfections and good qualities, wherewith to see you accomplished is the passionate desire of

Your most affectionate brother, T. B.

LIII.

To Mr. G.

Sir,

THis is only to give you many humble thanks for the favour you did me to the D. If I live not to be able to ſtrike Taleys with you, yet I ſhall always record your kindneſs with a thankful reminiſcence: And although I am *blunt* in my expreſſion, yet believe it, I ſhall moſt willingly in-*Gage* in any ſervice that may approve me.

Sir,

Your faithful Servant, T. B.

LIV.

Another to him in Fuſtin.

Sir,

MY laſt was from *Dunſtable*, and (though I am in perſon remov'd thence, yet) I fear the matter of this may come from thence too, being not as yet ſufficiently *rudimented*, in your Academy for ſuch ſuſceptions, I muſt tell you (with ſome regret) that I finde not an Academick (except the noble Britain) in all our voiſinage; ſo that if we converſe at all, it muſt be with *Labradors*, and ſuch out of whoſe hebetudinous cerebroſity, we may as ſoon extract *Aurum potabile*, as the *Elixar* of any knowledge. Their querulous outcry is, that the continual ſiccity of this ſeaſon, has inuſted all their herbiferous grounds, which may happily breed a dearth of Aliment, as there is already of literature in theſe parts. Thus much *ex obliquo*, now to the purpoſe; I hope that your late obſtreperous Alarmes, have not interturb'd the procedure of your noble Authors *Miſcellany*, which is a principal

principal point in my *Card*. *Sir*, beleeve it, without some *Miſsive* of *Conſolation* from you, the Countrey will ſoon put me into a *Chagrin*, therefore be no longer coſtive, as you love,

10 Aug. *Your Servant*, T. B.

LV.
ANSWER.

SIR,

HAving by the incloſed given you ſome few ſerious lines, let me now anſwer your facetious letter (of 10 *Auguſt*) with a jaculatory line or two; and firſt by way of allauding your acuminous *Exordium*; but withal of ſhewing, you immediately miſtake the word *ſuſception*, if you think it can ſtand in a ſober ſenſe for *undertaking*, however in a way of *Raillery* it may paſs. Again, *rudimented* for *taught* is harſh; ſo is *hebitudinous cerebroſity*. *Documented* for *taught* may paſs in a ſerious Line; and *plumbious*, better than *helcetudinous*; for, *inuſted*, you ſhould ſay *exuſted*; ſo for *herbiferous frugiferous*, becauſe herbs and plants are the leſs principal children of the Earth; whereas Corn and all ſorts of Grain are the moſt principal for mans uſe; for ſo you muſt mean by the word (*aliment*) that follows in the text of your letter.

And by this you ſee there is a kind of Elegance to be obſerved in a fuſtian phraſe, nay I ſay more, the lepid lines of fuſtian are loſt, when 'tis not genuine, but ſtrained; And truſt me (Sir) I hold it a piece of greater Art to line a letter with proper fuſtian, than with ſilken language, eſpecially when friends reſolve to be merry by diſtantial ſalutes; your *French Chagrin* and Spaniſh *Labrador* may paſs as oppoſite, be-

cauſe proper to the ſenſe, and nothing ſtrained; So the *Miſſive of Conſolation* you deſire, by way of an amicable Obſervation upon the Text of yours; And this is what I can ſport away, who muſt reſt

17 *Aug.* Sir,

Your fuſtianizing friend, G. O.

LVI.

REPLY.

SIR,

THis brings you humble thanks both for your News and your Criticiſms; And though mine of the 10 of *Auguſt* were but *panis ſpeuſticius*, a dough-bak'd piece of Fuſtian, wherein I intended nothing *adamuſim*, yet you muſt give me leave to make ſome defence. For *Suſception* I have *Rider* for my warrant in that ſenſe: *Rudimented* I hold to be good, and (according to the new Mode of converting Nounes into Verbs) I purpoſely avoided *plumbeous cerebroſity* (not plumbious as you write it) as trite and thread-bare; But for your exception to *herbiferous*, in that you miſtake the ſenſe, for the ſeaſon hath been of late very good for Corn and Grain, which *frugiferous* includes, and as bad for Graſs, the Sun having in ſome places not onely burnt the very roots of it, but has alſo made ſtrange clefts and impreſſions in the Earth, therefore I us'd *inuſted*, a word, which though not ſo uſual, as *exuſted*, or *aduſted*; yet in this ſenſe I think no leſs proper, if not in a genuine, at leaſt in a metaphorical way, and Cattel, that are fed by Graſs and Hay, are a conſiderable part of our *Aliment*, &c.

Sed

Sed me reprimo, not at all presuming to enter the *Cirque* with you in *Logomachy*, or the pugnacity of such disputes, but with submission in all things to your greater judgement, whence I must confess to have received in these my junior years, a great increment to my smaller portion of knowledge both by these and other documental Redargutions, which I always receive wtth a reverential respect, answerable to your merit, and the obligation of

Sir,

24 *Aug.* *Your very humble servant,*

T. B.

LVII.

Rejoynder.

SIR,

I Do hugely allaud your endeavour to *abonar* what I had vitiated in my last; For 'tis a sign you are Master of what you do, when you can avow it *ab ipsis primis principiis*, and thereby shew you are as far from being conscious of errour, as you are from being inscious how far you may use the latitude of sustiniatizing, without exceeding the limits of modest avowment, *per modum inculpatæ tutelæ. Macte animo mi Thoma. & perge eo quo cepisti pede*, &c. Trust me, Sir, I shall (without a blush) easily yield you the advantage of me in *Logomachy*, as oftentimes deep *Divines* do to *Logicians* in point of reducing *Syllogisms* to all their possible variations into several *Moodes* and *Figures*, because the one is actually conversant in that particular, whereas the other depends onely upon the habitual use of such Figures, without retaining the Rule that leads to the rectitude thereof. So men speak true

Latine, without being able to give rule for it, and by this means ſometimes are peccant againſt the Rule, which every ſchool-boy can correct them in. And truly in this particular Logomachy you may and will be able to read Lectures to the deepeſt of men, becauſe you laudably make it your profeſs'd ſtudy, and conſequently will make a world of men obliged to you, as well as

2 *Sept.* Sir,

Your Servant, G. G.

LVIII.

An Anſwer from one ſick.

SIR,

SUch my preſent condition, that I receive your Letters as ſick men do viſits, am grateful, yet cannot return the courteſie, but by feeble thanks; In this nature I have now been 3. weeks a decumbent; This the cauſe I have been already faild in my wonted entercourſe, and the ſame continuated diſability muſt render theſe, of my own complection, infirm and faint, yet I beg you will not interrupt your turnes; For though I am not reſponſible, yet your lines are much ſolace, and no ſmall divertiſement from the ſenſe of my weakneſs: What was before but a friendly correſpondence, will (till it pleaſe God I mend) be an office of endearing charity, extended towards him, who is

Sir,

Entirely yours

D. W.

LIX

LIX.

To his Mrs. after a long Journey.

My dearest friend,

I Have been a long sad journey, which seemed so much the longer and so much the sadder, by how much I was farther distanced from your sweet abode, nor had the sadness of this forced vagary any solace at all, saying that of near 300. miles, I passed no one, without making a Relique of your memory, which hath still the vertue to renew all joys in me, and expel the mists of melancholy, almost with equall force (so strong was my imagination) as if I had been really in your presence; If you have but bestowed one thought on me for every hundred I have dedicated to you, I am satisfied, believing that no love can come within so many degrees of mine, nor that there's any state so happy, as that of being

Your devoted Servant,
T. B.

LX.

Another to the same.

My onely dear,

THat you may see I forget you not at any time nor in any place, I present you these, and if I seem importune by my frequent addresses, you must pardon me, since I profess to receive no solace in this absence, but what the comfortable entertainment of thoughts on you affords me, and and should I but as often put such thoughts in writing, as my heart presents them to my memory, I should be no day, even no hour without a pen in

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my hand; And I may well hope from the excellency of your nature, that you will not leave such faith, such affection, without a just retribution, nor can I despair of your remembrance of me in some proportion answerable to mine of you; so may happiness in the end crown both, and I live eternally

Yours as at first unalterable,

T. B.

XLI.

In answer to a friend, ill of a Cold.

SIR,

THe next degree to the happiness of not having evils, is to have had them: Which imports, though not our immunity, yet riddance: And to have overcome anoiance may be better, than not to have suffered it. This since you say, you have been almost dead of a cold, congratulates your almost Resurrection: And hopes to finde your short-windiness turn'd into free respiration. 'Tis a vulgar Probleme, whether this malady may be called a Disease, or Physick. You I believe, found it troublesome; but will not repent, if it prove medicinal, I imagine (assur'd by *April's* forward Sun) you slipt too early into your Summer Aparel; which, though it prov'd too thin to defend you, yet not unable, to make you take a warier choise of your wardrobe next Spring. *Gondamor* was of opinion, as there were in *England* many seasons of the year in one day; so a man had need of several suits: My fancy is, if you will not always be shifting, 'tis not best to shift till you see Nature in her best green Gown: Whose fashion you

you may harmlesly follow. *Sir*, you see by my spinning out of this one Clause of your Letter, I want matter; Yet you may see too, there's nothing drops so raw from you, but affords subject. Nor must you blame me, if your indisposition busie my pen, since your ἔκφρασις is the Copy of it, and my own best constitution. Hence you have a double care lies upon your preservation; your love to your self, and indulgence to Sir,

Your Servant, D. W.

LXIII.

In answer to a Letter of Commends, &c.

SIR,

I Never looked awry (pardon the phrase) upon any of yours till now, and now (were not our mutual loves united with many a dear link) jealousie (that Canker of affection) would corrode my heart. I should, (and can yet hardly forbear to) judge, that you had some more deserving object in your mind, when you fancied me with such high commends, as to hold no proportion with my merit. I know you never wrote, but your heart and Pen were coitinerants, yet (pardon me, if) I assure you that in this (and perhaps in this alone) love has purblinded your (otherwise much discerning) judgment; should I believe all you write of me, I might quickly be wasted into a Fools Paradise, and so become a *Ludibry*; I'll rather characterise my self, than own the least of your attributes; take it thus bluntly, yet with truth and candor: for I have studied the sentence that was engrav'n upon the gate of *Apollos* Temple

Temple at *Delphos*, (viz) γνῶθι σεαυτὸν *I was born under the dull Planet* Saturn, *so that* Mercury *had no influence on my production, hence I am so far from being a* Lynceus *of nature, a* Pelops *of wisdom, or* Cicero *of eloquence, that I never pretended to any of those Vertues, which beget admiration, nor to have my minde embroidered with any studied Ornaments of Learning, I onely claim some small title to those qualities, which stir affection, as truth of Word, sincerity of heart*, &c. Having thus ingenuously premised, I now send you an inhibition from the Court of Love, not to treat any more of that subject, but to redargue my Errours, and shew me the flats both of my Pen and Judgement, that what I write hereafter, may merit this onely *Elogium*; As *here's no Eloquence, so likewise no incongruity of Affection*; I am no higher, for in earnest, if it were possible, any thing of yours could nauseate me, the way were to send me a Laudatory Epistle, in stead of a Redargutory Letter: But I have another task, therefore it is high time to put *Omega* to this, by subscribing my self,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

T. B.

LXIII.

THE REPLY.

SIR,

MY fancied Excess in your praise, now recoils upon my self; you are, I see, your Arts-Master: and what you could not divert by a just disclaim, you can stop by an exaggerated *Retorsion*. You may expect, I should now imitate your shame-fac'd modesty, right this perhaps, with renouncing the abi-

abilities you heap upon me. But, I will not; should I, we should still dwell in one Theme, and by the nauseous Tautology, both impair, what e're we both merit. I dare not vindicate my self, a perfect *self-knowledge*; nay, I avoid the reflex glance, that should tell me what I am, might cast me into a dejection; and so, hinder amendment. Pusillanimity never yet attained any eminence. Do you cease your own undervaluings, and I shall my more adjusted expression. I can let your *Worths* be their own blazons, would you let them; but, if you will wrong your self, justice calls me, to your vindication. Nor, must the *Legists* Maxime, here sway; *violenti non fit injuria*. Neither of us (pardon the Parallel) are so accomplisht, but we ought to thrive in imbellishments. Whether our souls came *Aristotles Tabula rasa*, or written with *Plato's Idea's* into our earth; in our earth, they have either forgot much, or learnt little. The fault, doubtless, ours For, by what we know, we know we might, and may, know more. Nature has made us capable, that we become not better Proficients, our own truant inerty, the obstacle. I am not so much a *Scotist*, as to confess a substantial difference in souls; nor yet, such an Abcedary Philosopher, as to deny the Organs must be fitted, where the Operation is to be excellent. You and I should be ingrate, did we not assert, God has been liberal enough. To asperse his bounty with our wants, were a petty blasphemy in Philosophy it self. Let us both confess our respective ignorance, and our ignorance to be onely *ours*. This done, we are not to center in old dulness, but from the remorse of lost time, vigorously imploy the future. It imports the vulgar rout, more to be good than sagacious: We, are molded for higher action, yet must joyn Vertue to Knowledge. Reason's bruitish, where the Will's inculr.

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The Pattern we were effigiated to, was infinitely knowing, infinitely good; in both we are bound to imitate: bound to be the *Representatives* of both, or we forfeit our Original, and our similitude, too. Man's a little world; his minde the heaven; the two Great Lights those splendid faculties, his Intellect, and Will: The lesser Stars, are the other powers: the intellect the Sun of all: All borrow his brightness, all must cooperate with his raies, by adding their proper vertues. Thus shall our Microcosme be resplendent and fruitful, and gloriously rich; thus, we wise, and good, and thus nor good nor wise, I am

Sir,

Tours, D. W.

LXIV.

The Rejoynder.

SIR,

I Quarrel'd your last, in hope you would have retracted your transcendent elogical commends; which whilst you seem to intend in this, you have by a Rhetorical Artifice, added more fewel to that fire; So that I perceive whether I write or be silent, complain or acquiesce, I am every way dilemma'd; I must confess to have not wit nor language enough, to fathom the depth of your abilities, by consequence am rendred impossibilited to pay you in your own coin, which is of such allay, that I may well say, you have truly found out the *Philosophers stone*, since you are able to convert any grosse matter into the gold of fine language; your prosaick lines are (for excellency) like those metrical ones of *Homer*, which as they excel in other points, so they seem to have

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an eaſie native ſlide in them, and to be conducted by a happy *Genius*. If I had abilities to expatiate upon this ſubject, I could not be held a *Patelin*, but rather a ſuffragran to truth; what I want words to expreſs, ſilent admiration ſhall ſpeak in the thoughts of

Sir,

Your obliged Servant,
P. B.

XLV.
AN ANSWER.

SIR,

THIS well you are, as you are, the Rendezvouz where all perfections meet, otherwiſe I ſhould in this intercourſe have one (and one onely) advantage of you; For whilſt you at every return of the Tabellary, have your Theme to ſeek, and yet no ſooner ſought but found (ſuch is the magazin of your invention) I have a plentiful ſubject always ready at hand, If I had anſwerable abilities to make my election, and words fit accordingly, and that is *news*, news which whilſt there are men will never ceaſe to be in vogue; And ſince this week affords that which is ſomewhat palatical, I ſhall no longer tantalize yon with a proletarious *Exordium*. Then know, &c.

—— I ſhall on all occaſions endeavour to ſerve you, having been cordially, ever ſince I told you ſo,

Sir,

Your faithful Servant,
T. B.

XLVI.

REPLY.

SIR,

I Am assaulted by your Martial Metaphors, yet with this favour, that where others erect their Engines, to ruine, your Level aimes to strengthen the weak Fort you direct against; your continued Elogies at least mean to perswade me (I see) into some Ability, and could you infuse what you commend (in stead of blush) your Rhetorique would make me doubtless eloquent. I will not say with that keen Satyrist *Recusco Euge tuum & Belle.* No, I will with a modest guilt of non-desert embrace them, to profit, and that *nec te quæsiveris extra* (of the same Poet) was a good Monition, but our Muse is not so stoical.

Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas? --- Sir, Honour is the reward of Arts, and Fame the tongue of Honour, nor are either Honour or Fame more the Guerdons, than the Incentives to Proficience. Do you see (my friend) how I hug your Attributions? My vanity yet (in it) may be your lesson; not to be vain, but ingenuous. Be not so squeamish, henceforward: Accept your Bayes offered, or merit it confer'd. What praise findes not answerable, let it entice to answer; I know my insufficiencies, but utterly despair not amendment; If by your encouragement I amend not, I shall confess my brutish Nature, to be past cure. If I grant you an advantage over me, 'tis but what you have asserted: I answer the same Post, and to many besides yours; But what is this? my both matter, and the couching shews it, to be suddenly slight and rude, an odd perfection, and but suitable to both my leisure and

and me; you have a ready subject for your Pen, and how gratefully and ably you paint it forth, give me leave to be the Judge, that receive the delight: and I must keep it to my self, for you are as coy to receive the titles of your worth, as I am conscious they are due. Be then still higher than words can express you; so I may still be

Sir,

Excessively yours.
D. W.

LXVII.

The first Address to his Mistriss.

Most Honored Lady,

IN a cause whereon the felicity of my whole life depends, and wherein I have most will, I finde least power to unbosom the secrets of my heart, such force has Love to captivate my faculties. Hence 'tis I rather chose this, than that other way of verbal delivery; For though in either I should discover my own imperfections, yet in these lines my guiltless blushes will pass un-seen. Hitherto I have onely appear'd a servant to your Affairs, and in that quality had continued, if the excellency of your personal Endowments had not (by some kinde of Heavenly Impulse) driven me on to more aspiring thoughts; Thoughts, which (with truth I speak it) were ingendred by the onely object of your Goodness', without any adulterate commixture of estate, which however valued by others) as is not of weight sufficient to turn the ballance of my scale, if not otherwise

wise well laden with pure and unbiass'd affection; which I profess to owe to none but you; and to you all things, even the being of

Your most faithful and devoted Servant,
T. B.

LXVIII.

Another to the same.

My inestimable Jewel,

IF the fumes of those Corosives you gave me last night from other hands, had not been qualified with the sweet odours of your own Cordials, I had (unfeignedly speaking) wholly sacrific'd the ensuing night to the vigils of a disquiet minde; But as your goodness had not the will only, but the power to raise me from a hell of tormenting thoughts, to a Paradise of expected Comfort, so does it multiply my endeared affections, which no misfortune shall have power to alienate, nor shall any thing but death determine. I am with much sollicitude setting all my imaginations upon the tenter, in order to the removal of those Rocks, which seem, and but seem, to threaten Shipwrack to our approaching happiness, whereto your utmost contribution is, by all the ties of true love, most earnestly implored, with the continuance of him in your best thoughts, who is

Your own beyond expresses,
T. B.

LXIX.

LXIX.

Another.

Dear Pledge of my Soul,

AMong all the obloquies, which the unrelenting malice of mine, and by consequence your, enemies hath cast upon me, none appears so ghastly in my thoughts, as that pretended want of love towards you, which (the Heavens will witness) was never imbreasted in any mortal with more purity and plenitude; For 'tis the foundation, whereon I intend (by Divine assistance) to build a Frame of mutual and interminable Happiness; a Happiness that will be admired by some, but envied by others. Please to remember that you are now *filia emancipata* (as Divines term you) at your own dispose, and that you have of me a servant, who onely breaths by your favour, and lives through your love, who will ever owe you fealty for the one, and still do you homage for the other; a servant, who with unwearied expectation onely waits for the happy hour, wherein that (*fiat*) shall be by you pronounced, which will in an instant (*Elixar*-like) turn all my drossy cares and anxieties into true Contentmenes, and make me live eternally

Yours without change,

T. B.

LXX. *An-*

LXX.

Another.

My happy Choice,

IF a more preſſing occaſion had not detain'd me, I ſhould have thought the foulneſs of the Weather but an eaſie Pennance, in reſpect of the Solace, which the Sweets of your Preſence would have afforded me, for the enjoyment whereof I muſt (with much regret) adjourn my expectation till to morrow; Mean time I ſend you the promiſed Pictures, if the ſight of which do at any time erect your thoughts to Heaven-ward; even then remember him, who on earth deſires no greater happineſs, than to live and die loving (and beloved by) you, in quality of

Your ſecond ſelf,

T. B.

LXXI.

To excuſe the not taking leave of a Lady of quality.

Madam,

THough it be held a readier way to gain pardon, by acknowledging than excuſing a fault, yet the Eminency of your Ladiſhips perſon doth ſo aggravate it in me, that I muſt beg leave to leſſen, though, I cannot hope to have it wholly remitted, in ſaying the juſtneſs of your Ladiſhips cauſe of ſtay, made me preſume none had ſo little compaſſion as to deny it; and that I might expect the being freed from my Ague, without danger of loſing the opportunity of preſenting my humble

thanks

thanks for ſo many ſignal favours, undeſervedly conferred on me, but ſince that happineſs with many others is loſt by your Ladyſhips abſence, honour this paper ſo far I beſeech you, as to ſuffer it to ſupply my defects herein, and teſtifie how ambitious I ſhall be, by my future obſervance, to merit the title of

Madam, *Your moſt humble Servant,*
A. B.

LXXII.

Upon the death of a fair Lady.

SIR,

AMong other impartments, your laſt tells me, *you were to uſher a fair Lady to her grave*: A Corporal work of Mercy, it is to bury the Dead, I grant, but to interr ſo great a Beauty ſeems to entrench on Pity and blaſt the Spring. Had ſhe lived till Autumn or even Midſummer, the funerals of many flowers had lamented her Urn: Yea if but till they had been blown, they would have loſt their lives to adorn her Hearſe: and have been ambitious (like thoſe Savages) to have been buried quick with their Lady Paragon, for her attendance in the other world. But ſhe has inverted Nature, and the Seaſon too; the flower of Beauty died, when the beauty of flowers ſhould ſpring: and ſo has not onely left a withered World, but diſmaied the Blowth of what ſhould garniſh it. Flowers are diſheartned to open their fragrant Colours, ſince their Pattern is ſo early Cropt: And ſeem to intend (being ſhe's entomb'd under the Earths ſurface) to keep themſelves under Earth to accompany her duſt: yet I will free you of cruelty

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in this fate, you had no hand (I am sure) in her death, though you helpt her to her Grave. And who should be a fitter Mourner at the exquies of a fair Lady, than so compleat a servant of Ladies? *Sir*, I see what grace you are entertained with by them: They not only love you living, but are loath to part with you, dead: Will carry you as far as they can towards the other life, when they go. That, if they may not have your company quite through (which were a wrong to Survixors) they may your funeral tears, sighes, or prayers for their *Ultime: Vale*: you preface a happy *imprimis*, to this sad discourse, and say *having (first) done all that might tend to her future happiness*, Happy News: and it owns you, I believe, an instrument of good effects and offices. Had all fair Ladies such faithful servants, More Idols of beauty would receive impression of the divine Image, and become the servants of God. And she had much reason to desire your care of her bodies interment, that had first aided her Soul, with a saving *Viaticum* for heaven. Long may you live the Author or helper of such good deeds. In the interim, as here was a double work of mercy (Corporal and Spiritual) exploited, so you, I am confident, have made your useful application of the Accident; beheld in the blasting of this flower, the fate of Fairness, the frailties of the fairest Clay, that feature, and white and red could embellish, if she were not Superlative in Beauty, in beauty she had many inferiours; if in fortunes, not the favourite of fortune, yet, she had her smiles. Many beauties have fain sooner, many may sooner fade; yet in her all beauties, all fortunes, have exprest, what fortunes and beauties are what is the *Exit* of the Fable of this temporary life; to wit, ugly death eternal depri-

deprivation, the cold Tomb, and deformed duſt. Fortunate life! that ſo contemplates mortal condition, as to be indifferent and ready to change; that frail incertainties and vain glitter may be motives to aſſure and fix on laſting good, that by others death learns to live, and lives the life that fears not death: That ſo accompanies other funerals, as in that ſable equipage, to behold the mournful Pomp of the Worlds fare-wel, and their own deſtinies: That reads in that earthy bed of death (the Grave of others) their own Motto, *We are duſt, and all mortal things Momentany.* *Sir*, pardon this long ſlip of my pen, you ſee how a fair Ladies death and your living piety, entrances me, to the forgetfulneſs of other ſubjects. Thanks for your news, on which the only preſent comment ſhall be, that I am for ever

Sir, *Your thankful Servant,*
D. W.

LXXIII.

The Reply, relating the particulars of that Ladies death.

SIR,

SInce you have been pleas'd to ſing ſo ſweet a *dirge*, and to make ſo excellent a comment upon our late funerous text, I cannot think the particulars of that ſad ſubject (how confuſedly ſoever I deliver them) will be unacceptable to you; This Lady was three months continually dying, without any hope of recovery, and this occaſioned by an ulcer in her throat, it was my good fortune (though others had aſſai'd it) to gain her firſt aſſent to bring a ſpiritual Phyſitian to her. *Dr. G* was next at hand, and did act his part exceeding well; after two or three

effective visits, the Patient (through the comfort and ease of the spiritual Cataplasmes and Emplaisters, which the *Doctor* applied) was so wrapt and piously enamor'd of him, as she even embrac'd him at every appearance: When she drew near the confines of deaths kingdom, she did usually ejaculate not only most pious, but even eloquent or rather diviniloquent expressions, as this (among many others) which heaven grant I may never forget. *I have* (said she) *lived long in the vanity of this world, for which God hath placed me in this bed of sorrow; Were it his holy pleasure, I should act over one of them again, and the choice left to me, I would* (*by the grace of* Jesus) *rather choose the torments of this bed, & malady, than have any thing to do with the worlds vanities*, &c. Besides, nothing did so much trouble her as that *she had lived* (as she did) *for fear of worldly endamagement*) *some years in an outward profession that contradicted her inward perswasion.* The *Doctor* was no less taken with his Patient, than she with him, for I heard him say, he was never more satisfied with the manner of any persons death; and I confess her *exit* did more tristitiate me, than that of my own Sister, the manner of it, not a little both mortifying and edifying me; For to see her picture in the Anti-chamber, and then go in and look upon the original, was subject enough for mortification, the one being so incomparably beautiful, the other so ghastly; In a word, the last breath she drew was *J E*- and in pronouncing *S U S* she expir'd. So that we may conclude, as she was a great beauty living, she was a greater dead; For whereas corporal beauty in others dies with the body, hers did not so, but by a secret transition pass'd into the soul. Thus have you heard the brief (but sad) story of this good Ladies end, and that from

Sir,

Your humble Servant, T. B.

LXXIV.

LXXIV.
LETTER.

SIR,

THE punishment that *Apollo* inflicts of reading *Guicciardine* is a light one, compar'd to this you impose on your self, and yet you will only here play the Stoick, in not acknowledging you are in pain. Nothing can justifie me, but obedience, for presuming to offer this tedious *Romance* to those eyes that should only look upon *Iliads*. I give verses as *Galenists* do Physick, which clogs the stomach more than the disease. I must confess we may view Cities taken, Kingdoms ruin'd, and new Worlds discovered in less room. It is a Poem that hath neither height nor profundity, yet it has length; it overflows but swels not; it wearies without ascents, as *Promenades* do upon a flat; In a word I shall think, if you do not find fault with it and reprehend me, it is because you are angry and will do nothing in passion; however 'tis a trust I recommend to your secresie, for follies are not things of the least consequence to trust a friend with. And having now performed my promise with you, I expect you should do the like with

Sir,

Your affectionate Servant,
J. C.

LXXV.

Upon the New-year.

SIR,

AS all things sublunary owe their being to the revolution of the upper *Spheres*, so their change; And 'tis just, they should submit to their

effective visits, the Patient (through the comfort and ease of the spiritual Cataplasmes and Emplaisters, which the *Doctor* applied) was so wrapt and piously enamor'd of him, as she even embrac'd him at every appearance: When she drew near the confines of deaths kingdom, she did usually ejaculate not only most pious, but even eloquent or rather diviniloquent expressions, as this (among many others) which heaven grant I may never forget. *I have* (said she) *lived long in the vanity of this world, for which God hath placed me in this bed of sorrow; Were it his holy pleasure, I should act over one of them again, and the choice left to me, I would* (*by the grace of* Jesus) *rather choose the torments of this bed, & malady, than have any thing to do with the worlds vanities*, &c. Besides, nothing did so much trouble her as that *she had lived* (as she did) *for fear of worldly endamagement*) *some years in an outward profession that contradicted her inward perswasion.* The *Doctor* was no less taken with his Patient, than she with him, for I heard him say, he was never more satisfied with the manner of any persons death; and I confess her *exit* did more tristitiate me, than that of my own Sister, the manner of it, not a little both mortifying and edifying me; For to see her picture in the Anti-chamber, and then go in and look upon the original, was subject enough for mortification, the one being so incomparably beautiful, the other so ghastly; In a word, the last breath she drew was *J E*- and in pronouncing *S U S* she expir'd. So that we may conclude, as she was a great beauty living, she was a greater dead; For whereas corporal beauty in others dies with the body, hers did not so, but by a secret transition pass'd into the soul. Thus have you heard the brief (but sad) story of this good Ladies end, and that from

Sir,

Your humble Servant, T. B.

LXXIV.

LXXIV.
LETTER.

SIR,

THE punishment that *Apollo* inflicts of reading *Guicciardine* is a light one, compar'd to this you impose on your self, and yet you will only here play the Stoick, in not acknowledging you are in pain. Nothing can justifie me, but obedience, for presuming to offer this tedious *Romance* to those eyes that should only look upon *Iliads*. I give verses as *Galenists* do Physick, which clogs the stomach more than the disease. I must confess we may view Cities taken, Kingdoms ruin'd, and new Worlds discovered in less room. It is a Poem that hath neither height nor profundity, yet it has length; it overflows but swels not; it wearies without ascents, as *Promenades* do upon a flat; In a word I shall think, if you do not find fault with it and reprehend me, it is because you are angry and will do nothing in passion; however 'tis a trust I recommend to your secresie, for follies are not things of the least consequence to trust a friend with. And having now performed my promise with you, I expect you should do the like with

Sir,

Your affectionate Servant,

J. C.

LXXV.
Upon the New-year.

SIR,

AS all things sublunary owe their being to the revolution of the upper *Spheres*, so their change; And 'tis just, they should submit to their

eſſential Guides. Among other novelties, the firſt mover has brought about the point of *Circular motion*, that has begun us a new year; and promiſes many unwonted effects. Whilſt theſe appear, let us be the ſame we were, conſtant old friends to God, heaven and our ſelves. Change, though to the better argues imperfection; yet not to change to the better, were the worſt of imperfections. As reſtleſs Rivers haſte to their Ocean, ſo ought we to ours, which is God, the Ocean of bliſs, repoſe, and Center of Eternity; Till here arrived; we are in flux and variety: Let us be ſo, but hold the right way. As *Grace* is elder than *Nature*, ſo ſhe firſt begins her year; *Aſtronomers* commence theirs with the Springs vigour, when the Sun's in *Aries*, the Church is content with *Capricorn*; when her Sun's in the Cradle, that Orient of Juſtice and Mercy, the Son of God. The ſigns melancholy; yet the fore-runner of more propitious. So let our ſorrows ſhorten with the nights, our joyes with the dayes, lengthen. This ſolſtice (if we follow the conduct of the right Star) will fairly move to a brighter height, a nearer approach; diſpel our miſts, warm our hearts, raviſh our eyes.

This rambling Prologue, is but to bring in the prayer that wiſhes you a happy New-year, and that regard of times winged Carriers, which in running moments may take hold of the ſtedfaſt point of eternity. This is the Center of circumference; in which who truly fix, may be moved, but not from it. Then, as time whirls away the meaſure of our mortal being, it will haſten that, which ſhall know no alteration, but to be invariable. *Sir*, my complexion ſuits the dead ſeaſon at preſent, and yields me but a languiſhing health: Hence my pen's as dull. You know when the bodie's out of order, the ſpirits canno but flag. I muſt ſuffer the one, you will

pardon

pardon the other. And so to affairs that require no posture, but what your patience shall give them, &c.

2 *January*. W. D.

LXXVI.

ANSWER.

SIR,

YOurs I have received, read and read again, and the more I read it, the more I have a mind to read it, such are the incentives of your heaven-inspired lines, which as they clearly demonstrate the truth of that *Maxime* of a modern Author, that *Eternity is the Port and Sabbath of all humane Contemplations*: So, since my more earthly Soul and less heavenly cogitations are not able in due manner to comprehend them; I wrap my self in this your learned *sheet*, and say to it (with equal wonder) As *Aristotle* once did to *Euripus*, *Quia ego non capio te, tu capias me*

T. B.

LXXVII.

To a Friend upon his Marriage.

SIR,

IHave of late with-held from you the Characters of my hand, though not the well-wishes of my heart; conceiving you as close in the pursuit of your fair *Daphne*, as *Phœbus* was of his, when the breath of his mouth disorder'd her dishelveld hair: For I perceive you have now ran so, as happily to take

the Virgin prize; may you be ever mutually happy. There now only remains the *metamorphosis* (not into the Beast with two backs, which the knavish *Shakespear* speaks of) but of that more ingenious, two into one, *unus*, *una* into *unum*, which you have hinted so modestly in yours. Your *Daphne* I hope (before the arrival of this paper) will be converted not only into *Bayes*, but *Rosemary*, which is one fragrancy, due to her perfections (if you have as I doubt not) given her a true character) more than the Poet gave *Apollo's* Mistress. Let this therefore suffice to give you both the *parabien* or *Hymen's* honours and felicities, and to let you know I shall both expect and be ambitious to wear a sprig in honour of her, nor will I fail heartily to commend you both to the great *President* of the wedding of *Cana* in *Galilee*, that he may turn the bitter *Waters* of your long expectation into the *Wine* of a happy and contented life, made up with the blessing of a good and pious posterity; In which devotion I affectionately rest

Sir,

Your humble Servant,
H. T.

LXXVIII.

In excuse of silence.

Madam,

I So much value your noble favors that I rank them among my greatest interests; what I may be guilty of by my silence, I know not, but am sure the poor man that asks not the price of a rich Jewel, commits no error. The high estimate I set on your goodness shall be my retreat, in which I shall be safe, if you be what I deem you, good. More I cannot deliver, but that I had rather in an humble silence wait upon some

some occasion of service, than word out my dull expressions, among which there's none more real, than that I am

(Madam,)

Your most respective humble Servant,

T. B.

LXXIX.

Of Comfort to a sick Friend.

SIR,

WHen I first received the unwelcome news of your infirmity, I was much contristated; but afterwards considering, that as well Sickness, as all other afflictions come from God, and assuring my self he has sent you this for your great good, I took comfort, and wish you may do the like, since 'tis a sign of his great love towards you; for He sayes, *Quos ego amo, arguo & castigo.* God deals with men, as Physitians do with Patients, who easily grant to the sick-person, of whole health they despair, all he desires, but whom they hope to recover, they charge to observe a Diet, and abstain from those things that are obnoxious to health. So think God deals now with you, hereby to purge you from sin, and restore your Soul to perfect health. Hence 'twas the Angel *Raphael* said to *Tobias, Quia acceptus eras Deo, necesse fuit ut tentatio probaret te.* And as God will have all his true Servants to be tryed in the Furnace of Tribulation, like pure Gold in that of fire; so is he never more near to them, than in their Affliction; Himself having said, *Cum ipso sum in tribulatione*; From which you may raise a great comfort to your self, suffering (as I hope you do) with patience and resignation; for tribulation is so notable a sign of Gods mercy and presence, That Saint *Bernard* desired of God he might never be

without it, saying, *Da mihi, Domine Tribulationem, ut semper mecum sis.* And St. *Austine* likewise, *Hic ure me hic seca me, ut parcas in æternum.* Therefore be of good courage, and believe, That God by his Visitation knocks at the door of your Soul, and wills you to prepare your self for him.

Be truly constant in your holy Faith, what tentation soever you meet with to the contrary; Repose your only hope and trust in Christs Death and Passion; let your Charity be such as to forgive all persons that have injur'd you, even from the bottom of your heart, as you desire the forgiveness of Almighty God, to whose holy will and pleasure resign your self wholly, offering him freely life, pains and death, and whatever appertains to you, to dispose according to his blessed will. I perswade my self you have ere this orderly disposed your worldly affairs: Then make it now your onely care to provide for the good of your soul (as a business of greatest import, humbly beseeching the mercy of God, and frequenting the holy Sacrament. And then, by his Grace, whensoever it shall please him to call you hence, you may joyfully say with holy *Simeon, Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace.* The best service I can now do you is to offer my poor prayers to our blessed Saviour for you, which shall be daily performed by

(Sir)

Your most affectionate Servant,

B. G.

LXXX.

To rectifie a Mis-understanding.

I Am doubtful in what rank I stand in your good Opinion, which makes me address these

to

to assure you, That as the advise I gave you, proceeded meerly from the affection of a Brother and was not without a reasonable ground; so I may not doubt but it was candidly received, and that the whole matter and circumstances are buryed in perpetual oblivion.

Believe it, though my nature be averse to complements, yet my best Love is much affixed on your dear Self; which I shall be as ready to testifie upon any real occasion, as I am now to write my self,

(Dear Brother)

Your affectionate Servant,
T. B.

LXXXI.

Dear Widow,

THough I staid near an hour at the *Goat*, with desire of seeing you embark in your (*a*) *Coach*, (*a*) Land-ship, yet I dare say you will not believe I was, in some respect, glad you came not in that time, for I was not willing to discover my good nature to so much company as attended you, and I'm sure the parting with you would have had the same effects, which the sight of a direful Tragedy is wont to work upon me. You know I cannot complement, and I know you do not expect it, yet must assure you, that under this grum outside, there lies a kind and affectionate heart for you within. I can tell you no news, but that *The Adventures of five hours*, or, *the shifting of the vail*, has bin acted nine days together with general applause, yet some malicious Poetaster has made a Libel on't, with this slovenly mock-title, *The Adventures of five Whores*, or, *the shitting in the valley*——— Oblige me by presenting my service to your Cosen K and

and all your Relations, who are dear to me, becauſe *you* are ſo, in whoſe memory I deſire to live

Madam,

22 *Jan.* 1663. *Your moſt faithful ſervant,* T. B.

LXXXII.

To a ſick Father.

Dear Sir,

WE came well to *London*, and I dare ſay we all parted from you with wet eyes, which nature exacted of us, as children to ſo good a Father. But when we raiſed our thoughts, and conſidered firſt your great age, and that 'tis appointed for every man once to dye. Secondly your long declining ſickneſs, and your patience and reſignation in it, which muſt needs excellently diſpoſe you for Heaven, we were much comforted, and daily pray, that what ever Almighty God ſhall determine, you may readily ſubmit to his holy will, and whether you live or dye, be always his. To which end, I earneſtly recommend the excellent Letany for the ſick which I left with you, to be ſaid every night or oftner at your Bed-ſide, which will put you in miude of what is chiefly requiſite for your ſouls health; and at other times I beſeech you often to preſent theſe and ſuch like ſhort Ejaculatory Prayers to our dear Saviour and Redeemer.

Deus propitius eſto mihi peccatori.

Miſerere mei Deus, ſecundum magnam miſericordiam tuam——

Deus in adjutorium meum intende.

In

In manus tuas Domine commendo ſpiritum meum.
O Jeſu, fili David *miſerere mei.*
A mala morte, à poteſtate Diaboli, à pœnis inferni, libera me Domine.

Aſſure your ſelf, that neither my dear Mother, nor any of your children will longer live than they will offer up their continual Prayers to the Throne of Grace for you, and though we muſt part here, yet I hope we ſhall all meet in a joyful Eternity. So prays

St. *Michaels* day, 1663.

Your moſt dutiful and obedient Son,
T. B.

Super-

Superſcriptions
FOR
LETTERS
TO BE
Addreſſed to all ſorts of Perſons, according to the uſage of the preſent Times.

If to a Duke;

TO the moſt *Noble* (and ſometimes *Excellent*, or *Illuſtrious Prince*.

And in diſcourſe we ſtile him *Grace*.

If to a Marqueſs,

To the *Right Noble*, or *Right Honorable*.

And in diſcourſe his Attribute is,

Lordſhip, or *Honor*.

If to an Earl, Viſcount, or Baron,

To the Right Honorable.

And to begin a Letter, we, either ſay,

May it pleaſe your Honor, or Ladiſhip!

Right Honorable!

My Lord!

Which laſt is uſed onely by Lords to Lords, or by Gentlemen of ſome quality, otherwiſe it is held too familiar.

If

If to a Baronet, or Knight of the Bath, we say

To the Honorable, Or *Much Honored.*

And his attribute (in the beginning of a Letter) may be *Much Honored Sir.*

The like may be given to a Colonel.

The usual attribute of a Knight was of old

Right Worshipful.

And of an Esquire

Worshipful.

But these are much disus'd unless it be by persons of inferiour rank.

We say (writing to a Knight)

To my noble, Or *to my much honored Friend, Sir A. B Knight, these present.*

To an Esquire we say

To my much honored Friend, Or *most worthy Friend, T. G. Esquire.*

Observe, that (when you write to an Esquire) you be sure not to say Master *T. G.* Esq; for the (Master) is ridiculous, the Esq; including it.

So if you write to a *Doctor* of Divinity, a *Doctor* of the Civil Law, or *Doctor* of Physick, you must not say Mr. *Doctor* T. G. nor *Doctor* T. G. Esq for *Doctor* both comprehends Master and Esquire, and of these the Divine hath first place, the Civilian next, and the Physician last.

To an ordinary Gentleman thus,

To my approved Friend.
To my most esteemed Friend.
To my most valued Friend.
To my very much respected Friend.
To my worthy good Friend, or the like.

Note that all the younger Sons of *Dukes* and *Marquesses* are Lords for their lives onely, and are called

called Lord *John*, or Lord *William*, &c. by their Christian names

The eldest Son of an Earl is a Lord by birth, so is not a Viscounts Son, till his Father be dead.

The youngest Sons of Viscounts and Barons are but Esquires, yet are honourable, and take place of all Baronets and Knights.

The eldest Son of a Baron is but an Esq; during his Fathers life.

Esquire (comes from the French *Escuier*, in Latin *Armiger* or *Scutifer*, i. a bearer of Armes or a Shield) is that degree of Gentry, which is next to a Knight, It is conceived that originally *Esquires* were bearers of Arms to Lords and Knights, and thence had their title. Now, to be true *Esquires*, according to the Law of Arms, they must either be Lords younger Sons, Baronets or Knights eldest Sons, Members of the Commons House of Parliament, the Kings Servants, Sheriffs, Justices of Peace, Serjeants or Baristers at Law, (yet the late *Earl Marshal* would not allow *utter Baristers* to be *Esquires*, out of *Westminster*-Hall, but in the late Acts for Polemoney they were ranked by the Parliament as *Esquires*, and paid as such;) And in *Walsinghams* History of *Rich.* 2. we read of one *John Blake*, who is said to be *Juris apprenticius*, and has the title *Scutifer* there given him. Yet of late times (I know not by what warrant) all Gentlemen that have but a considerable estate in Lands, take this addition upon them, when as the estate, though never so great, adds no title. And that the title of *Esquire* should descend from Father to Son, as the estate of Gentry doth, is meer fabulous, says Mr. *Herne*, in his *Glory of Generosity*, *page* 100. Yet with this exception, that the Heir of a Knight in the right line shall be an *Esquire* to the worlds end.

Ladies

Ladies have (for the most part) the same attributes as their husbands.

Both in Letter and discourse, we give a *Dutchess* the title *Grace*

But to a Marchioness, Countess, Viscountess or Baroness, *Right honorable*, and in discourse *your Honor*, and amongst their equals, or in more familiar discourse *Madam*.

If you write to any of these; the title *Madam*, is very moding, both at the beginning and end of your Letter. But if the person writing be of much lower Rank, than the Lady written unto, it will be decent to say,

May it please your Honour, or
Right Honourable.

All the Daughters of *Dukes*, Marquesses and Earls are Ladies by birth, and are called Lady *Anne*, Lady *Mary*, &c.

But the Daughters of a Viscount or Baron are but *Mistris*, yet are honourable; and their Addition (being named in instruments of Law or Conveyances) is no more than a Yeomans Daughter hath, and that is *Spinster*, wherein there seems to be same title wanting.

For better understanding the point of precedency, I have abstracted two decrees made by King *James* touching the same, in the 10th and 14th years of his Raign, which you may read more at large in Mr. *Seldens* Titles of Honour, *page* 906

That the younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons shall take place and precedence before all Baronets.

That such Bannerets *(as shall be made by the Kings Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, or by* Henry *now Prince of* Wales, *under his or their Standard displayed in*

in an Army Royal in open War, and the King or Prince perſonally preſent) for their lives onely, and no longer, ſhall for ever in all places take place and precedence, as well before all other Bannerets whatſoever, as likewiſe before the younger Sons of Viſcounts and Barons, and before all Baronets.

The younger Sons of Viſcounts and Barons, and all Baronets, ſhall take place before all Bannerets whatſoever, other than ſuch as ſhall be made by the King aforeſaid.

That the Knights of the Garter, Privy Counſellors to the King the Maſter of the Court of Wards & Liveries, the Chancellor and Under-Treaſurer of the Exchequer, Chancellor of the Dutchy, the Chief Juſtice of the Kings Bench, the Maſter of the Rolls, the Chief Juſtice of the Common-Pleas, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and all other the Judges and Barons of the degree of the Coif of the ſaid Courts, ſhall have place before the younger ſons of Viſcounts and Barons, and before all Baronets.

That Baronets and their Heirs Males, ſhall always have place next unto the younger ſons of Viſcounts and Barons, and their wives ſhall take place accordingly.

And in another Decree, 14 *Jacobi.*

That the eldeſt Sons of Baronets and their Wives, as well during their Husbands lives, as after; And the Daughters of the ſame Baronets following next after the ſaid Wives of the eldeſt Sons of Baronets, ſhall have place and precedence before the eldeſt Son and the Wife of the eldeſt Son of any Knight of what Order ſoever; And likewiſe the younger Sons of ſuch Baronets and their Wives ſhall take place accordingly before the younger Sons of any Knights, &c.

6 MA 50

FINIS.